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DYNAMICAL THEORY OF HEAT.*

LIGHT—HEAT—ELECTRICITY—MAGNETISM.

BOTTLED LIGHT.—Great Agencies—Heat from Icebergs—Earth Falling into the Sun—Burning of Five Thousand Six Hundred Worlds of Pure Carbon—Two Thousand Three Hundred Millions of Parts of Light—Boil Twelve Thousand Million Cubic Miles of Ice-cold Water—The Sun a Solid Lump of Coal, burn out in Four Thousand Six Hundred Years—Eighty-four Millions of Tons of Coal Annually, Equal the Labor of One Hundred and Eight Million Horses, Day and Night—We are Children of the Sun—The World a Mass of Molten Rocks—Cool Down from 2000° to 300° C., would require Three Hundred and Fifty Million Years—Wonders which the Sun Performs.

MR. SMILES relates, in his *Lives of the Engineers*, that George Stephenson one day said to Dr. Buckland, as a train passed in front of Tapton House, "Now, Buckland, I have a poser for you. Can

you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?" "Well," said the other, "I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" "How can that be?" asked the doctor. "It is nothing else," said the engineer; "it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent

* Heat considered as a mode of Motion; being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in the season of 1862. By JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S. London: 1863.

On the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat. By J. P. JOULE, LL.D., F.R.S. "Philosophical Transactions," 1850. Part I. Pp. 61. London.

On Celestial Dynamics. By Dr. J. R. MAYER, of Heilbronn. "Philosophical Magazine," 4th Series, Vol. XXV. Pp. 241. London, Dublin, and Edinburgh.

light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes." This observation, strange though it may at first sight appear, is literally accurate; it is an ingenious deduction from a grand expression of nature's truth lately perceived by scientific men, and now known under the name of the "Mechanical or Dynamical Theory of Heat." This theory is not merely valuable as giving us correct views of the nature of this all-pervading and life sustaining principle of heat; it likewise leads to the discovery of a far wider and more important set of truths, all tending to the conclusion that the great agencies, Heat, Light, Electricity, Magnetism—which uphold life and produce such colossal changes on our globe—are but the expressions in different languages of one great power; that these various forms of energy are mutually convertible; that we can express any one of them in the terms of any other; and, therefore, that a certain quantity of the one form is equivalent to or may be made to produce a given quantity of another form. The mechanical theory of heat declares that heat has no existence independently of matter—that what we call heat is only a peculiar condition of matter, namely: "a vibration of its ultimate particles;" so that, as heat is nothing but motion, we can measure heat, as we measure common mechanical energy, by a weight falling through a given space. Nor is this all that this "New Philosophy," as Professor Tyndall rightly calls it, teaches us; for it further shows by virtue of the convertibility of these "imponderables," as they have been termed, and owing to the possibility of expressing each of these in terms of common mechanics, that the destruction or creation of energy in the world is just as impossible as the creation or destruction of matter itself.

In the history of physical science, as in the history of nations, sudden revolutions mark great events, which stand out conspicuous above the ordinary quiet progress of the day. Such a revolution was effected in the world of science by Lavoisier's introduction of the balance into chemistry, for it thereby became evident that man can neither create nor destroy matter; so that, for instance, when a candle burns, the substance of the candle is not lost or destroyed, but has simply become insensible to our powers of vision.

A second and equally important revolution in science has recently been effected by the adoption of the New Philosophy of the Mechanical Theory of Heat, experimentally founded, as we shall see, by Dr. Joule, of Manchester, on the leading principle of the "Conservation and Indestructibility of Energy."

In order that we may understand the full meaning and appreciate the wide scope of this grand principle, we must proceed to consider some of the fundamental experiments upon which this most recent of the brilliant results of modern science is based.

The first branch of science in which the principle of the conservation of energy became apparent is mechanics; and it has long been well known that labor can not be effected without a corresponding expenditure of mechanical energy. The "mechanical powers," as they are termed, are simply means for transferring labor into any wished-for channel. No *augmentation* of labor can be effected by them; for, although by means of a small weight at the long end of a lever we can raise a heavier weight, say a weight ten times as large, placed at the other end, the space through which the small weight must pass is at least ten times as great as that through which the heavy weight is raised; and hence there is clearly no augmentation of power. The true expression of the power exerted is invariably the weight multiplied into the distance through which it falls. This is called the "laboring force"—the force which produces results, which overcomes resistance; and the great principle in mechanics is expressed in the maintenance of this law—that by means of any machine no effects can be produced which exceed the laboring force of the motive power. This, then, is the true measure for mechanical work. To raise ten pounds through the space of one foot requires a given expenditure of power; twice that amount of power must be expended in raising it through two feet, and the same amount of power will be required to raise ten pounds through one foot as will be needed to raise one pound through ten feet. Every kind of mechanical work can be represented and measured by weights raised through given spaces; and the unit of measurement and mechanical work is taken to be the weight of one pound raised through the space of one foot.

The quantity of mechanical power necessary to effect this work is termed "foot-pound."* The principle of the conservation of energy as regards ordinary mechanics was completely and mathematically stated by Newton, and a proof was thus given of the absurdity of the long sought-for *perpetuum mobile*, at least in mechanical contrivances.

However apparent it may be that action and reaction are equal and opposite in the domain of strictly mechanical forces, the wider application of the same law to the manifestation of the other powers of nature seems by no means so clear. Could we not, it may be asked, by help of heat, electricity, or some such occult force, construct a machine which will produce mechanical effect without any corresponding or equivalent expenditure of labor, and thus attain the greatly desired end of making something out of nothing? In fact, have we not such a machine in the steam-engine? Where are we to find in this machine the expenditure of labor equivalent to the work done? In the water-wheel we have, in the descending water, an evident mechanical equivalent for the work done; but, in the steam-engine, if the condensation were perfect, we may imagine that the position of all parts of the machine, and of the water used for the production of steam, is the same at the end as it was at the beginning of the stroke of the piston.

To questions such as these the new philosophy gives a definite and satisfactory answer, proving, as clearly as Newton did in mechanics, that by the employment of *none* of the powers of nature can work be done without a corresponding supply of energy of some kind. Thus in the steam engine we find the source of necessary power in the heat which disappears in the cylinder; the amount of heat which the waste steam conveys into the condenser not being nearly as much as that which enters the cylinder, the difference between the two amounts is converted into mechanical action. So that at last we come to the conclusion that, with

whatsoever forces of nature we operate, a *perpetuum mobile* can not be constructed—that we can not by any means whatever produce an effect without a consumption of some kind of power. What follows from this important conclusion? What do we mean when we say that a *perpetuum mobile* is impossible? We mean that there is no such thing in nature as a creation of force; that all the changes which we see going on around us are produced solely by the transference of force; and hence force can not be destroyed any more than matter. We may sum up these results in the words of Mr. Grove, an early and able expounder of these views: "In all phenomena, the more closely they are investigated, the more we are convinced that, humanly speaking, neither matter nor force can be created or annihilated, and that an essential cause is unattainable. Causation is the will, creation the act of God."

Although the idea that heat is nothing more than motion has frequently been expressed by various writers even in remote times, opinions to the contrary have been upheld by some men of science within a recent period, and it is only during the last few years that the dynamical theory of heat, in opposition to the material or emission theory, has received the universal assent of the scientific world. Aristotle seems to have held the belief that heat was motion, and Locke expressed the same view concisely as follows: "Heat is a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the object, which produce in us that sensation from whence we denominate the object hot; so that what in our sensation is heat, in the object is nothing but motion." Bacon, too, held similar views, and in the Second Book of the *Novum Organum* he writes, "Heat itself, its essence and quiddity, is motion and nothing else." Lavoisier and Laplace, in their memoir on heat, published in 1780, express the modern doctrine most exactly: "D'autres physiciens," say they, "pensent que la chaleur n'est que le résultat des vibrations insensibles de la matière. . . . Dans le système que nous examinons, la chaleur est la force vive qui résulte des mouvements insensibles des molécules d'un corps; elle est la somme des produits de la masse de chaque molécule par le carré de sa vitesse."

The expression of these views, however near the truth they may have been subse-

* In almost all scientific works the French standards of weight and length are now employed; and as these units will probably before long come into general use in England, it may be well to remember that the French standard of a kilogrammetre—namely, the weight of a kilogramme raised through the space of one metre—is equal to 7.23 foot-pounds.

quently found to be, exerted but little influence on the progress of science, because they were totally unsupported by experimental evidence, without which such views must remain all but valueless speculations. Building upon a more secure foundation than the older philosophers, the modern man of science carefully collects and employs even the smallest fact regarding the subject which he is investigating; and, not content with the mere observation of the phenomena under the conditions in which they occur in nature, he endeavors to attain a more intimate knowledge of his subject by examining what takes place under other conditions over which he has control—he has, in short, recourse to experiment.

Let us, then, follow Dr. Tyndall in the description of the experimental evidence which he brought forward at the Royal Institution two years ago, to impress upon the minds of his hearers the truth of the mechanical theory of heat; the result will enable us to judge of the success of his attempt "to bring the rudiments of a new philosophy within the reach of a person of ordinary intelligence and culture." The first part of the work consists in a lucid exposition of the facts upon which the mechanical theory of heat is founded; in describing these, and the consequences derived from them, Dr. Tyndall claims simply to be heard as an expounder of the results obtained by other philosophers; in the later portion of the work he describes the results of his own researches as an original investigator in the regions of physical science. The readers of the book will see that in both these capacities the author shows his power, and we regret that our space does not permit us to enter more fully upon the discussion of those portions of the lectures in which he brings forward his own discoveries.

"My desire," says Dr. Tyndall, in his first lecture, "now is to connect heat with the more familiar forms of force; and I will therefore, in the first place, try to furnish you with a store of facts, illustrative of the generation of heat, by mechanical processes. I have placed some pieces of wood in the next room, which my assistant will now hand to me. Why have I placed them there? Simply that I may perform my experiments with that sincerity of mind and act which science demands from her cultivators. I know that the temperature of that room is slightly lower than the temperature of this one, and that hence the wood which is now before me must be slightly colder than the face of the

pile* with which I intend to test the temperature of the wood. Let us prove this. I place the face of the pile against this piece of wood; the red end of the needle moves from you toward me, thus showing that the contact has chilled the pile. I now carefully rub the face of the pile along the surface of the wood: mark what occurs. The prompt and energetic motion of the needle toward you declares that the face of the pile has been heated by this small amount of friction. These experiments, which illustrate the development of heat by mechanical means, must be to us what a boy's school exercises are to him. In order to fix them in our minds, and obtain due mastery over them, we must repeat and vary them in many ways. In this task I must ask you to accompany me. Here is a flat piece of brass with a stem attached to it; I take the stem in my fingers, preserving the brass from all contact with my warm hand, by enveloping the stem in cold flannel. I place the brass in contact with the face of my pile; the needle moves, showing that the brass is cold. I now rub the brass against the surface of this cold piece of wood, and lay it once more against my pile. I withdraw it instantly, for it is so hot that if I allowed it to remain in contact with the instrument, the current generated would dash my needle violently against its stops, and probably derange its magnetism. You see the strong deflection which even an instant's contact can produce. Here also is a razor, cooled by contact with ice; and here is a hone without oil, along which I rub my cool razor as if to sharpen it. I now place the razor against the face of the pile, and you see that the steel which a minute ago was cold, is now hot. . . . These are the simplest and most commonplace examples of the generation of heat by friction, and I choose them for this reason. Mean as they appear, they will lead us by degrees into the secret recesses of nature, and lay open to our view the polity of the material universe."—*Tyndall*, pp. 5, 6.

Dr. Tyndall then illustrates the production of heat by compression and percussion; he shows that a piece of wood squeezed forcibly in a hydraulic press becomes hot, and that a leaden bullet is heated when flattened by a cold sledge-hammer.

"The sledge," he continues, "descends with a certain mechanical force, and its motion is suddenly destroyed by the bullet and anvil. But let us examine the lead; you see it is heated; and could we gather up all the heat generated by the shock of the sledge, and apply it without loss mechanically, we should be able

* An instrument called a thermo-electric pile or battery, which serves as a very delicate indicator and measure of change of temperature, and was used by Dr. Tyndall to render the results of the experiment apparent to a large audience.

by means of it, to lift this hammer to the height from which it fell. When a hammer strikes a bell, the motion of the hammer is arrested, but its force is not destroyed; it has thrown the bell into vibrations which affect the auditory nerve as sound. So, also, when our sledge-hammer descended upon our lead bullet, the descending motion of the sledge is arrested; but it was not destroyed. *Its motion was transferred to the atoms of the lead, and announced itself to the proper nerves as heat.*"—*Tyndall, p. 7.*

Heat is not merely produced by the friction of solid bodies—the friction or motion of liquids likewise generates heat; whenever, in fact, the motion of matter is retarded or stopped, heat is developed. Thus, if water be agitated it becomes warmer; every drop of rain having fallen is warmer than it was before; and the water at the bottom of a cataract is of a higher temperature than the water above the fall: so that, as Dr. Tyndall remarks, the sailor's tradition is theoretically correct, that the sea is rendered warmer through the agitation produced by a storm, the mechanical dash of the billows being ultimately converted into heat. The increase of temperature thus effected is but very slight, and requires delicate thermometers for its recognition; nevertheless, the amount is perfectly definite, and can be exactly foretold if we know the weight of falling water and the distance through which it falls. The fact that heat is developed by falling liquids may be rendered evident by pouring mercury several times backward and forward from two cups; at the end of the operation the temperature of the mercury is seen to be higher than it was before.

"Whenever friction is overcome, heat is produced, and the heat produced is the measure of the force expended in overcoming the friction. The heat is simply the primitive force in another form, and if we wish to avoid this conversion we must abolish the heat. We usually put oil upon the surface of a hone, we grease a saw, and are careful to lubricate the axles of our railway carriages. What are we really doing in these cases? Let us get general notions first—we shall come to particulars afterwards. It is the object of a railway engineer to urge his train bodily from one place to another; he wishes to apply the force of his steam, or of his furnace which gives tension to his steam, to this particular purpose. It is not his interest to allow any portion of that force to be converted into another form of force which would not further the attainment of his object. He does not want his axles heated, for, for every

degree of temperature generated by the friction of his axles, a definite amount would be withdrawn from the urging force of his engine. There is no force lost absolutely. Could we gather up all the heat generated by the friction, and could we apply it all mechanically, we should by it be able to impart to the train the precise amount of speed which it had lost by friction. Thus, every one of those railway porters whom you see moving about with his can of yellow grease, and opening the little boxes which surround the carriage axles, is, without knowing it, illustrating a principle which forms the very solder of nature. In so doing, he is unconsciously affirming both the convertibility and the indestructibility of force. He is practically asserting that mechanical energy may be converted into heat, and that when so converted it can not still exist as mechanical energy, but that for every degree of heat developed, a strict and proportional equivalent of the locomotive force of the engine disappears. A station is approached, say at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; the brake is applied, and smoke and sparks issue from the wheel on which it presses. The train is brought to rest. How? Simply by converting the entire moving force which it possessed at the moment the brake was applied, into heat."—*Pp. 8-10.*

The first person who made definite experiments upon the conversion of mechanical energy, or motion of the masses into heat, or motion of the particles, was Count Rumford,* a very remarkable man, more generally known as the inventor of cheap, wholesome food for soldiers than as an investigator of natural science—for thus it often happens that the chief labors of a man's life remain long or for ever unknown, his fame resting upon an achievement which he himself considered trivial, and to which he at the time gave no concern.

Rumford, being engaged at Munich, in boring cannon, was so forcibly struck with the great amount of heat generated by the process, that he constructed an apparatus for the special purpose of examining the development of heat by friction, and, in a most interesting paper, he presented the results of his experiments to the Royal Society in the year 1798. In this paper he proposes to himself to answer the following questions: Whence

* Rumford was by birth an Anglo-American, his family name being Benjamin Thompson; he served in the war of independence on the British side; he then became minister of war to the Elector of Bavaria, by whom he was ennobled, and afterward settled as a man of science in Paris, having married the widow of the great Lavoisier.

comes the heat actually produced in the mechanical operation above alluded to? Is it furnished by the metallic chips which are separated from the metal? The production of heat by friction or percussion was always a difficulty with the upholders of the material theory of heat. They got over it, however, by saying that the "capacity for heat," of the hammered bullet, or metallic chip, is less than that of the metal before it was submitted to these mechanical actions, and therefore, as it was unable to contain so much heat, its temperature was raised. This difference between bodies as regards their "capacities for heat" has indeed a real existence; thus, for example, if we take the two liquids, water and mercury, and warm a pound of each of these, from 50° to 60° Fahrenheit, by pouring in boiling water, we shall find that the quantity of hot water which we have to add to the pound of cold water is fully thirty times as great as that which must be added to the pound of cold mercury, in order to effect a change of ten degrees in the temperature of each of these liquids. Hence the water is said to have a greater "capacity" for heat than mercury: a given quantity of heat does not go so far in heating the water as the mercury. Rumford, however, showed that the chips cut from his cannon did not change their capacity for heat, and further asks if it is conceivable that all the heat he obtained by his boring could be squeezed out of so inconsiderable a quantity of metallic dust. The description which this philosopher gives of his experiment is an agreeable change for the reader of the usually heavy science of the *Philosophical Transactions*. Having stated that he placed eighteen and three quarter pounds of water having the temperature of 60° Fahrenheit round his gun, into which he bored a hole by means of horse-power, he informs us that after the boring had continued for two hours and twenty minutes the water attained the temperature of 200°, and in ten minutes afterward "it actually boiled!" He then goes on to say:

"It would be difficult to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed by the bystanders on seeing so large a quantity of water heated, and actually made to boil, without any fire. Though there was nothing that could be considered very surprising in this matter, yet I acknowledge fairly that it afforded me a degree of childish pleasure which, were I ambitious of

the reputation of a grave philosopher, I ought most certainly rather to hide than to discover."

And here we would most heartily endorse Dr. Tyndall's remark, that the application of any philosophy which should stifle such emotion as Rumford avowed may indeed well be dispensed with; for surely one of the highest of intellectual gratifications is that which the man of science enjoys when, as the result of laborious experiment, a new unperceived truth flashes across his mind, rendering the path through which he has been perhaps long and darkly wandering as clear as noonday.

An interesting experiment made by Sir Humphrey Davy in the year 1799 may now be cited, as it has frequently been regarded as the first proof of the immateriality of heat. Davy took two pieces of ice, and placing them in a room the temperature of which was below the freezing point (32° Fahrenheit), he rubbed one piece of ice upon the other, arranging his apparatus so that no external heat could reach the ice. He found that by the friction of the two pieces on each other the ice was melted, the temperature of the melted water rising to 35°. Now, ice is simply solid water, and as it possesses only half the capacity for heat of liquid water, the quantity of heat which raises one pound of liquid water one degree, will raise the temperature of a pound of ice two degrees. Besides, water in passing from the solid to the liquid state takes up a vast quantity of heat, which becomes so hidden or latent as to be imperceptible to the thermometer; so that, as liquid water at 32° contains much more heat than solid water (ice) at the same temperature, it is clear that, when the ice was melted by friction, a generation and not a transference of heat must have occurred, for it can not be said that the heat hidden in the ice is merely rendered sensible, inasmuch as the quantity is only a small fraction of the heat contained in the water. Hence Davy concludes that "the immediate cause of the phenomenon of heat is motion, and the laws of its communication are precisely the same as the laws of the communication of motion." If, as it would appear, heat be nothing more than motion, either of the ultimate particles of matter or of the so-called "luminiferous ether" (and it matters not, for our present purpose, which of these proves to be the

case), it must be possible to produce the effect of cold by bringing together two rays of heat, just as the vibrations of the ether producing light may be made to interfere and neutralize each other and two rays of light thus produce darkness, or as two balls of clay when moving with equal velocity in opposite directions, on meeting remain at rest. The experimental proof of this deduction was given by two French philosophers, MM. Fizeau and Foucault, and thus the chain of evidence of the immateriality of heat was riveted more firmly than ever.

Having convinced ourselves of the truth of the mutual convertibility of mechanical energy and heat, we now pass to quantitative considerations, and ask what relation exists between a given quantity of heat and the mechanical energy which will produce it? How much labor can we get out of a certain quantity of heat, or *vice versa*? It is obvious that this must be a fixed quantity. We can not make a given amount of friction produce more than a certain amount of heat, otherwise we should admit the possibility of a *perpetuum mobile*; and the invariable character of the great laws of nature would lead us to predict that this amount is always constant, and that a given quantity of heat, neither more nor less, is always produced by a certain amount of mechanical energy, from what source soever that energy may be derived. The first person who clearly saw that the only mode of proving the truth of this great principle must be by a direct appeal to exact and extended experiments, and had at the same time the power successfully to grapple with so intricate and laborious a subject, was Dr. Joule of Manchester. It is to Joule that science will ever remain indebted for the numerical determination of the *mechanical equivalent of heat*; and although other philosophers have, as we shall see, done much to extend and develop the subject, yet without Joule's practical labors the theory would have been destitute of any firm experimental basis, and therefore unworthy of our acceptance as a sound addition to science. The magnitude and importance of his investigations can not, therefore, be overestimated; nor can we refrain from expressing our admiration for the man who could, unaided, for seven years, devote his whole energies to the establishment of this important principle, in spite of difficulties

and discouragements of no ordinary kind. Dr. Joule determined experimentally the quantity of heat which was evolved by the friction of various substances produced by measurable forces, such as given weights falling through a given space. He measured the heat evolved in water by stirring it with paddles, by the expenditure of a known amount of labor; he did the same with sperm-oil and mercury; he then measured the heat produced when two discs of iron were rubbed against one another, and he likewise determined the heat evolved in the passage of liquids through capillary tubes by friction against the walls of the tubes. These experiments, repeated and controled in a variety of ways, proved that in every case the *absolute quantity of heat* generated by a given quantity of mechanical energy is definite and invariable, whether that energy be used to stir water, to rub iron, or to do any other kind of work. The numerical results of Joule's most refined experiments showed that, if the weight of one pound fall through a space of seven hundred and seventy-two feet, exactly sufficient heat is generated to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and that if, conversely, we change heat into mechanical power, the quantity of heat capable of raising the temperature of one pound of water one degree is exactly able to produce mechanical energy sufficient to raise a weight of one pound through the space of seven hundred and seventy-two feet. This number, then, is called the *mechanical equivalent of heat*; and it constitutes the foundation stone of the thermo-dynamics. Previously to these discoveries, Joule had ascertained that this same quantity of heat was evolved by the expenditure of the above amount of mechanical energy applied to work a magneto-electric engine, in which the electricity was changed to heat, and also when the same labor is employed in compressing air; thus proving that the same equivalent holds good for the most diverse forms of mechanical action.

A knowledge of the mechanical equivalent of heat enables us to calculate the temperature which a cannon-ball will attain if, when moving with a given velocity, its course is suddenly stopped by a target, as well as the heat which would be liberated by the arrest of the earth in her orbit. This latter calculation has been made,

and we learn from it that the quantity of heat liberated by the shock of the stoppage would not only be sufficient to melt the whole earth, but to reduce the greater portion to the state of vapor; and that to develop the same amount of heat by combustion, it would be necessary to burn fourteen globes of coal each as large as the earth; whilst, if the earth were then to fall into the sun, the heat generated by the gigantic blow would be equal to that given off by the burning of five thousand six hundred worlds of pure carbon! So enormous, indeed, is the amount of heat generated by the stoppage of rapidly falling bodies, that it has caused many scientific men, as originally proposed by Dr. Joule of Manchester, to speculate upon the "grand secret," as Sir W. Herschell calls it, of the power supporting the vivifying radiation of light and heat which the sun continually pours out upon the universe. The amount of this heat and light which emanates from the sun is so enormous that the mind fails altogether to grasp the idea. It has, however, been calculated that out of two thousand three hundred millions of parts of light and heat emitted by the sun, the earth only receives one part; whilst the whole heat radiated from the sun in one minute has been found by Sir John Herschel to be sufficient to boil twelve thousand million cubic miles of ice-cold water! How, we may ask with Dr. Tyndall, is this enormous loss made good? Whence is the sun's heat derived and by what means is it maintained? It can not be kept up by ordinary combustion, for if the sun were a solid lump of coal it would be burnt out in four thousand six hundred years; whereas geology teaches us in every page that the sun shone on our earth hundreds of thousands of years ago as it does at the present day. The philosophers who have speculated upon this great question show, that if a meteorite or asteroid were to fall into the sun with the greatest velocity which it is capable of acquiring, it would, on falling, engender a quantity of heat nearly ten thousand times as great as that which would be developed by the combustion of an equal weight of coal. These meteorites are known to fall upon the earth in certain seasons in large numbers, but the heat developed by them is small, owing to the comparatively slight velocity which they attain before reaching so small an attracting mass as that of the earth. Now,

astronomers seem to think it probable that the lens-shaped mass, termed by us the zodiacal light, which surrounds the sun, consists of a vast collection of such asteroids; these moving, like the planets, in a resisting medium must approach the sun, and on showering down upon the sun's surface transfer their motion into heat; thus maintaining the temperature of the sun, and therefore sustaining life on our planet. The quantity of matter which would thus have to be added to the sun's body, in order to replace the heat lost by radiation, is so insignificant in comparison to its bulk that it would not have altered the apparent size of the sun during the historical period. If our moon fell into the sun, it would only develop heat enough to make good one or two years' loss; and were the earth to fall into the sun, the necessary heat would be supplied for nearly a century.

It is a question, however, if the augmentation in the sun's attraction which this theory presupposes would not have been observed by astronomers even after the lapse of some few years. Whether this will turn out to be the true explanation of the maintenance of solar heat, we know not; but, at any rate, a sun might thus be formed, and the theory serves as an illustration of the application of thermo-dynamics to cosmical phenomena.

That the general progress of scientific discovery is, to a great extent, independent of the labors of particular individuals, is rapidly becoming an accepted axiom. At any given period of the world's history, many of the foremost minds become independently imbued with the same or similar ideas, and these find expression through one or more of these gifted persons, who, owing to some special qualifications, are adapted to be the mouth-piece of the time, and clearly put forward views more or less imperfectly shadowed forth by others. This aspect of scientific progress by no means lowers the dignity or value of individual effort. We do not prize the result of Newton's genius less because we feel that, even if he had never lived, science, through the labors of others, would probably, in course of time, have attained its present position; nor shall we undervalue the great additions to knowledge granted to us by the investigations of Dr. Joule, because other philosophers have expressed views similar to those, the correctness of which he has so

successfully proved by a direct appeal to experiment. Almost every great discovery has been independently arrived at by several persons—one investigator works out his subject more fully and carefully than another—but the idea generally starts into several minds at once. In illustration of this fact, we need only mention the simultaneous discovery of the differential calculus by Newton and Leibnitz, or the great controversy respecting the discovery of the composition of water by Cavendish, Watt, and Lavoisier; or, again, that concerning the discovery of the safety-lamp by Davy and George Stephenson. Hence arises a difficulty which the historian of science will always have to contend with—the difficulty, namely, of rightly adjudging the questions of scientific priority. An interesting, though unnecessarily acrimonious, discussion of this kind has lately taken place in the pages of the *Philosophical Magazine*, between Dr. Tyndall and Professors William Thomson and Tait, of Glasgow and Edinburgh, respecting the merit to be ascribed to the several founders of the mechanical theory of heat. The first incentive to this discussion was given in a lecture "On Force," delivered by Dr. Tyndall before the audience of the Royal Institution, on June 6th, 1862, an abstract of which is found in the work whose title is placed at the head of this article. In this lecture, Dr. Tyndall briefly, but clearly, places before his audience some of the grander conclusions to which the mechanical theory of heat gives rise. He first explains how mechanical energy is measured, how heat is thereby always generated; he defines the mechanical equivalent of heat, and shows the evolution of heat by the impact of bodies. He tells his hearers that whenever work is done by heat, heat disappears; and, in confirmation of this, he quotes an observation of Rumford's, that a gun when firing ball becomes less heated than when blank cartridge only is fired. He then dilates upon the enormous store of energy contained in our coal-fields. A pound of coal produces by its combustion an amount of heat such as would raise, if all were applied to do mechanical work, the weight of one hundred pounds to a height of twenty miles above the earth's surface; the quantity of coal annually raised in Great Britain amounts, according to Professor Smyth, to eighty-four millions of

tons; the mechanical labor which this amount of coal is capable of producing is perfectly fabulous. If one hundred and eight millions of horses were working day and night with unimpaired strength for one year, they would only accomplish as much work as we could effect by the conversion of the heat of combustion of the above quantity of coal into mechanical energy; or, in other words, we in England can do as much work by means of our coal as we could effect if each inhabitant of our islands had a gang of one hundred slaves ready to do his behests! Dr. Tyndall then passes on to the consideration of cosmical phenomena as explained by the principles of the dynamical theory of heat, such as the maintenance of the sun's heat by the collision of asteroids, the retardation of the velocity of the earth's rotation by the friction caused by the tides, and the heat which would be developed by the stoppage of the earth's orbital motion. He then proceeds to consider the important influence exerted by the solar radiations on the phenomena of life. Each drop of rain or flake of snow, each mountain streamlet or brimming river, owes its existence to the sun's heat. It is by the power of the sun's rays that the waters of the ocean are lifted in the form of vapor into the air, and it is by the condensation of this atmospheric moisture that every drop of running water on the earth's surface is formed. The balmy summer breeze and the devastating tornado are alike the products of change of atmospheric temperature caused by the solar heat; whilst the gradual crumbling of the "everlasting hills," and the consequent formation of stratified rocks, are sublime records of the might of the actions which, during geological ages, the sun has poured out upon the earth. Nor is this influence of solar radiation confined to the inorganic world; no plant can grow, and therefore no animal can exist, without the vivifying action of the sunbeam. The animal derives the store of energy necessary for the maintenance of life from the force locked up in the vegetable or animal organism upon which it feeds; the food of the animal undergoes combustion or oxydation in the body, and the heat thereby evolved is converted into mechanical energy; so that the labor of the animal is subject to the same laws which regulate the work done by a steam-engine supplied with vegetable fuel. We see

that the animal draws its store of energy from the plant: where does the plant obtain the supply of energy necessary for its growth? The animal world can not continually gain power from the vegetable unless the latter has as continually a supply. The source of power in the plant is found in the sun's rays; it is the sun's rays alone which enable the plant to grow, for the growth of a plant consists chemically of a decomposition or splitting up of the carbonic acid gas which exists in the air into its simplest constituents—the carbon assimilated for building up the vegetable tissues, and the oxygen being sent back into the atmosphere for the subsequent use of animals. To effect this separation of the particles of carbon and oxygen, a very large expenditure of energy is necessary, and this energy is supplied by the sun. The rapidly vibrating solar rays are absorbed by the plant, and their energy used up in doing the work of tearing the particles of carbon and oxygen asunder. When the vegetable tissue burns, the carbon again unites with oxygen, forming carbonic acid, and the heat which was originally needed to effect the separation of the elements is liberated; so that the motion of the railway train is in reality due to the energy of the same rays which shone ages ago during the growth of the coal plants. It is true, as Professor Helmholtz remarks, not only in a poetical but in a pure mechanical sense, that we are children of the sun; and the warmth of our bodies, and every mechanical energy which we exert, trace their lineage directly to the sun. Without food we should soon oxydize our bodies. A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds has sixty-four pounds of muscles; but these are reduced when dried to fifteen pounds. Doing an ordinary day's work for eighty days, this mass of muscle would be wholly oxydized. Special organs which do more work would be more quickly oxydized; the heart, for example, if entirely unsustained, would be oxydized in about a week. Dr. Tyndall having explained these and other conclusions drawn from thermo-dynamic principles, into which our space will not permit us to enter, concludes his picture with the following words:

"To whom, then, are we indebted for the striking generalizations in this evening's discourse? All that I have laid before you is the

work of a man of whom you have scarcely ever heard. All that I have brought before you has been taken from the labors of a German physician named Mayer. Without external stimulus, and pursuing his profession as town physician in Heilbronn, this man was the first to raise the conception of the interaction of natural forces to clearness in his own mind. And yet he is scarcely ever heard of in scientific lectures; and even to scientific men his merits are but partially known. Led by his own beautiful researches, and quite independent of Mayer, Mr. Joule published his first paper on 'the Mechanical Value of Heat,' in 1843; but in 1842 Mayer had actually calculated the mechanical equivalent of heat from data which a man of rare originality alone could turn to account. From the velocity of sound in air Mayer determined the mechanical equivalent of heat. In 1845 he published his memoir on 'organized motion,' and applied the mechanical theory of heat in the most fearless and precise manner to vital processes. He also embraced the other natural agents in his chain of conservation. In 1853, Mr. Waterson proposed, independently, the meteoric theory of the sun's heat, and in 1854 Professor William Thomson applied his admirable mathematical powers to the development of the theory: but six years previously the subject had been handled in a masterly manner by Mayer, and all that I have said on this subject has been derived from him."

These bold assertions concerning Mayer's claims to the first position amongst the founders of the mechanical theory of heat naturally called forth some remarks on the history of the subject from Dr. Joule. This philosopher states that, according to his views, Mayer's merit, and this no small one, consists in having announced, apparently without knowledge of what had been done before, the true theory of heat; but to give to Mayer, or any other single individual, the undivided praise of having propounded the dynamical theory of heat is manifestly unjust to the numerous contributors to that great step in physical science. Dr. Joule recalls the statements and experiments made by Locke and Davy upon this subject, and quotes a remarkable passage from a work published in 1839, by M. Séguin, called *De l'Influence des Chemins de Fer*. This French writer shows that the theory of heat generally adopted would lead to the absurd conclusion that a finite quantity of heat can produce an indefinite quantity of mechanical action; and he remarks, "Il me paraît plus naturel de supposer qu'une certaine quantité de calorique disparaît dans l'acte même de la

production de la force ou puissance mécanique et réciproquement ;" and further, "La force mécanique qui apparaît pendant l'abaissement de température d'un gaz, comme de tout autre corps qui se dilate, est la mesure et la représentation de cette diminution de chaleur." Séguin likewise calculated the mechanical equivalent of heat from the mechanical effect produced by a loss of temperature in steam when expanding, and he thus obtained a number with which the equivalent afterwards calculated by Mayer most closely agrees. "Hence," says Dr. Joule, "it will be seen that a great advance had been made before Mayer wrote his first paper, in 1842. Mayer discourses to the same effect as Séguin, but at greater length, with greater perspicuity, and with more copiousness of illustration. He adopts the same hypothesis as the latter philosopher, that the heat evolved on compressing an elastic fluid is exactly the equivalent of the compressing force, and they thus both arrive at the same equivalent." Dr. Joule then goes on to state that, in his opinion, there were no facts to warrant the hypothesis thus adopted, that the heat evolved by compressing air was the equivalent of the compressing force, or even any thing approaching to it; that the dynamical theory of heat certainly was not established by Séguin and Mayer; that to do this required experiment; and he fearlessly asserts his own right to the position, which has been generally accorded to him by his fellow-physicists, as having been the first to give a decisive proof of the correctness of this theory. In answer to this letter, Dr. Tyndall replies that, in his previous course of morning lectures on heat (which were, however, delivered, according to his own showing, at a time when he was unacquainted with the extent of Mayer's labors), he had done full justice to Joule's investigations, and that, still adhering to the views he there expressed, he gives Joule the honor of being the experimental demonstrator of the equivalence of work and heat. At the same time, he says that he believes that the method of calculation adopted by Mayer for the determination of the mechanical equivalent is correct, and does not need any experimental verification; but he makes no remark whatever respecting Séguin's discovery. He likewise states that his object in the lecture in question was not to give a history

of the dynamical theory, "but simply to place a man of genius, to whom the fates had been singularly unkind, in a position in some measure worthy of him." From the above extracts it is, however, clear that the merit of having first employed this method, whether it be right or wrong, is to be given to Séguin, and not to Mayer. This important point does not seem to be admitted by Dr. Tyndall, as in a subsequent letter to Professor Thomson he gives an extract from an interesting lecture on the mechanical equivalent of heat, delivered by M. Verdet, of Paris, in which the labors of Séguin are but slightly acknowledged; and Dr. Tyndall then adds: "I should deem it probable that M. Verdet knows as much about the labors of Séguin as you (Thomson) do. He certainly knows more about those of Mayer. But he does not see in the former the annihilation of the latter."

These remarks are certainly beside the question raised by Professors Thomson and Tait, who simply stated the fact, "that even on this point (that of the calculation of the mechanical equivalent) Mayer had been anticipated by Séguin, who, three years before the appearance of Mayer's paper, had obtained and published the same numerical result from the same hypothesis." Dr. Tyndall does, however, in a subsequent communication, come directly to this point by stating that he did not know, nor is he yet aware, that Séguin had anticipated Mayer's discovery.

Professors Thomson and Tait go still further, and, whilst admitting that "Mayer's later papers are extremely remarkable and excessively interesting, and certainly deserve high credit," and "though they are greatly superior to the earliest cosmical speculations of Joule, are certainly subsequent to them in point of publication," give it as their opinion that "Mayer's first paper has no claims to novelty or correctness at all, saving this, that by a lucky chance he got an approximation to a true result from an utterly false analogy."

In order to enable us to judge how far this sweeping assertion is correct, we must investigate somewhat more closely than we have yet done the effects produced by the compression or percussion of bodies. If we examine a rifle-bullet immediately after it has hit the target, we not only observe that it is hot, but

likewise that it is flattened ; in this case, supposing that none of the heat produced by the blow were communicated to the target, we should find that the bullet would not be heated as much as it should be if all the mechanical energy were changed into heat. A portion of the energy has been used up in flattening the bullet, in altering the molecular arrangement of the lead, and this is therefore lost as heat ; so that, if, from an experiment of this kind, we were to calculate the mechanical equivalent of the heat, we should necessarily obtain a wrong result. The heat which thus disappears is said to be used in doing *internal* work, whilst that which is set free serves to effect *external* work ; and whenever we wish to get the real mechanical equivalent for the total heat produced, we must be sure that none of it is swallowed up in thus changing the molecular condition of the body ; for, as M. Verdet says, in the lecture above referred to, "C'est donc commettre la plus grave des erreurs que d'établir, comme on l'a fait quelquefois, la relation d'équivalence entre la quantité de chaleur absorbée par un corps et le travail extérieur." Now, in almost every case of the compression of bodies, the amount of internal work which is effected is very considerable ; and "Mayer's statements imply the indiscriminate application of the equivalence of heat and external work to all bodies, whether gaseous, liquid, or solid, and show no reason for choosing air for the application of the proposed principle to calculation but that, at the time he wrote, air was the only body for which the requisite numerical data were known with any approximation of accuracy." The foregoing remark of Professors Thomson and Tait may be undoubtedly true, and the method adopted by Séguin and Mayer may, therefore, not be scientifically accurate ; but still, we must admit that Mayer's first paper certainly constitutes a very remarkable addition to our previous knowledge of the equivalence of the physical forces. Thus, for instance, he distinctly enunciates the mode of experimentation adopted by Joule, by which the mechanical equivalent can be exactly determined. "We must find out," says Mayer, in his paper published in 1842, "how high a certain weight must be raised above the earth's surface, in order that the force developed by its fall shall be equivalent to the heating

of an equal weight of water from 0° to 1° centigrade." If, therefore, Dr. Tyndall has not fairly estimated the true claims of Joule, Séguin, and Mayer, as regards the establishment of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we can not help feeling that Professors Thomson and Tait have not done justice to Mayer, as regards his wonderfully clear insight into the dependence of cosmical phenomena upon the mechanical theory of heat.

The paper published by these gentlemen with "a view of correcting the erroneous information on this subject stealing in through the medium of the popular journals," appeared in a periodical termed *Good Words* ; and in this paper the authors, having laid down the principles of the theory, proceed to ask, Whence comes the supply of energy which drives our water-wheels and forms our coal ? What produces the power which is locked up in a beef-steak or a loaf ? These grand questions, as Dr. Tyndall remarks, were all answered by Mayer (and, we may add, by Stephenson, Herschel, and others) seventeen years before the appearance of this paper, and yet the authors scarcely mention his name. M. Verdet, on the other hand, acknowledges a portion of Mayer's labors in the following words : "Ces idées, introduites pour la première fois par Jules Robert Mayer, font faire à la physiologie générale un progrès assurément égal au progrès qui est résulté, vers la fin du siècle dernier des découvertes de Lavoisier et de Senebier sur la respiration."

It is, however, well to remember that long before Mayer published his papers on the subject, the dependence of terrestrial energy upon the sun's rays was clearly stated by Sir John Herschel in 1833. The words of this model of a thoroughly educated man of science are so striking that we can not forbear quoting the passage in the *Outlines of Astronomy* referring to this subject :

"The sun's rays are the ultimate source of almost every motion which takes place on the surface of the earth. By their heat are produced all winds, and those disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere which give rise to the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. By their vivifying action, vegetables are elaborated from inorganic matter, and become in their turn the support of animals and of man, and the sources of those great deposits of dynamical

efficiency which are laid up for human use in our coal strata. By them the waters of the sea are made to circulate in vapor through the air, and irrigate the land, producing springs and rivers. By them are produced all disturbances of the chemical equilibrium of the elements of nature which, by a series of compositions and decompositions, give rise to new products, and originate a transfer of materials. Even the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the surface, in which its chief geological changes consist, and their diffusion among the waters of the ocean, are entirely due to the abrasion of the wind, rain, and tides, which latter, however, are only in part the effect of solar influence and the alternate action of the seasons."

In thus considering the main points of this discussion, it appears that when Dr. Tyndall delivered his lecture "On Force," in June, 1862, he was unacquainted with Séguin's calculation of the mechanical equivalent, and that he then brought Mayer's claims more exclusively forward than he was justified in doing; it seems also probable that when Professors Thomson and Tait wrote their article in *Good Words* they had not seen Mayer's later papers (which being published separately as pamphlets had only become known to Dr. Tyndall a few months previously), and, therefore, did not then give him the credit to which, as they afterward confess, his labors entitle him.

It is a difficult, and somewhat delicate, though a necessary, task to endeavor justly to mark out to each laborer in the field of science the exact position which he can fairly claim; and in impartially summing up the evidence in the case before us, and remembering that "la science n'a pas de patrie," we find that we must agree with a recent French writer who terms the paper by Dr. Joule, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1850, "the manifesto of the new philosophy of thermo-dynamics;" but we must not, at the same time, forget that the labors of Mayer, Helmholtz, Clausius, Rankine, Hirn, and others, and especially the accurate investigations of William Thomson, have greatly helped to extend and complete our knowledge of the subject.

It is not only the changes of heat into mechanical action, which the theory of thermo-dynamics explains: this theory also furnishes a solution to many of the most complex phenomena in nature. Thus the questions of latent heat, and the heat

of chemical combinations, are rendered intelligible. If we warm a pound of ice having a temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, we find that when all the ice is melted the water exhibits no augmentation of temperature, the thermometer still standing at 32° , although heat enough has been added to have heated one pound of water at 32° to 143° Fahrenheit. If, again, we continue to heat the melted ice, the temperature rises until the thermometer stands at 212° , when the water begins to boil. The thermometer now remains stationary, and the water gives off steam of the same temperature until it is all boiled away; and to convert this pound of water at 212° into a pound of steam at the same temperature, 967 times as much heat is required as is needed to raise one pound of water 1° Fahrenheit. Hence the *latent* heat of water is said to be 143° , that of steam 967° Fahrenheit; so named by those who first observed these phenomena, because the heat thus employed to melt the ice or evaporate the water was hidden, and not sensible to the thermometer. The mechanical theory of heat, however, explains what has become of this hidden heat. It declares that the heat thus expanded is consumed in doing internal work; it separates the particles of the ice to form water, or of the water to form steam, and it is again given off whenever the water is frozen or the steam condensed. The quantity of heat which is evolved in these changes of state is but very small compared to that set free when the constituent chemical elements of the water undergo combination. Chemists have shown that one pound of hydrogen combines with eight pounds of oxygen to form nine pounds of water, and that in this act of combination heat enough is evolved to raise the temperature of 61,200 pounds of water 1° Fahrenheit. Now, as 772 foot-pounds is the mechanical equivalent for the heat which will raise one pound of water 1° Fahrenheit, we see that the chemical union of oxygen and hydrogen to form nine pounds of water evolves heat enough to raise a weight of more than 47,000,000 pounds one foot high. In passing from the state of steam to that of water, the heat evolved by this same weight of water represents a mechanical force of 6,718,716 foot-pounds, whilst in passing from the liquid to the solid state a mechanical effect is produced equal to 993,564 foot-pounds.

"Thus," says Dr. Tyndall, "our nine pounds of water, in its origin and progress, falls down three great precipices; the first fall is equivalent to the descent of a ton urged by gravity down a precipice 22,230 feet high; the second fall is equal to that of a ton down a precipice 2900 feet high; and the third is equal to the descent of a ton down a precipice 433 feet high. . . . I think I did not overrate matters when I said that the force of gravity, as exerted near the earth, was almost a vanishing quantity, in comparison with these molecular forces; and bear in mind the distances which separate the atoms before combination—distances so small as to be utterly immeasurable: still it is in passing over these distances that the atoms acquire a velocity sufficient to cause them to clash with the tremendous energy indicated in the above numbers."

Passing over Dr. Tyndall's descriptions of his own interesting researches upon radiant heat, together with much important matter concerning the results of investigations of other experimentalists on kindred subjects, forming a store of interest for the perusal of which we must refer the reader to the book itself, we proceed to notice a few of the wider cosmical relations interpreted by the mechanical theory of heat, and treated of by Dr. Tyndall in his last lecture. We have already remarked that the heat of gravitation of the earth (that produced by the earth falling into the sun) would supply the sun with heat for nearly a century; we now learn from the researches of Professor William Thomson that the heat of gravitation of all the planets is equal to that radiated by the sun in 45,589 years, whilst the heat which would be developed by stopping the rotation of all the planets on their axes is equal to that emitted by the sun in 184 years. Helmholtz, in a valuable memoir on the conservation of force, has shown that, if the solar system has ever been a nebulous mass of extreme tenuity, the mechanical force equivalent to the mutual gravitation of the particles of such a mass would be 454 times the quantity of mechanical force which we now possess in our system; $\frac{4}{11}$ ths of the gravitating tendency has been already satisfied and wasted as heat. The $\frac{1}{11}$ th that remains to us would, however, if converted into heat, raise the temperature of a mass of water equal to the sun and planets in weight 28,000,000° centigrade. The heat of the lime light, Dr. Tyndall remarks, is estimated at 2000° C.: of a temperature of 28,000,000° C., we can, therefore, form no conception.

If our entire system were pure coal, by the combustion of the whole of it, only $\frac{1}{3500}$ ths of the above enormous amount of heat would be generated.

"But," to quote the eloquent words of Helmholtz, "though the store of our planetary system is so immense as not to be sensibly diminished by the incessant emission which has gone on during the period of man's history, and though the time which must elapse before a sensible change in the condition of our planetary system can occur is totally incapable of measurement, the inexorable laws of mechanics show that this store, which can only suffer loss and not gain, must finally be exhausted. Shall we terrify ourselves by this thought? Men are apt to measure the greatness of the universe, and the wisdom displayed in it, by the duration and profit which it promises to their own race; but the past history of the earth shows the insignificance of the interval during which man has had his dwelling here. What the museums of Europe show us of the remains of Egypt and Assyria we gaze upon with silent wonder, and despair of being able to carry back our thoughts to a period so remote. Still the human race must have existed and multiplied for ages before the pyramids could have been erected. We estimate the duration of human history at 6000 years; but, vast as this time may appear to us, what is it in comparison with the periods during which the earth bore successive series of rank plants and mighty animals, but no men?—periods during which, in our own neighborhood (Königsberg), the amber tree bloomed, and dropped its costly gum on the earth and in the sea; when in Europe and North America groves of tropical palms flourished, in which gigantic lizards, and after them elephants, whose mighty remains are still buried in the earth, found a home? Different geologists, proceeding from different premises, have sought to estimate the length of the above period, and they set it down from one to nine millions of years. The time during which the earth has generated organic beings is again small, compared with the ages during which the world was a mass of molten rocks. The experiments of Bischof upon Basalt show, that for our globe to cool down from 2000° to 200° C. would require 350 millions of years. And with regard to the period during which the first nebulous masses condensed, so as to form our planetary system, conjecture must entirely cease. The history of man, therefore, is but a minute ripple in the infinite ocean of time. For a much longer period than that during which he has already occupied this world the existence of a state of inorganic nature favorable to man's continuance seems to be secured, so that for ourselves, and for long generations after us, we have nothing to fear. But the same forces of air and water, and of the volcanic interior, which produced former geologic convulsions, and buried one series of living forms after another, still act upon

the earth's crust. They, rather than those distant cosmical changes of which we have spoken, will end the human race, and perhaps compel us to make way for new and more complete forms of life, as the lizard and the mammoth have given way to us and our contemporaries."

—P. 428.

In speaking of the universal character of the sun's actions upon the earth, Dr. Tyndall tells us that, leaving out of account the eruption of volcanoes and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun's rays. He then proceeds:

"His (the sun's) warmth keeps the sea liquid and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains; and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are, also, his transmuted strength. . . . He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he glides in the snake. . . . His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a halting space where this energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells; the self-same essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power—the moulds into which his strength is temporarily poured, in passing from its source through infinitude. Presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton."

—P. 432.

Grand as are the truths which this oration is intended to set forth, we can not read them without regret that these somewhat inflated expressions should have been put forward as a complete statement of the facts of the case. If that were Dr. Tyndall's intention, we should object to

the very partial view of nature which he would appear to set before his audience. On hearing words such as those we have quoted, the half-educated scientific enthusiast would be inclined, and so far as these words go entitled, to believe that this influence of the sun's rays explains all terrestrial actions—all life, all nature; that henceforward a complete knowledge of nature would be gained from this transcendent element; that, as the solar ray "forms the muscle and builds the brain," the secrets of life are exhausted, and mental as well as physical action is easily referable to a material standard. Yet, how far is this from really being the true state of things! and how completely would such a thinker be misled! Dr. Tyndall knows this as well as any man, and yet, for the sake of making his point clear, and in order to avoid distracting the attention of his audience from his subject, he, no doubt purposely, omitted to refer to those unknown and unexplored depths met with on every side in the great mine of nature—depths which the glimmering lamp of our present imperfect knowledge only serves to render more apparent. One of the difficulties with which popular scientific lecturers have to contend is that of presenting a subject in such a form as to come home to the audience in its true relations not liable to be misunderstood, and of painting one side of the picture forcibly without losing the harmony of the whole. It would, in our opinion, have been well if Dr. Tyndall had in conclusion reminded his audience that, much as Science can do, it never can explain every thing; that, although the body is built up and sustained by solar power, there are mysteries connected with life toward the explanation of which Science offers no clue whatsoever. If he had only hinted at our complete ignorance of the nature of the silent power which bids the oak spring from the acorn, or builds up from the simplest cell the widely differing forms of animal life, he would have done much to present to his hearers' minds the truer view of Nature's infinitude and man's littleness expressed by Newton in his noble words: "To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the seashore, whilst the great ocean of truth lay unexplored before me."

From the British Quarterly.

REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

We have had recently a great variety of works on English History. Not only have different periods of our annals been treated by writers who have made them their special study, but Mr. Charles Knight has produced a work on the entire subject, which, by the extent and accuracy of the information it embodies, the independent spirit which it breathes, the simple yet felicitous style in which it is written, and, above all, by its hearty sympathy with every thing relating to our social progress, well deserves the title it bears of the *Popular History of England*. Happily, too, we have had abridgments, some of them executed with considerable skill, which give the youth in our schools more correct impressions of the men and deeds of the past than we were able to gather, in our own childhood, from Goldsmith, or Mrs. Markham. Among this class we must make honorable mention of the lectures to the Chorley Wood Institute, in which Mr. Longman has, in so admirable a manner, presented to the working-classes of the country a vivid and faithful summary of the leading facts in their country's story. None of these books, however, trench at all upon the province which Dr. Vaughan has marked out for himself. The work which he has now, after years of patient investigation, brought to a successful completion, stands alone. It does not profess to be a history of England, and yet it would be a great mistake to regard it as a mere abridgment. It has a distinct aim; and, so far as the working out of its own purpose is concerned, it is thoroughly complete. The author's design was to trace out the path along which England has advanced to her present freedom and greatness, and he has omitted nothing which seemed necessary to mark this out with clearness and precision.

The necessity for a work of this kind,

so far from having been diminished, has rather been increased by the multitude of recent publications. In consequence of the free access to our national records which has been enjoyed by modern writers, a flood of light has been thrown on many hitherto obscure events and characters in our history. There are, however, comparatively few who are able to go through for themselves, the volumes which enter into all the details of the narrative, while there are many who are anxious to have a condensed but accurate view of the result. This Dr. Vaughan has given with great fidelity, and his work is rendered all the more valuable by the fact that he has himself consulted the original documents, and presents us with the independent conclusions of one thoroughly familiar with historic investigations, and in not a few instances corrects the one-sided and partial representations of his predecessors in this department of labor.

It has been our misfortune that our histories have, for the most part, been written under the influence of strong party prejudice. Even our best recent authors furnish few exceptions to this rule. Brilliant, fascinating, and eloquent as are Lord Macaulay's volumes, they are unhappily disfigured by this stain. They are simply the Whig history of the period. It is hardly possible for any reader, while perusing them, to resist the spell which the great enchanter throws over him; but calmer reflection will suggest that the keen point of the striking antithesis must sometimes have been secured by indifference to strict accuracy; that the historian's own feelings must have given not a little of that strong coloring which imparts vividness and force to his portraits; and that, though a painter more scrupulous might not have produced such striking effects, his pictures would at least have had the merit of greater fidelity. His volumes can never cease to be read, but they would have had all the wider and more permanent influence, if he had

* *Revolutions in English History*. By the Rev. R. VAUGHAN, D.D. Vol. III. *Revolutions in Government*.

not claimed a monopoly of all the virtues for his Whig favorites, and had recognized the fact that even Toryism might sometimes be found in association with grandeur of intellect, nobility of heart, and earnest, patriotic sentiment.

Froude affords a still more notable example of these faults. Despite the careful diligence with which he has conducted his inquiries, the number of new and important facts which he has brought to the elucidation of the subject, and the freshness and beauty of his style, his work is rendered to a large extent worthless as a contribution to historical literature, in consequence of his determination to glorify a particular hero, and the facility with which, under the bias of this feeling, he has accepted as unquestionable the very evidence which required to be most closely sifted. The singular escapade into which he was betrayed by his rashness and overweening reliance on all ancient documents will, it is to be hoped, operate as a salutary warning. It is to his credit that he has modified, and to a large extent retracted, the statements relative to Queen Elizabeth, which he had published so prematurely in *Fraser's Magazine*. But even this candor can not wholly save him from the discredit attaching to conduct so little consonant with the calm and sober impartiality of a philosophic historian. We have no doubt of Mr. Froude's anxiety to do justice, but unfortunately his prepossessions are strong. Poor Anne Boleyn is one of the most illustrious victims sacrificed to his determination to elevate Henry VIII. into a hero, and in his judgment of Elizabeth we think we can detect some traces of the feelings which inspired the portrait of her ill-fated mother.

A tendency to indulge strong sectional sympathies and antipathies is one of our national failings. We entrench ourselves in our own little camps, into which we admit few strangers, and from which we rarely make excursions ourselves. Intimate social intercourse between men of different religious and political opinions is comparatively rare, and the result is, that we fall into the most absurd mistakes, and indulge in the most uncharitable notions relative to each other. It is a misfortune when those who ought to guide and mould public opinion, instead of correcting, minister to these narrow feelings. It is to Dr. Vaughan's credit that he has escaped the taint of this spirit. He has

nowhere, indeed, sought to conceal his own decided opinions on matters of Church and State, but he has labored to do full justice to those who hold contrary views. That he has not wholly failed in this effort is evident from the approval which has been already accorded to this volume by journals that do not look upon Dissent with any favor. Dr. Vaughan, strong Dissenter as he is, never forgets that he is also an Englishman, and he has a tribute of admiration for any man who has faithfully served his country. Even those whose policy he regards as mistaken, are judged with that discriminating candor which only belongs to one who is capable of appreciating the variety of influences by which men's characters and opinions are shaped, and who therefore strives to manifest, in his estimate of others, that charity which he would desire to have exercised toward himself.

The last volume of this work is devoted to a review of that great revolution which extended over the whole period of the Stuart rule in England, and whose result has been to give breadth and stability to our national liberties. With the ground which the narrative covers Dr. Vaughan has long been familiar, and has won deserved reputation by the ability with which he has before labored in its cultivation. He has always cherished a sincere veneration for the noble men to whose sacrifices and toils England is so largely indebted, and the warmth of his feelings has not been chilled by the advance of years. He does not offer them the incense of a foolish flattery, or talk of them as though, in virtue of their illustrious qualities, they were exempted from the laws by which ordinary mortals are bound; he can see in them errors and weaknesses which serve to qualify the praise to which they are fairly entitled; he seeks to discriminate between the success which may fairly be attributed to their own sagacity and that which was the result of favorable circumstances; but he never forgets the difficulties of the crisis through which they had to pass, or the eminence of the service which at great personal cost they rendered to their country. His work can hardly fail to inspire the hearts of the young with generous and healthful sympathy with those great principles which lie at the foundation of all that is strong and noble in our national character, and to awaken an affection-

ate respect for the men in whose lives they were most conspicuously illustrated. By giving the rising generation a fuller understanding of the cost at which our liberties were secured, it will teach them to value more highly our precious national heritage, and inspire them with that jealous dread of all tendencies towards despotic encroachments which forms the best guarantee for the perpetuation of those inestimable privileges which are at once the glory and the defense of our country.

Little could any one who knew the state of English feeling at the death of Queen Elizabeth have supposed that, in less than half a century, an English monarch, in the legitimate line of succession, would see the standard of revolt urged against him by a large proportion of his people; that the combined power of the throne, the church, and the nobility, would be unable to stem the torrent of popular fury; that the king's army would be overthrown, his liberty lost, and finally his life sacrificed; and that a republic, with an humble country squire at its head, would not only be established on the ruins of the ancient English monarchy, but would conduct the national affairs in such a way as to command the respect of the proudest potentates of Europe. The ease with which the Restoration was subsequently accomplished, and the blindness with which all parties threw themselves into the arms of the returning king, and became the dupes of his craft and falsehood, can only serve to increase the wonder which this revolutionary outburst excites. Loyalty is one of the deepest feelings of the English heart, and never was it stronger than at the death of Queen Elizabeth. The Tudors certainly had not very humble notions of the royal prerogative, and were not much disposed to tolerate any popular encroachments. Many of their proceedings were not a little arbitrary, and their religious policy in particular was tyrannical and persecuting; yet it can not be denied that Elizabeth and, though in an inferior degree, Henry VIII. were popular sovereigns. Even the Puritans, who more than any other of her subjects had just reason to complain of the Virgin Queen, ever manifested toward her a devoted attachment, which was the most emphatic rebuke of her cruel policy. The fact was, she understood the genius of the English people, and though determined to maintain her own power, she, and even her

father, had what Dr. Vaughan calls an "instinctive good sense," that enabled them to understand that there were boundaries which they could not safely pass. Elizabeth, too, felt that her interests were identical with those of her people, and that to throw herself into the cause of Protestantism was the only course compatible with her own safety. As Englishmen, the Puritans could not but admire the bravery with which she bore herself in the presence of the dangers by which she was confronted, and the ability with which she maintained the honor of their country; while, as lovers of Protestant truth, they honored her as the hope of all their oppressed fellow-religionists and the dread of the Popish faction throughout Europe. Very truly has Dr. Vaughan said: "In the eyes of the Englishman this whole English land was represented in the king, and in him its whole people were supposed to be impersonated. '*My king*' was an expression charged with that loving and proud loyalty which had flowed on with our life's blood through centuries." Never was this sentiment stronger than at the time when James I. ascended the throne, and by his deportment succeeded in changing the whole current of feeling, and in paving the way for the misfortunes of his more unhappy but not more despotic son.

Some writer has produced a book on "things that might have been." Perhaps there are few of us who do not at some time or other indulge in such speculations; and, in some such mood, we have ourselves sometimes wondered as to what might have been the course of English story, had Elizabeth been succeeded by a prince inheriting her spirit and abilities; as fond of power, and yet as capable of using it with discretion; as able to enlist the sympathies of the people, and yet as determined to deprive them of any real influence in the state—in short, with both the capacity and the will to become an enlightened despot. The Commons had not yet so far learned their own strength, nor, indeed, did their rights rest on so settled a basis that they could have interposed an effectual opposition to a wisely concerted scheme for the establishment of absolute power. A monarch who had boldly assumed his position as the head of the Protestant party in Europe, and inspired the confidence of his people by his wisdom and gallantry, might, as it ap-

pears now, have succeeded in masking his designs against popular liberty, and have so consolidated the power of the throne as to make it all but absolute. Happily English liberty was spared this danger. Disastrous as the reign of James seemed to be to the cause of true freedom, and evil as its influence unquestionably was on Continental Protestantism, still we, enjoying the advantage of a retrospective view, can not but feel that in its issue its very weakness was made subservient to the best interests of the nation, and that thus out of man's evil God's providence found means of good.

Dr. Vaughan is therefore, in our view, perfectly right when he lays great stress on the influence which the character of James I. had upon our revolution, and very truly says, "that that deepest tragedy in our seventeenth century came from the character of James hardly less than from that of Charles, and from the reign of the sire fully as much as from that of the son." A remarkable conjuncture of circumstances caused the accession of the first Stuart to be acceptable to the most opposite classes of his subjects. The Romanists hailed with favor the son of the royal martyr to their faith; the Puritans, on the contrary, rested their hopes on his Presbyterian education. Both parties were prepared to accept him, if not with enthusiasm, at least with loyal trust; and had he shown any tact in the management of men, there can be no reasonable doubt that he might have held a strong and peaceful scepter over a people more united than they had been for half a century previous. Even the Scottish descent did not at first interfere with his popularity. The facility with which the high-spirited English people accepted a monarch from their old Scotch rivals was, indeed, something remarkable, and was a proof of their love of order and respect for hereditary right. Tired of unsettlement, and rejoicing in the prospect of an undisputed succession to the throne, they were content to pass over the unpleasant fact of their monarch's Scottish birth. It was not till the first flush of his popularity had faded away, and they began to discern the real meanness of their prince, that this obvious topic of national reproach came much into notice. Then, but not till then, did they use this as well as every other ground of attack on which they could fix. The popular ballads of the day contain many

amusing proofs of the way in which, after the people had learnt to despise a king who preferred dishonor to peace, and degraded himself by fawning on the wretched minions whom he had selected as the objects of his favor, made merry with the poverty of his fellow-countrymen, and the way they had enriched themselves by their migration to England. One specimen may serve to entertain our readers, and to indicate the spirit which had been aroused in the country.

"Bonny Scot, we all witness can,
That England hath made thee a gentleman.

"Thy blue bonnet when thou came hither
Could scarce keep out wind and weather;
But now it has turned to a hat and feather,
Thy bonnet is blown the devil knows whither.

"Thy shoes on thy feet, when thou camest
from plow,
Were made of the hide of an old Scot's cow;
But now they are turned to a rare Spanish
leather,
And decked with roses altogether.

"Thy sword at thy side was a great black blade,
With a great basket hilt of iron made;
But now a long rapier doth hang by his side,
And huffingly doth this bonny Scot ride.

Bonny Scot we all witness can,
That England hath made thee a gentleman."

There can be little doubt that the covert reference of this satire was to the king himself, and it is a significant indication of the disrespect into which he had fallen with numbers of his subjects. For this he had no one but himself to thank. He sought to clothe the monarch with greater majesty and power, but he only succeeded in exposing himself and his office to universal contempt. With the most exalted notions as to the divinity which should hedge a king around, his whole appearance, deportment, and conduct were marked by a meanness sufficient to destroy every sentiment of reverence. The first requisite for an English monarch, if he would have the respect of his subjects, is that he should be a gentleman; and this was just what James was not. He had not a spark of gentlemanly feeling in his heart, or a trace of gentlemanly bearing in his conduct. It would be difficult, indeed, to find any thing in the man to awaken confidence or excite affection, still more any thing in the sovereign to entitle him to the reverence of his subjects. His much-vaunted learning displayed itself in

a pedantry that would have been ludicrous in a village school-master in the Highlands; and this British Solomon was so unable to turn his wisdom to any practical purpose, that he only earned by it the epithet bestowed by Henri Quatre — the wisest fool in Europe. When he attempted to assume a dignity proper to his office, the contrast between the loftiness of his pretensions and the absurdity of his appearance was such as only to provoke laughter; while the low, coarse, and roystering familiarity which marked his more condescending moods could only excite the disgust of all sober-minded people. His love of peace—a quality so rare in monarchs—was with him simply the result of cowardice, not the dictate of a wise and far-seeing policy; and its effect was to throw away all the influence which England had gained by the heroic defense of her liberties and the wise conduct of her policy by Elizabeth and the sagacious statesmen who surrounded her throne. The portrait of this meanest of kings is well sketched by Dr. Vaughan.

"In families, moral as well as physical qualities are often hereditary. In the princes of the house of Stuart we see little of the sober, Gothic honesty of the lowland Scot; much of the vanity, unsteadiness, and insincerity natural to the Italian and Gallic stock from which they came. In James, tendencies of the latter description were always observable. His physical nature, indeed, was so peculiar, as to baffle conjecture in regard to the probable origin of its characteristics. His flesh was remarkably soft. His legs were so weak that he did not so much walk as amble. His eyes rolled in a singular manner, as if involuntary, and seemed prompted at times by curiosity or timidity to follow the stranger who had last come within his sight. His tongue was too large for his mouth, affecting his speech, and becoming disagreeably evident in his eating and drinking. His wardrobe was neglected and rarely changed. To put on the clean in the place of the not clean was irksome to him. His high conceptions in regard to the authority that should be accounted as inherent in a king had been rudely checked in Scotland. But he looked to England as to the country of bishops, of nobles, and of a people who knew how to defer to sovereign power. It was the promised land in which his fondest hopes of regal greatness were to be realized. Much soon happened to reveal the error of such anticipations. But the king was not to be convinced. Resistance to his will was always regarded as factious—as the perpetration of wrong, and of wrong verging upon treason and impiety. He would gladly have substituted an imperial despotism based on the civil law, in

the place of the system of liberty based on the English constitution. Had he possessed the power, he was fully satisfied that the right so to do was inseparable from his office. At the same time, in the intellectual and in the moral character of the king, there was almost every thing that could tend to give to such pretensions the appearance of a grotesque absurdity. James often evinced a kind of shrewdness in his observations on men and affairs. But his capacity was narrow; and though he was obstinate in his prejudices, from a radical weakness of nature, he could never be relied upon when circumstances happened to become opposed to his inclinations. His speeches present a strange mixture of sense and nonsense; of self-assertion and self-contradiction; of wisdom culled from books, and of follies bubbling up from his own mind. It is remarkable that of all his favorite schemes, and he had many, there was no one which he did not live to see a failure—those concerning which he had been the most sanguine, proving in the end the most hopeless. Thus the union of the two kingdoms; the suppression of English Puritanism; the reconciliation of his Catholic subjects to his sway in England; the extension of Protestantism over Ireland, and of Episcopacy in Scotland; his hope of a marriage alliance with Spain; and his endeavor to establish certain arbitrary maxims of government, in the place of acknowledging the rights demanded by his subjects—all these matters lay near the heart of this monarch, all were zealously prosecuted by him, and all were failures. In truth, judged by his conduct, James should never have presumed to meddle with the affairs of a great nation. His days should have been passed in private life. His pedantry, his vanity, and his want of courage, were all his own—no king in English history had ever betrayed infirmities of that nature in any such measure. It was not only true that all his apparent virtues suffered from the contagion of their neighboring vices, but those virtues could not be trusted from one day, or even from one hour, to another."—Pp. 13-15.

It is no wonder that a monarch of this character should undermine the respect in which the throne had been held, and so prepare the way for the revolution of which his successor was the victim. He sowed the wind, and Charles reaped the whirlwind. The shameless and indecent fondness displayed toward Carr and Villiers; the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, and James's mysterious behavior in regard to the instigators of the foul deed; the judicial murder of Sir Walter Raleigh, dictated by the king's hatred of his independent spirit, and servile readiness to pander to the hated Spaniard; the desertion of the Elector Palatine in the great crisis of his fortunes; the disgraceful intrigues of Buckingham in con-

nection with the proposed Spanish marriage; and the singularly unrighteous and cruel conduct pursued toward the Puritans—all combined to excite the discontent of the people, and to bring the sovereign and his courtiers into contempt. In vain did Oxford preach the doctrine of passive obedience; in vain did James, by his proclamation, "interdict all preachers from attempting 'to declare, limit, or set bounds to, the prerogative, power, or jurisdiction of princes,'" and seek to enforce his arbitrary notions by deeds as arbitrary and unconstitutional; in vain were the private papers of Peacham used as evidence against him, and the aged clergyman, on the ground of certain words disrespectful to loyalty, found in ms. in his study, tortured on the rack, condemned as a traitor, and left to rot in prison; in vain were the bold words of Oliver St. John punished by imprisonment and fine, Coke's maintenance of the authority of the law visited with expulsion from his high judicial office, and the work of the Star Chamber carried on with a resolute disregard of the spirit and forms of the constitution. All these measures could neither subdue the free spirit of the people, nor even repress that license in the discussion of public affairs which was so peculiarly offensive to the court. It was the king himself who was the greatest traitor to royalty and the realm, and who did more for the overthrow of his own prerogative than any of its most determined opponents. Had there been any redeeming qualities, either in his domestic or foreign policy, to serve as a counterpoise to its many points of weakness, the results would not have been so disastrous. A brilliant administration abroad would have atoned, in the eyes of his subjects, even for some of the oppressions under which they groaned at home, and the nation would have taken little note of the boisterous and disgusting excesses which disgraced the court, if the position of England, as the champion of Protestantism and freedom, had been maintained with vigor and success. On the other hand, the people might have condoned the errors of a foreign policy, deemed too timid and conciliatory, if it had been pursued with the view of giving them time to consolidate their strength and develop their industrial and commercial resources. What they could not pardon was, that their king, who made

himself and them a laughing-stock for all Europe, should arrogate an authority never granted to their most beloved and powerful rulers; that he should abandon his own son-in-law, and so bring disgrace on himself and ruin to the Protestant cause on the continent, and that not from a magnanimous resolve to subordinate private feelings and domestic interests to the real welfare of the country, but solely from a craven dread of war, and a secret reluctance to aid the cause which had excited so powerfully the enthusiasm of the great majority of his subjects; that he should practice a paltry economy, not that he might spare his people from the burden of an oppressive taxation, but that he might have the more to waste upon himself and his favorites; that, in short, England should lose all the prestige acquired by the conduct of Elizabeth, to gratify a prince who made his court the scene of the most obscene and debasing orgies, and who united in himself all the attributes that were fitted to alienate the trust and affection of a high-spirited race, whose feelings of proud independence were greatly strengthened by the recollection of the heroic way in which they had so recently defied and overcome the power of the haughtiest monarch of Europe, at the very time when he deemed himself, and the world in general regarded him as, invincible.

Dr. Vaughan has traced the operation of these causes with great minuteness; and we are satisfied that most readers will rise from a perusal of the chapter devoted to the subject with a truer appreciation of the real significance of the reign of the first Stuart, in its bearing on subsequent events, than they ever had before. Our space does not permit us to follow him into more detail; but we can not leave this part of our subject without a passing reference to James's ecclesiastical policy. His early education in Presbyterianism seems only to have inspired him with a dread of the system and its influence which was perfectly childish. One of the principles which he had grasped, and to which he adhered with the unreasoning obstinacy so natural to minds of his order, was the close interdependence of the monarchy and the episcopate. "No bishop, no king," was his constant cry. Despite his parade of theological learning, his religious convictions, if we are to judge by their practi-

cal result, must have been of the loosest character. On one occasion the Duke of Buckingham thought to please him by an impious parody on the ordinance of baptism, in which a pig was dressed up as a child; and one of the duke's household, "dressed like a bishop in his satin gown, lawn sleeves, and other pontifical ornaments," was beginning to read the service, when "the squeaking noise of the brute that he most abhorred" attracted the king's attention. Whether it was, as Wilson tells us in his life of the king, from his displeasure at such "ungodly mirth, as likely to increase, and not cure his melancholy," or, what is more probable, from his well-known antipathy to the pig, that James stopped the ceremony, we can not tell; but the fact that Buckingham deemed it probable that such a blasphemous representation would be palatable, is itself an indication of the monarch's religious character. But whether he was a good Christian or not, he was certainly a warm partisan of the prelates. His devotion to episcopacy, like that of some other royal devotees of the Anglican Church, was purely political, and, unfortunately for him, the bishops themselves were not in such good repute as to be able to render him any material service. A remark by Sir Anthony Weldon, when describing the infamous proceedings relative to the divorce of the Earl of Essex from his abandoned countess, shows the esteem in which the prelates were held by others besides their Puritan opponents. "The bishops," he says, "must be principal actors (*as I know not in what bad action they would not be lookers on.*)" Such a hint may show us the estimate which was formed of these divines by men who were not disposed to judge them too severely, and may indicate how little prospect royalty had of receiving any effectual support from its ecclesiastical coadjutors in the great struggle which was then impending.

In the second chapter of the volume, headed, "The Crisis and the Law," Dr. Vaughan notes the successive stages of the conflict prior to the period when the great questions at issue between the king and the parliament were referred to the arbitrament of the sword. "James I.," says Dr. Vaughan, "would have suppressed Puritanism, and counseled his son to hold no parley with it." Charles received this counsel with becoming def-

erence, and it was certainly from no lack of will on his part that his father's intentions against the hated sect were not carried into practical execution. With hearty good-will did he set himself to the task of crushing Puritanism, little suspecting that Puritanism would crush him. The account which Dr. Vaughan gives of this new power which was so soon to accomplish such extraordinary results, is marked by extreme discrimination. The weak points of Puritanism are not concealed. It is frankly admitted that the design of its leaders was to make the National Church "a church according to the Puritans, and not a church according to the bishops or according to any council of the state;" and that in this they deserved to be resisted, as in truth they were, by the independents, who, with their broader views, did not, when claiming liberty of conscience, mean only to insist on such liberty for themselves. But whatever abatement may be made for this cardinal defect, the Puritans deserve credit for the noble manliness with which they insisted on the supreme authority of Scripture and the rights of the individual conscience, on which both king and prelates were prepared so ruthlessly to trample. That they were inconsistent in the application of their own principles, that many of their views were extremely narrow, and that the spirit which they manifested was exclusive to the verge of intolerance, were the faults of their age and position. That they arrested the advance of royal and priestly tyranny, and raised a manly protest on behalf of that liberty which even they themselves but imperfectly understood, was to their individual honor. "The Erastian dogma of the Tudors, and the theocratic dogma of the Stuarts, did much toward putting the conscience of the state and of the priest into the place of the private conscience. Puritanism was a revolt against all this; not always wise, not always consistent, but a revolt." For the boldness which inspired them thus to rebel against every form of usurped authority in spiritual things, and for the heroism with which, up to the light that was in them, they served the cause of truth and liberty, they deserve to be remembered with affectionate reverence; nor can we suffer their eccentricities or inconsistencies to have the weight of a feather when placed in the scale against their many virtues and their noble deeds.

The old commendation bestowed by the old Roman poet on the man who first dared to trust a fragile bark to the treacherous waves applies with tenfold force to them. They were entering on a new and hitherto well-nigh untrodden path; they were setting at defiance all the authority to which men had been accustomed to bow; they were daring a contest whose ultimate issues for themselves and for others they could not at all forecast. It is easy now to point out their errors and discuss their faults, but at least it becomes us, in doing so, to estimate the influences which went to the formation of their character and opinions, to remember the tremendous odds which they did not fear to encounter, and to honor them for the spirit which forbade them, in the darkest hour, to despair of the triumph of truth or the ultimate destiny of their country. "With all their imperfections, these Puritans were the men employed by Providence to save the liberties of England; and it should not be a pleasant thing to Englishmen to be told that they owe this vast debt to men who should be classed either with knaves or fools."

That they were in many cases open to the charge of spiritual pride must be admitted; but Dr. Vaughan very justly repudiates the accusation of hypocrisy which has been so freely advanced against them, and shows that the lavish use of Scripture words and phrases, which to us savors so much of cant, was not so unnatural at the time when the English Bible was a comparative novelty, and among a people who received it with the affectionate faith cherished toward it by the Puritans. To undertake the defense of every individual in the party, and assert that it numbered no hypocrites in its ranks, would be as Quixotic on the one hand as it is unjust, on the other, to calumniate an entire party for the sins of individuals, or to suppose that Puritanism, had it been the mere canting hypocritical thing which some modern writers have described it, could ever have become the mighty force which it proved itself to be in this nation. Its achievements are themselves the proof that it was a living reality, sometimes exaggerated by fanatics, sometimes parodied by fools, and not infrequently assumed as a mask by hypocrites and intriguers, but felt to be a grand truth by many noble-hearted men whom it roused to deeds of daring courage

and generous self-sacrifice. Dr. Vaughan has shown great skill and care in elaborating this description of this religious movement, and has brought out certain features of its character with a distinctness that may serve to dispel many erroneous conceptions, and to contribute to the formation of juster views on the subject. Thus in relation to the position it assumed with regard to Arminianism, he says with great force:

"To many readers of English history it may seem strange that the Puritans in the time of Charles I. should have shown so much repugnance to the Arminian theology. In the discussions in Parliament this court divinity is denounced with almost as much emphasis as Romanism itself. But it must be remembered that the doctrine known to us as Calvinism had been, in substance, the doctrine of the Reformation. As compared with Arminianism, this doctrine was understood to make religion begin with the grace of God—not with action from man. Piety, accordingly, was regarded as being more certainly a divine life in the case of the Calvinist than in the case of the Arminian. As opposed to Romanism, and as opposed to external authority of all things below the divine, the religion of the devout Calvinist was the most self-sustained and independent form of religion imaginable. It was a kind of personal inspiration against which kingly power and sacerdotal power spent their force in vain. It feared none of those things. In regard to religion, the King of the Calvinists may be said to have been especially in heaven, and his priest, too, was there. But it was not supposed to be exactly thus with the Arminian. In that theology more place was given, in all respects, to human agency, and on that account it proved more manageable in sacerdotal hands, and won especial favor from the Jesuits. With the Puritans the fact of its finding patronage in such quarters was enough to associate it with suspicions of all kinds. In truth, they never thought of Arminianism simply as Arminianism. In their view it was a covert used by Arians, Socinians, and Papists, and tended necessarily toward error in those forms. The doctrinal Puritans, as they were called, were men whose protest had respect mainly to such tenets. They were men who must be Calvinists, avowedly such."—Pp. 180, 181.

Very clearly does Dr. Vaughan indicate the difference between the Puritan and the Modern Nonconformist:

"The reader must not forget that the Puritans under James and Charles were in a position differing considerably from that of the modern Nonconformist. They were of the National Church, both ministers and laity. There was much in the existing ecclesiastical system which they would have reformed. But their

parish churches were their religious home. They had been baptized within those walls. There they had been married. There they had buried their dead. There they expected, in their turn, to sleep their own long sleep. Their ministers were all University men. Their laity embraced persons of all ranks. In that age Puritan and Orthodox were terms denoting parties who differed from each other in thought and sympathies, but who were of the same social status. The fact that English Puritanism embraced not only the strong feeling of the middle and the lower classes, but much of the intelligence and culture of the classes above them, contributed to make it the power it became in our history."—P. 133.

A remarkable example of the tenacity with which Englishmen cling to old party badges and distinctions, and of the power exerted over us by mere names, is found in the way in which the evangelical clergy of to-day have taken up the defense of Charles I. in his struggle against Puritanism. He was the defender of the church, and therefore they range themselves on his side, although the very principles which they profess are those which the Puritans taught, and against which all the power of the court was directed. In the attitude which they assumed toward Popery, in their recognition of the Bible alone as an infallible rule of faith, in their opposition to the Romanist elements remaining in the Liturgy, in the importance which they assigned to preaching, and their jealousy of an excessive ritualism, in their strongly Calvinistic creed, and in their general ideas as to the requirements of the Christian life, the evangelical clergy are in close sympathy with the doctrinal Puritans of the seventeenth century. Even their differences on the points of church-government are not so great as might at first sight appear; for it would not have been difficult to have reconciled the English Presbyterians of the earlier period to a moderate episcopacy; and we doubt whether our own evangelicals would have been very easy under the sway of the class of prelates whom Charles I. delighted to honor. Nothing indeed is more certain than that evangelical opinions would have found no home in that church of which their living exponents are such warm champions, and would have met only the bitterest opposition from the monarch whom they mourn as a martyred saint, whose death on the scaffold was the penalty of his fidelity to their cause.

One of the earliest complaints of the House of Commons was dictated by that fear of Romanism which the Puritans did not entertain with more sincerity, and certainly with greater cause, than the Evangelicals of our own time. The disposition shown by Charles to treat its professors with a leniency which contrasted very suspiciously with the severity displayed toward the Puritans, the perils to which the nation had been exposed during the marriage negotiations with Spain, and the escape from that danger only to encounter another in the importation of a large number of priests, Jesuits, and Capuchin friars, in the train of the queen, had all tended to excite their apprehensions of the growth of Popery in the country, and with it the establishment of arbitrary power. Hence one of the earliest steps of Charles's first parliament was to censure Dr. Montague, a violent preacher of the time, who, according to the parliamentary record, "in his book much discountenances God's word, disgraces lectures and lecturers, and preaching itself, nay, even reading the Bible; and says that never a saint-seeming, Bible-bearing hypocritical Puritan, was a better patriot than himself." Very evangelical doctrines and practices were these which this man, a seventeenth-century Puseyite, denounced. Yet he was a preacher regarded with favor by the court, and afterward rewarded with a miter; and these were the notions which would have overrun England, perhaps ended in handing her over to the tender mercies of the Papacy, but for the gallant, and, happily, successful resistance which the Puritans made to these retrograde movements.

We must not dwell on the proceedings of the first portion of the reign, when successive parliaments were called, only to be dissolved as soon as it became apparent that the slight change in the *personnel* had not effected any improvement in the temper of the Commons; when Buckingham governed with a recklessness that daily rendered the cause of his party more desperate; when the expedition to Rochelle and the quarrel with Bristol disgraced the government and strengthened the hands of their opponents; and when the madness of the king and his favorite were preparing the storm which was so soon to burst with such fury. But before passing on, we will give Dr. Vaughan's review of the position of affairs

at the time when Sir John Eliot's manly denunciation of the king's ministers led to the premature dissolution of the third parliament. The Petition of Right had nominally conceded some of the points in dispute between the king and his subjects; but the conduct of the monarch in regard to it had been such as to take away much of its value, and, worst of all, to destroy that confidence which ought to be cherished toward a prince by his people. Still, there were some who would now have refrained from any further steps, and were inclined to view the proceedings of Sir John Eliot as needlessly violent. On this Dr. Vaughan remarks :

"The reader must bear in mind the language in which Charles spoke, once and again, concerning the divine right and the irresponsible power inherent in his kingly office; the distinct and emphatic terms in which he had declared all the privileges of Parliament to be a matter of royal sufferance; the manner in which he

had manifested these arbitrary tendencies by attempting to control the discussions of the House, and the conduct of the Speaker; the vacillation and weakness of judgment which he had betrayed on so many occasions; and the ease with which he could descend to any measure of duplicity in the most solemn transactions with his subjects. The reluctance, moreover, with which the least concession had been made; the vengeance which had fallen on men who had become obnoxious by their popular policy; and the eagerness with which pardon and promotions had been conferred on the men who had made themselves so conspicuous by their servile teaching — all tended to strengthen the unfavorable impression produced by so many other circumstances. The Commons of 1629 were too wise not to see that it became them to insist upon the securities against the action of power in such hands, which it might not have been reasonable to have demanded from a sovereign of another character and of other principles. This is the Nemesis which never fails to follow on the track of wrong and falsehood."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From *Chambers's Journal*.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. M'Clean, in his annual address, took a brief review of the progress of the kingdom—contrasting the year 1815, when steam-engines had been in use forty years, with 1856, the end of another period of forty years. In the former, the whole annual income derived from quarries, mines, iron-works, and other property, was £1,452,104; in the latter, it was £18,087,963—an increase of 1200 per cent. This great increase is shown to be in great part due to the introduction and extension of railways, which, besides affording means of transport, offer a safe means of investment, and thereby promote habits of saving and increase of capital. After all the losses and disasters occasioned by railway speculation, "a reproductive profit has been assured on a capital of nearly £400,000,000." The land occupied by railways in the United Kingdom is, so states Mr. M'Clean, under

200,000 acres, including stations and appurtenances. The land under agriculture is forty million acres, and yet the railways pay, in property and income tax, nearly as great an amount as is paid by the whole of the farmers of Great Britain.

On the question of coal, it appears that the public may dismiss the misgivings aroused a few months ago by a speech at Newcastle, for, although the quantity raised from the mines is about one hundred million tons in the year, by the labor of some three hundred thousand men, we can not do better, according to Mr. M'Clean, than continue to dig, burn, and export at the same, or even a greater rate. He points out that Sir Roderick Murchison's assertion that coal exists under the lower New Red Sandstone and the Permian formations, is a sufficient reason why we should not begin to be parsimonious in our consumption of coal. Accepting Sir Roderick's assertion as indisputable, it

opens to us a coal-region, at an enormous depth, which comprises more than one half of the entire area of Great Britain; hence, it may be argued that we have inexhaustible coal-mines waiting to be worked. As regards the great depth, and the theory of central heat, Mr. McClean shows that they are not insurmountable difficulties. "I am of opinion," he says, "that the heat which undoubtedly exists in some mines, arises not from central heat, but from superincumbent pressure and defective ventilation." Mechanical science will invent means of driving cool air down, whatever the depth, so that misgivings "need not in any way influence our conduct in the development and use of that important mineral—coal; especially as the power (which is the substitute for labor) derived from coal is so cheap that we are enabled to consume daily, for our domestic comforts, for machinery in the conversion of minerals, for other manufacturing processes, and for export, a power equal to twelve million horses, at a cost, at the mine, of not more than one penny per horse-power, working ten hours a day, and no saving in consumption of this enormous quantity of coal can be made, except by employing more expensive labor as a substitute."

Next in importance to coal comes iron-stone, of which 7,586,956 tons were dug in 1862, and converted into nearly four million tons of pig-iron. And in that same year, the value of the coal and iron, in various forms, exported amounted to nearly £25,000,000. These amounts are really amazing; and we may derive from them the fullest assurance of the satisfactory progress of our country, so long as wisdom and justice preside over her councils. We remark here in passing, that, as shown by the Board of Trade returns, recently published, the total value of exports of British manufactured goods, in 1863, was £146,489,768—being nearly twenty millions and a half more than in 1862.

A paper by Mr. W. Fairbairn, read before the Royal Society, will perhaps inspire timid railway passengers with confidence, inasmuch as it treats of wrought-iron girders, and the effects produced in them by long-continued changes of load, by vibration, and by impact or blows. The importance of this subject will be recognized by all who take note of the large use at present made of

wrought-iron girders in the building of bridges. Londoners, who are promised trains to run every five minutes across the Thames, have a special interest in a question concerning the strength of their bridges. Any one who wishes for an experiment, has only to stand on Charing Cross Bridge during the passage of two or three trains, to satisfy himself that the amount of vibration is great, and to infer that it can not be long continued with impunity. Well, Mr. Fairbairn states, as the result of his experiments, made with the utmost care, and under various circumstances, that "wrought-iron girders of ordinary construction are not safe when submitted to violent disturbances, equivalent to one third the weight that would break them. They, however, exhibit wonderful tenacity when subjected to the same treatment, with one fourth the load; assuming, therefore, that an iron girder bridge will bear with this load (one fourth) 12,000,000 changes without injury, it is clear that it would require 328 years, at the rate of 100 changes per day, before its security was affected." But, by an increase of the load to one-third, the same bridge would be ruined in *eight* years only. Let engineers and railway directors look to it, and never load bridges with more than one-fourth of the breaking weight. We may then hope that before 328 years are over, posterity will have discovered some further means of safety.

Among lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, two may be cited as remarkable, namely, Mr. Froude's and Dr. Frankland's. Mr. Froude, who is widely known as an able historian, lectured on the Science of History, apparently to prove that there can be no such thing as a science of history, because of the impossibility of educating the laws of human motives and actions, as in physical science the laws of natural phenomena are educated by observation, and that which will be can be predicted from what has been. "Whether the end be seventy years hence, or seven hundred," said the lecturer in his peroration: "be the close of the mortal history of humanity as far distant in the future as its shadowy beginnings seem now to lie behind us—this only we may foretell with confidence—that the riddle of man's nature will remain unsolved. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain—

that something, whatever it be, in himself and in the world, which science can not fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and his destiny."

Dr. Frankland's lecture was on the Glacial Epoch, that period in the earth's history so often referred to by geologists, when ice, in one form or another, covered so large a part of the surface. As the audience had been surprised, on a former occasion, by being told that there never had been such a thing as boiling water, so were they surprised when Dr. Frankland gave forth, as the argument of his lecture, that "the sole cause of the phenomena of the glacial epoch was a higher temperature of the ocean than that which obtains at present." It sounds like a paradox to say, the hotter the sea, the more ice will there be on the land; but hear the new theory propounded by Dr. Frankland: Nature's apparatus for producing ice on a great scale are, an evaporator, a condenser, and a receiver. An ocean at a high temperature is a grand evaporator; the dry air of the upper regions of the atmosphere into which the warm vapor ascends, is the condenser; the mountains, which were probably one fourth higher in the glacial epoch than now, are the receivers. The evaporation from the ocean being enormous, there was a constant precipitation of condensed vapor on the mountains, where it froze and accumulated in the form of ice, crept down the sides of the mountains, and overspread the whole of the land; and these overwhelming masses of ice it was which left their traces on rocks, along the sides of valleys, and transported huge boulders from far distant regions, and furnished for scientific students some of the most remarkable of geological phenomena. As the earth cooled more and more, the evaporation from the sea diminished, and in proportion as supply failed on the receivers, the ice and snow disappeared from the valleys and lowlands, and the present state of things prevailed. The cooling process is still going on, and when it has fallen to a certain amount, stupendous cracks and rents will take place in the granite which constitutes so large a portion of the shell or crust of our globe, and the pleasant and fruitful earth on which we live will become even as the moon; such, Dr. Frankland says, is the fate in store for us. He believes that the

moon has gone completely through her cooling, and that the ocean which once flowed over its surface has been entirely swallowed by the cracks occasioned by the cooling. The gulfs formed by the cracks he calculates as fourteen and a half million cubic miles in capacity—room enough and to spare for the unfortunate moon's ocean, supposing the quantity of water to have been the same in proportion as that on our earth. It is a melancholy prospect; but Mr. Frankland says: "If such be the present condition of the moon, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that a liquid ocean can only exist upon the surface of a planet so long as the latter retains a high internal temperature. The moon, then, becomes to us a prophetic picture of the ultimate fate which awaits our earth, when, deprived of an external ocean, and of all but an annual rotation upon its axis, it shall revolve round the sun an arid and lifeless wilderness—one hemisphere exposed to the perpetual glare of a cloudless sun, the other shrouded in eternal night."

To enable our readers to apprehend Dr. Frankland's argument the better, we give the leading points. 1. The effects of the glacial epoch were felt over the entire globe. 2. It (the glacial epoch) occurred at a geologically recent period. 3. It was preceded by a period of indefinite duration, in which glacial action was either altogether wanting, or was at least comparatively insignificant. 4. During its continuance, atmospheric precipitation was much greater, and the height of the snow-line considerably less than at present. 5. It was followed by a period extending to the present time, when glacial action became again insignificant.

The Russians are working in real earnest at their telegraph from St. Petersburg to Pekin. The line now extends as far as Irkoutsk—a distance of 5750 versts (about 5000 miles) from St. Petersburg. The first message between the two places was flashed on December 21, in eight and a half hours. The time by post would be twenty four days. While Russia is thus active in the north and east, we are busy in the south and east; and as the vessels with the lengths of cable on board have arrived in the Persian Gulf, we may hope soon to hear that Karachi is connected with the telegraphic line already established as far as Bagdad. London will then be able to communicate with Calcutta.

We believe it has not yet been perfectly ascertained at what rate signals may be transmitted through very long distances; but for short distances, Mr. Wheatstone's *automatic telegraph* appears to be the most rapid yet invented. This instrument is largely used in the telegraphic communications of the metropolis; and satisfactory proof has been obtained that between places not further apart than London and Dover, it will transmit six hundred letters in a minute, and by a single wire. This would seem to be quick enough, for there are not many persons who can read more than six hundred letters in a minute. This is so gratifying a result that every one must hope that the experiments about to be made at greater distances—hundreds of miles—will prove equally successful.

There are some persons who take a despondent view of the public health and the progress of population; fancying that the one is deteriorated by the growth of civilization, and the other diminished by emigration. Let them be reassured by a few sanitary facts. When Mr. Edwin Chadwick, about twenty years ago, raised the question of sanitary reform, and persisted in keeping it before the public until steps were taken to carry out measures for drainage, sewage, water-supply, and other essential works, he asserted that by adoption of the proposed improvements, a diminution of one third in the number of deaths in a town or district might be confidently looked for. It seemed a bold prediction, but it has been more than verified; for in all the towns which have accepted and accomplished sanitary reform, the diminution in the number of deaths is one half. In other words, instead of thirty deaths in every 1000 of the population the number is now not more than fifteen, and in some instances even less than fifteen. Many of our readers will be able to identify for themselves the towns in which these satisfactory results have been obtained. There is no doubt about the matter, for it is as clearly demonstrated by comparison of a drained section of a town with the undrained part, as by town with town. Macclesfield, where the works are not yet completed, is a case in point. Hence we see that if sanitary reform were carried out over the whole kingdom, there would be a saving of one half in the rate of mortality to be added to the usual increase of population by births, which at the next census, in 1871, would tell with striking effect in the tables of increase. With a gain so large as this, emigration need not be dreaded, nor, plague and pestilence apart, should fears be entertained as to the sanitary amelioration of the country at large. Though undrained and ill-watered towns are still numerous, there is a growing tendency toward improvement, which can not fail to be recognized in all future records of the population of the realm.

From the *London Eclectic*.

PROBLEMS IN HUMAN NATURE.*

It is a very comforting discovery, perhaps more so now than ever, to find any one taking a virtuously moderate view of human nature. We say, *virtuously* moderate, because the moderation of too many has consisted rather in the doctrine that we ought not to expect men to be very

good (as Gibbon takes pains to show us in the case of statesmen), than in the acknowledgment that most men are not very good. We have here a writer who neither thinks that every one is utterly bad, nor that, after all, sin is only a negative kind of goodness.

The author of *Problems in Human Nature* is already known to the reading public; and we think that those who remember any of her books will be glad to

* *Problems in Human Nature*. By the author of "Morning Clouds," "The Afternoon of Life," "The Romance of a Dull Life," etc. Longmans. 1863.

hear of another from the same pen. They will find the same breadth, the same simplicity, and the same quiet earnestness in this latest, and, perhaps, best.

The book is written on the principle that, as we have been told that God made man in his own image, and have *not* been told that man was created anew after the fall, it is probable that some trace of that image may still remain ; the more so as we have good authority for believing that even those pagan nations who were before Christ came, had some law of God written on their hearts, something that excused or accused them, all along ; to whom, as in greater measure to the Hebrews, God sent wise men, and prophets, and preachers of righteousness.

The book is divided into three parts, in the form of essays. The first (on "The Source of Vanity") is founded on these two thoughts : that vanity of some kind or other is so universal as to seem a radical part of human character ; and that (in accordance with the principle already referred to) therefore it can hardly be intrinsically wrong. Careful observations have led the author to believe that vanity may be traced to a desire to "take effect" on others ; and that most human thoughts, and words, and actions have this end. This may remind some of Hobbes' love-of-power theory ; but it is really as different from, and as superior to it, as the general tone of our philosophy differs from, and is superior to, that of the seventeenth century. We have here the truth which Hobbes turned into a lie. Our author sees that the passive side of this "desire to take effect" balances the active—that "there is in human nature an almost equally strong delight in being impressed." We agree with the author, that the latter is often a higher delight than the former—chiefly so, we think, to the loftiest class of minds. The highest delight of all is found in the combination of the active and passive impression. What words move us like those which the speaker is saying to himself, while he seems, perhaps, to say them only to us ? And the songs which stir the depths of our passion are those which the poet first sang to himself, and then let the world in to hear. Words, however fine, uttered from "happy seats above the thunder," and exciting no emotion in the speaker's heart, fall dead on our ears. And, as the author observes, a discovered attempt upon our

feelings always rouses indignation. We feel ourselves wronged, deprived by another's vanity or coldness of a great delight ; and, as we must have excitement, we obtain it from the blame we bestow. The speaker has indeed produced an effect on us, but not of the sort he intended. How willingly we yield ourselves to be moved by one who is himself moved, who has forgotten himself in his subject, and so can make us forget ourselves too ! "Seeking not yours but you," not your excited feelings, your astonished admiration ; not that *we* should give so much as that *you* should receive ; this is the secret of power. When we allow our love of taking effect to overstep our truthfulness, and respect for others, the natural desire is fast merging into vanity, properly so-called, into self-exhibition ; and the broken law, as always, becomes its own avenger. Here, as every where, self-seeking is self-losing.

Such a view of human nature as this has a twofold excellence—it agrees with fact and reason, and it is practically useful. How much better it would be if, instead of teaching that every thing human is bad in itself, and that to be good one must get as far away as possible from nature and humanity, we would believe and teach that only God can create, and that what he has created must be good if we will let it ; if we would believe that here, too, *we can only conquer nature by obeying her*. We can not dry up the mighty river of human passion ; and if we could, we should be worse off than ever—not more like God, but only less like man—but we can, by God's grace, turn the waters back into their true channel.

The coolness of the affection grown-up relations often feel for one another is here explained much more reasonably, and in a way much less dishonorable to human nature, than the base motive by which it is usually accounted for. Members of the same family are cast too much in the same mould to *suffice* each other. Positive electricity seeks to combine itself with negative. We do not want our friends to be merely modified repetitions of ourselves, though most friendships have a broad common basis. The strongest races are those which receive the greatest infusion of new blood ; and mind obeys in this instance the same law as matter. Brothers and sisters are all in all to each other for the first few years of their lives, but they forget that their capacity for love grows

with the growth of their other powers, and sometimes expect the same share of the same kind of love at thirty years old as was given at ten ; forgetting that "natural affection" does not imply friendship. When relations are also friends, their elder love is deeper and steadier than the unreasoning love of their childhood. But when brothers or sisters are aggrieved that any one else should be preferred to them, and put the chance tie of blood (strong and sacred as that tie is) before the bond of mutual fitness and love, independent of habit, endless jealousies are kindled. Jealousy is said to prove love—it may do so—it certainly weakens it, and as certainly shows its wantingness in love's strongest pillar—trust. If we loved a little more, we should not be jealous. Indeed, jealousy is only a polite word for the most subtle selfishness. If we believe our friends are as good as we say, how dare we wish to keep all their love for ourselves? Is it that we fear they are, after all, not loving enough to love many people? And if love is the virtue of virtues, how can true love show itself by seeking to circumscribe our friends' exercise of it? Do we grudge them their lovingness? Or can we venture to deprive others of some share of the love which blesses us?

The second essay (on "The Decline of Sentiment") takes a still wider range. Enumerating the many causes which unite to make this the least romantic of all ages, hardly excepting the dreary Georgian period, which, with all its unsublimity, had sentiment enough, true or false, the author touches on education, and justly laments that the present system cultivates the head so much more carefully than the heart. Indeed, judging from the means employed, and very especially from the manner of their employment, one could almost imagine that the express end of education was to do away with the feelings as much as possible. We shorten our children's infancy by every method in our power. There is no room for the development of original character—we put our own upon them, and ruthlessly expect them to act up to a standard of perfection which they neither can nor ought to comprehend. Entirely reversing the favorite maxim of great physicians, that artificial means should be only *aids to nature*, we carefully thwart nature at every turn. Like many others of our in-

stitutions, our education is rather negative than positive. And we are in great danger of thinking that he who knows a great many things is well educated ; whereas, unless the mind itself be greater than its knowledge, it had better have known less. We often meet with people who know plenty of facts, but do not seem to know (how far higher a knowledge!) what to do with them, and flounder helplessly in the harness they have not proved. The chief end of education is to teach people how to learn, and how to use what they may learn. It is a "drawing out" of undeveloped powers. As the gymnast does not give his pupils more limbs and muscles, but only teaches them to use to the best advantage those they already possess, so the mental instructor only exercises and improves already existing powers. But we will not trust nature—we pull our buds open too soon, and drag them out into the full daylight, while they still need twilight. We fill the tender little minds with hard, grown-up ideas, till there is very little room left for the original self. We are properly shocked to hear how the Red Indians strap their babies' heads between two boards to give them a fashionable shape ; but we think nothing of cramping the impossibly minds of our babies in our stiff, neatly-defined opinions, which we hold because most people hold them too. And we are so hasty, that, before the little wondering eyes can see any thing clearly for themselves, we show them, through our spectacles, as many things in heaven and earth as we see ourselves, with the plain intimation that there is nothing else worth looking at, and no other way of looking. We expose the weak points of every thing lest our children should "expect too much from the world ;" we check vehemence of every kind, lest they should ever be carried away by their feelings ; we dread "fancifulness," and, above all, the least approach to superstition (which we have learnt to confound with reverence), far more than cold-heartedness and successful selfishness. We force the intellect and starve the emotions. In confirmation of this, we need only appeal to ordinary conversation. Who dares to show enthusiasm in any cause ? or, rather, who really cares enough about any thing to feel it ? The miserable remarks with which people try to praise or blame must occur to every one's memory. Which of

us, who has been deeply moved by music, or poetry, or painting, has not winced under easy commendations of what we loved far too well for praise? But people may be found who would patronize Shakspeare, and think him their debtor—and what wonder, when their education has, from first to last, fostered irreverence and shallowness of thought and feeling?

We are soon disenchanted now—even the children are too well instructed to think any thing mysterious. It is painful to see the old look—the look of premature enlightenment on so many little faces. Few children are childlike now. They have no time for day-dreams, and if they had, every knowable mystery was explained, and made look insignificant enough, and all the sweet fruits of wonder nipped in the bud.

And with all our dread of superstition, and love of that very unpractical thing, "practicalness," we have no dread whatever of excitement; we have even a new word, or an old word in a new sense, which from a noun becomes an adjective, to describe startling things withal; and "sensation" novels, and plays, and sermons interest the enlightened generation, which will not believe (if it can help it) what it can not understand. We have religion made funny, and knowledge made easy, and every thing made quite comprehensible. Our zeal against ignorance would be praiseworthy, if we did not know the wise ignorance from the foolish, for there is doubtless also a time to be ignorant. They who have never been ignorant can only be wise at second-hand; and a little wisdom that one earns one's self is better than a great deal merely borrowed.

It is possible to be superstitiously afraid of superstition. Our love of excitement, and carelessness whether it be a wholesome excitement or not, weakens the whole mind, keeping it constantly on the strain, and deadening its sense of enjoyment by unnaturally stimulating it. As our author well says: "Too much excitement in play is nearly as injurious as too much toil in study. You may laugh at the suggestion, but, believe me, had the little girl been allowed to attach herself to the ugliest wooden shape ever hugged in *your* childhood, had you not ruined her constancy by such a succession of gay rivals, you would be better loved by her *yourself* in after years. While you plied those

little hands with new playthings, you were doing all you could to paralyze the sentiment of wonder—the source of keenest pleasure, and the inseparable associate of genius; for the young, who have not enough rest from new impressions, can not enjoy that quietness of mind which is as necessary to the intellect as sleep is to the body, and are never so long at a pause as to be able to feel with vivacity the delightful thrill of surprise."—Pp. 51-2.

It is too true that the sense of wonder languishes, and with it reverence. We are all excellent critics, but, unfortunately, not in the native sense of the word—not good discerners—only keen blamers, and ingenious dissectors. We have well-nigh lost the trick of praising—we "admire" sometimes; but modern "admiration" is by no means the sentiment which the ancients understood by the expression. We never for a moment forget the flaws in our diamonds, and we are careful to point them out to prove our acuteness. We are very much afraid of praising too highly. We are content to *like* people and things; and when we do now and then see some illustrious result of love, we are puzzled by it, and account for it by any reason but the simple one of love. We are so anxious not to believe too much (especially if it is beautiful), that we explain away, with infinite pains, any unusual excellence in either the living or the dead. It is miserable to see the shifts we put ourselves to, to explain the generous deeds we read of; we say it was policy or fear, or love of admiration, but we find no difficulty at all in receiving verbatim any tale of wickedness, however unaccountable. We carry this into private life, and are very careful not to love beyond measure. The way in which some people talk of their friends is enough to drive an enthusiastic young spirit to despair. "I used to like" is a too common speech.

But these remarks were only made for the sake of the following quotation on the subject:

"Having felt the discrepancy of human desire, and the fullest attainment of what is hoped for, we are ready to smile assent when Emerson likens all human ambition to the kitten's pursuit of its own tail; it is our own *notion* of things, and not that which they really are, that we pant after so eagerly. 'The dust of the earth' we stamp with the impression of our own

wishes before we make it an idol; and now and then the disquieting thought flashes through the mind, that *all* we seek for here so ardently is but as the tip of the kitten's tail—the extreme point of our own imaginations; apart from imagination worthless, or no where existing in reality. 'Then comes the check, the change, the fall,' and from these the unspeakable *ennui* and life-weariness that is so deplorably common; for it is in a *decisiveness of feeling* even more than in a determinate line of action, that the heart finds the best earthly element of peace, and cruelly does it suffer if shaken even for an hour in its allegiance to the old objects of affection. But we are so shaken, we know now that we are liable with fantastic admiration to overrate the merit of our dearest friend. Alas! some of us may know it from our own bitter experience; and looking at another person with a bundle of letters, hoarded as the most precious treasure, our ghastly trick of dissecting joy at once brings to mind some cold maxim with regard to the short-lived value of those relics. Involuntarily we think how commonplace and dull those letters would seem to any but a friend under the spell of love! 'What is *thy* beloved,' we might be tempted to say, 'more than any other beloved?' whose letters have been grasped with eager longing, read and re-read, wetted it may be, with tears of joy or grief—and then?—laid by, not read, not so much loved, and on some grim day, when relentless reason held a session on such prisoners, coldly eyed, looked at with a bitter pain from an enlarged wisdom, and tossed into the stifling fire with all the precipitance of self-contempt. 'What is thy beloved?' Ours were inconceivably lovable, till we left off loving."—Pp. 64-5.

We do not think that the "Decline of Sentiment" in average minds (for love is not dead and out of the world, though few love illustriously) is much, if at all, to be wondered at, if we consider that the long-protracted excitement which began with the War of Independence, and continued, with little abatement, till the 18th of June, 1815; and was soon again reawakened by a series of discoveries and inventions that has no parallel since the fifteenth century, and hardly then.

The terrible and perilous exhaustion which followed the peace of Paris gave place to a restless energy, a quickening

of the wheels of life, such as had not been since the world began. Steam and electricity are fit emblems of their own effects on the whole tenor of life. For once the sensation unmistakably resembles the cause. "Killing time" will soon be an obsolete expression. The wear and tear of life now—the efforts we *must* make, so strong is the stream we are sailing down, to overtake time, are so absorbing that all the strength which formerly enriched the emotional and contemplative side of human nature is needed for *that*; and even supposing (which does not seem the fact) that the emotions and the intellect have preserved a constant relation to each other, there would be no chance of equal manifestations of sentiment. It is only those of larger and wider natures than ordinary that can now afford so to spend their energies.

But though our author deeply feels the over-hurry of life, and the exhausting demand on every part of our nature, speaking thus of it: "I sometimes fancy that the rush from the provinces to London causes so much stimulus to imagination and feeling that both succumb, unequal to the demand made upon both. London, with its almost miraculous activities, is enough to overwork the most vivid feelings. Would you pity? The heart faints under the load of misery—misery both manifest and obscure—in the near neighborhood of its luxurious home. Would you admire? What ever-growing astonishments of man's achieving are here, continually surpassing all that was previously known." Though she feels and speaks thus, she is no foolish calumniator of our "wondrous mother-age." She looks back, indeed, with a tenderness not unmixed with regret, on the childhood of man; but there is not a trace of that narrowness which hates new things because they are new. There is not a single unfair sentence in the book—no slight praise; for how few of us can be very earnest, and yet quite just! But we do think that she hardly appreciates our own times as they deserve. Will not this century show nobly in the eyes of future generations, if this frame of things last long enough, as, in spite of prophetic calculations, seems not unlikely? Surely all men should love their own age best, as the time in which *they* are called to do God's will; and we, especially, on whom the days of awakening and refreshing are

come. We have lost ease, it is true, and we do not yet quite know what to do with the manifold new and increased forces we have, by God's grace, made ours; but doubtless our restlessness, greater, probably, than any of any other age, will lead at last to a better rest than the rest of ignorance and soul-slothfulness we had before—a better rest, if not for ourselves, at least for those who will come after us. It is harder to live (comfortably) now than it was in the last century; but who would go back to that time? And even the noblest of past ages would, if we could try them for ourselves, seem quite as faulty as ours seem to us now. There is a natural tendency to lament former times; it may be a beautiful and reverent feeling, which makes us love the present all the better for loving the past so well; or it may be only a fair-seeming treachery to the age, which, like our native country, we ought to love best, whether we do or no. It is possible to inquire "Why the old times were better than the new?" till we miss the good in both.

Our author, in tracing the "Decline of Sentiment" through all the passions, makes one signal exception, remarking thereon so wisely, that we should like to quote the passage entire, but for its length. The exception is, of course, the benevolence which springs from pity. This has so strengthened of late, that it sometimes threatens to absorb the whole nature, and so to end by overreaching itself; for we were made no more to be the creatures of one passion than of one idea. But it is upon another aspect of this question that our author seems to us so peculiarly admirable. While thankfully recognizing the great and blessed work so many are now helping in, she suggests a fear lest the very largeness of our charity should virtually narrow it—lest the contemplation of "the Field of the World" should make us careless of the single ears we may glean here and there. We are warned not to forget the part while looking at the whole, nor to undervalue those small opportunities of doing good which all who seek may find, because our utmost efforts are but as a drop in the ocean. We must often remind ourselves that the world is made up of units. No doubt the newly-awakened interest in, and realization of, *humanity*, is a great cause of the "Decline of Sentiment" among us;

we have no feelings left for any thing else. Those who live in large towns have enough to do to keep any sensibility at all alive. We are very much in danger of getting used to the misery we see so often. "The world" can not any longer be a vague sound to us. We have all seen something, and heard more, of its sin and misery, and we know that the worst we know is better than the whole truth. The newspapers are chiefly records of crime, public or private. A week in the streets of London is more wearying to the heart than refreshing to the body. And we know that every instance of degradation and suffering we see is but one of ten thousand others that we do not see. A sort of spiritual paralysis comes over us in thinking of these things. Hope is the "anchor of our souls," but how hardly can one keep hopeful in London! Sometimes, indeed, the very depth of our despair drives us to hope. We must hope or die. We know that behind our wealthy thoroughfares and stately squares are dens where children, who might have been like those we shelter so tenderly, are taught to lie and steal more carefully than we teach our dear little ones the holiest truths. Long acquaintance with such things as these deadens the sympathies too often, till those who began by driving away the uncomfortable thoughts suggested by an importunate beggar, end by reading of a nation's death-struggle with no more emotion than they would read an advertisement—in self-defense they have shut up their hearts. It is not the noblest way—in the end not even the happiest; but those who only half enjoy their good things, for thinking of their brethren who have need, will perceive much excuse for it, and chiefly pity, knowing that, as our author says, if the "sufferings which accompany want of feeling could be known to any one, who, with a warmer temperament, was ready to blame severely the hardness of a cold heart, censure would be hushed by the most profound pity." She quotes, in illustration, Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of the man who had no feeling—that story whose words fall like slowly-gathering snow in a December twilight.

But our space warns us to leave the rest of this essay (which needs neither praise nor explanation of ours), and briefly to notice the last article, on "Disappointment in the Religious World." It begins

by noticing the dearth of epic poetry, from which we so contentedly suffer. Many reasons for this are excellently set forth, at too great length for quotation, but which may be briefly summed up in this, that in the nineteenth century "all the world are falcons," or think they are, and so eagles are less run after than formerly.

Of course, the same causes which have led to the undue predominance of the intellect over the emotions, operate here. Man was constituted for action and passion, but the tendency now is to divorce action from passion, in the vain hope of giving the former greater liberty. Another reason for the modern neglect of epic poetry may be found in the many vents for every impulse and feeling in a book-making age. The hero-worship which produced an epic when concentrated in a single mind, is now disburdened in the hundreds of memoirs of little-great people, which crowd our libraries and advertising columns. We venture to think that our author overlooks the fact that epic poetry, worthy the name, has been rare in every age—none has produced more than two or three. Nor are we utterly destitute even of an epic: not to mention our earliest national story, told at last, and in the spirit, if not quite in the form of an epic, we have *Aurora Leigh*, which may surely be called a domestic epic. We do not agree with our author in calling this last "a failure." We imagine that those who speak thus would be puzzled to tell what difference of treatment would have made it a success; and we think, too, that such cavaliers often take just that disproportionate view of things that Romney Leigh took before he knew better.

If it be replied that the subject, being impossible, should never have been attempted at all, we must deny that conclusion also, conceiving it to be the particular business of poets to lead such "forsaken hopes" in all ages; for by a poet we understand, not one who can elegantly discourse of things that nobody thought of before, but one who feels and can say what other men feel but can not say.

Perceiving a connection between this declining interest in individuals, and the tendency to generalize which is taking its place, and the not always truly stated duty of "renouncing" the world, the author proceeds to the immediate subject of the

essay. Her protest against the unnaturalness of too much of both our theory and practice in religion can hardly be overrated. When religion is so often represented as a mysterious engraving on life and character, and as by *nature* entirely repugnant to man, when it is talked of as though it were an isolated principle, whose operation is chiefly restrictive, instead of as the natural basis of all true character and all true love, it is pleasant to find such sentences as these:

"A neglect or contempt of this transient existence is quite as ungodlike as it is inhuman."

"Can it be the will of God that the perfecting of earthly things should be set aside in anticipation of the heavenly, or because this beautiful world is transitory, compared to the world to come, are we to renounce all delight in it as a deceitful snare?"

"It seems to be impossible that, when human nature is already so marred with sin, we should render it a more acceptable offering to the Maker by perverting its blameless instincts, and crushing its natural powers. How can desolation and ruin be pleasing in his sight?"—Pp. 108-9.

How indeed? It is considered pious by a large class of good people, to say that "there is nothing worth living for in this world;" that all its pleasures are empty, and its beauty unreal. We even complain in our prayers of the "vileness" of those bodies which God has been pleased to give us, and of the unfitness for immortal souls of that life he has appointed for us here. Yet we think we believe in a God who is "Maker of all things, visible and invisible," though we are thus attributing the works of his hands to the devil. And yet no one of us can live this life, all unworthy of us as it is, even according to our own thoughts of perfection. But it can not be that a world where God's will may be done is too humble an arena for immortal energies; and the world which he has made, and the life, so rich in possible joys, and still more blessed sorrows, may possess more realities than we imagine, if we will condescend to look for them.

There are many other points which we might notice. The book is full of innumerable suggestions; but more than enough has been said to show the kind of book we have here. The whole tenor of this third essay tends to show that religion

should possess all our nature, and not excite one part into morbid action while it cripples the rest. It should be a positive principle, not a mere code of restrictions. Let us not forge Christ's liberty into fetters for our souls. One chief source of our religious mistake is our inveterate belief that we can somehow or other save ourselves, or, at least, have a share in our salvation. This persuasion has been hunted through all religions, but in each successive one it comes to life again ; its deadly wound is healed again and again, and we are caught by it unawares. We are fond of saying that the Church of Rome teaches justification by works—a charge only true in part : we teach justification by faith, and remove Christ away from us into the heavens by our Protestant doctrinal mediators, as far as ever Romanists can by the Virgin and the Saints. Christ, not faith, is the Redeemer of the world. Our favorite Protestant doctrine is fast becoming that very heresy we left the communion of Rome to escape from. Its consequences may be seen in the tone of our religious memoirs ; and especially in the private diaries often so shamelessly exposed in them. These consequences are a morbid self-observation, as far removed from humble self-distrust as can well be, and a perpetual restlessness and uncertainty. We are always talking and singing about the coldness of our love to God ; always afraid we do not feel enough, believe enough, to be Christians. If we would but leave off considering ourselves, and turn to Christ instead ; if we would think most that Christ loves us, we should find his love a surer foundation than ours. Until then we shall always be trying to bribe God with artificial feelings, exactly as our Roman Catholic ancestors bribed him with penances and good works. Then we shall not need the false humility, which consists in not knowing its own mind, and which gains a reputation far more than ordinary piety, by saying it is not sure that it loves God at all. There is much talk now of apostolic precedent ; we have no example of such uncertain affection there—even St. Peter dared to say he loved, without the least appearance of modern misgivings—and, unless the love we owe to God differ entirely from the love we owe to man, it is probable, from analogy, that if we do not know, upon consideration, whether we love God, we do indeed not love him much.

It must have struck most reflecting persons, that the religion very often set forth in sermons, and religious (particularly, in devotional) works, will not do for such a world as this. It is founded on the merest *idolum rostri*, the theological idea of a wicked world, very different from this actual world of spiritual and physical wickedness. Who has not felt the tremendous inadequacy and inconsequence of much religious talk ? We ask for bread, and receive what was once a living truth, but is now only a dead doctrine. To those who have felt this, this book will be like the opening of a window to one shut in a musty room. Life is here looked at by eyes which "desire the truth," by one who has *felt* the things she speaks of. She has also learnt that most difficult art—how to blame with discriminating justice. She can understand how people came to believe the absurdities and commit the sins which only astonish dabbler in human life, and she freely recognizes the every-day violated law, that no one who can not thus transport himself to another's point of view, and *seeing how he sees*, perceive the origin of his error, has any right to judge the wrong-doer. The author is not of those who begin a fierce condemnation by confessing that they do not understand the thing they are going to condemn. A singular conscientiousness marks every page of the book ; and the author is evidently afraid of being too partial to her own views—a sufficiently uncommon fear. There is no prejudice, no one-sidedness, no inferring what may be from what is. Truth is looked for through a singularly undistorted medium. Full allowance is made for all ; and there is a wonderful avoidance of extremes. The folly of teaching that it does not matter what a man believes, is as much shunned as the worse folly of teaching that pure deeds are worthless, unless the doer hold the right creed. It is a wise book, sober and self-restrained, but not passionless ; there is, here and there, a sudden and noiseless overflow of emotion, like the sudden rise and fall of waters in a spring. Nor is humor wanting—a delicate half-smile gleams now and then through the graver moods. More than enough has been said of the matter of these essays—it is not easy to characterize their manner. Perhaps *transparent* is the best word to qualify both the thoughts and the style,

though the latter would be still better described as no style at all. The three essays, amidst all their difference, are bound together by a unity of purpose, like that which holds the three parts of a sonata. The length of this review is a proof of the suggestiveness of the book. We earnestly recommend all per-

sons considering what they shall read next, to discover for themselves whether we have praised it too highly, assuring those who (commendably) dread "dry" books, that this one will interest them a great deal more than the very dry light literature they try to think interesting.

From the London Quarterly.

THE DANISH DUCHIES.

[Concluded from page 94.]

THE Danish government set to work in good earnest to establish a moderate constitutional system for the whole monarchy. They imagined such a measure, if carried out with fairness and equity, would be the truest pledge that they could give of their intention to fulfill loyally the agreements of 1851-52. But they very soon found that this was very far from being the intention of their late antagonists. In 1853, before the new arrangements had been elaborated, the Holstein Estates, acting under German guidance, voted the following remarkable proposition :

"That a beneficial coexistence of all parts of the State could not be obtained except by the reestablishment of *an absolute government* with only consultative assemblies [that is, assemblies that might give advice, but could not enforce it] in all parts of the monarchy."

This curious resolution threw a glare of light on many obscure parts of the correspondence. Those hints about not showing "an exclusive preference" to the institutions that had been recently granted to the kingdom of Denmark, were no idle phrases. They were in reality meant to suggest that the King of Denmark should follow the example of so many German sovereigns, and take back, under shelter of the reaction, the concessions which he had granted professedly of his own free will. The Committee of the German diet betrayed, even so late as January in the year 1858, the feelings which actuated the German governments in this matter,

and the light in which they looked upon the parliamentary liberties of Denmark :

"That state of things [the parliamentary government of Denmark] which dates from a recent period, involves a limitation of the liberty of action of the Royal Ducal Government, scarcely reconcilable with the principles of the confederation."

Such were the motives which actuated the German governments, and to which the puppets whom they moved in Holstein steadily conformed. If the King of Denmark would have yielded to their counsels; if he would have broken his kingly word, as others had done before him; and if he would have taken back the constitution he had granted to the Danes—it is probable that for many a long year we should never have heard of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty again. But his nature revolted from the ignoble part which it was proposed to him to play, and he paid the penalty which usually awaits those who aspire to an exceptional morality. The proposal of the Holstein Estates was rejected. A constitutional system was granted to the whole monarchy, upon the same plan as that which was afterward applied by the Austrian government to their heterogeneous empire. Deliberative assemblies in each of the duchies, and in the kingdom, were entrusted with the management of the local affairs* of each;

* For Lauenburg, Dec. 20th, 1853; for Slesvig, Feb. 15th, 1854; for Holstein, June 11th, 1854.

and the affairs which were common to the whole monarchy, a common parliament was elected to conduct.*

From this point Holstein, and the German diet at its back, went into furious opposition. In point of liberty, the new charters were a great boon; for the duchies, though they had possessed merely consultative assemblies for twenty years, had never before had a real voice in the conduct of their own affairs. It was a change, in fact, from the government by a sort of elective privy council, to government by a parliament. At the same time the new constitution was eminently calculated to give consistency and stability to the Danish monarchy. But these two excellences did not tend to recommend it to Germany. An increase of liberty was in no way what the German governments of that date desired; and any augmentation of the strength of Denmark, while it was not particularly pleasing to the governments, was a sheer abomination to the democratic and "national" party. Agreed, therefore, in nothing else, these two bodies were entirely at one in their hatred of the constitution of October, 1855, and no doubt their unwonted concord infused unusual vigor into the operations. The diet, surprised to find itself popular, displayed an agility quite foreign to its ordinary movements, and a vigor and union which it had never been able to compass upon any other subject before. The popular party, delighted to find that there was one item of their programme upon which their governments allowed them to speak and write to their hearts' content, made full use of a liberty to which they were perfect strangers. Just as Poland and Madagascar occupy a startling prominence in the French papers, in consequence of a prohibition that shuts them off from the discussion of home politics, so Schleswig-Holstein became the standing topic of every journalist or lecturer who desired to vent his feelings in political discussion, without coming into an unpleasant collision with the police. The result was, that an organized and systematic opposition was commenced against the Danish government. Sometimes it worked through the Holstein chambers; sometimes the diet was its instrument; and whatever was the official mouthpiece employed by the assailants, the informal

hostilities carried on by German newspapers and associations never flagged. The result of their ten years' labor may be seen in the two embittered and irreconcilable nationalities that confront each other now on the banks of the Eyder.

The merely technical pretences under which Germany masked its harassing warfare during the eight years that followed, do not need to be described at any length. They were disguises which served their purpose at the time. They belong now to one of the driest chapters of a dead history. The Holsteiners began the war against the new constitution by certain objections of form having reference to the manner of its promulgation. It was taken up by Prussia and Austria, in a correspondence, and dispatches were exchanged without result for about twelve months. The chief complaint was, that a sufficient influence over the common affairs of the monarchy was not given to the special assembly of Holstein. At last, after many fruitless proposals for an accommodation had been made by Denmark, Austria and Prussia invoked the interference of the diet. The diet took the matter up and denounced the constitution, on the ground that each of the duchies had not an equal voice in the common parliament with Denmark. The Danish government interpreted the promise of treating them all equally as binding it to give them the same measure of power. They were allowed to send members to the rigsråd in direct proportion to their population. Germany demanded that all considerations of population should be disregarded, and that each of the three duchies should have an equal number of votes. In other words, Lauenburg, with a population of 50,000, and Denmark with a population thirty times as large, were to possess equal power in deciding upon the common affairs of the monarchy—upon peace or war, armament or disarmament, taxation or retrenchment. Such a demand was clearly inadmissible, unless the Danish majority was prepared submissively to give itself over to German government. In the meantime, the diet insisted peremptorily upon the revocation of the constitution, so far as federal territory was concerned. Denmark resisted; a long and angry altercation followed; execution was threatened; and at last, under the pressure of the great powers who interfered to avert the danger of war, Denmark

* Oct. 2d, 1855.

consented to give way. On the 6th November, 1858, the constitution of 1855, so far only as Holstein and Lauenburg, the two German duchies, were concerned, was formally revoked.

Possibly, Denmark imagined, that with this concession, Germany would be satisfied; and at first at least this seemed likely to be the case. The diet professed to receive the announcement of it "only with satisfaction." But, unluckily for her, just about this time a change came over the spirit of the chief German sovereigns. The present King of Prussia succeeded as regent to his brother; and at first took into his councils politicians of a more liberal shade than those who had hitherto ruled. Their liberality did not indeed extend to acceding freedom to their own countrymen. It found a safer expression in giving full rein to the national party in their enterprise against the independence of Denmark. Ministers who wish to be supported by a liberal party, when their own views are in fact of the opposite hue, very commonly adopt the compromise of handing over foreign affairs to the liberals, and adhering in home affairs to their own convictions. Such was the policy of the ministry which followed the prince regent into power. A change in the same direction shortly afterward took place in the government of Austria, immediately after the Italian war. Thus it came to pass that the foreign policy of Germany passed out of the hands of the reactionary party into the hands of the national verein. From this time forward the clouds around the path of Denmark began to thicken. The declarations of the German courts assumed a more bitter tone; the demands made were more unreasonable; and the prospect of war becoming more imminent daily, drew in the non-German powers to a more active interference, for the purpose, if possible, of allaying the dispute. Under these circumstances, the concessions which Denmark had made by the decree of November 6th, 1858, in no way served her. They were only treated by her embittered enemies as a vantage-ground, from which more might be obtained.

The German powers insisted that Denmark should set to work to frame a new common constitution instead of that which had been so ruthlessly destroyed. Denmark was not unwilling to undertake the task; she had every motive for desiring

to do so. A constitution forcibly cut in two was not a convenient instrument to work with. It was absolutely impossible for the Danes to carry out the ordinary business of government, the levy of taxes, and the provision for common defense, if they required to act on strictly constitutional principles, and yet had two independent assemblies to deal with. And whatever of difficulty there was naturally in the task was aggravated tenfold by the pertinacious and harassing opposition that was conducted from Frankfort. The diet and its agents in the Holstein chamber threw every obstacle in the way of the government that technical skill could devise. The Danes not only found themselves unable to obtain the supplies from Holstein necessary for carrying on the business of the monarchy, but no law affecting the general interests of the Danish monarchy in the most distant degree was allowed by the diet to be carried into execution until it had received the assent of the hostile assembly in Holstein. In other words, all legislation that affected the whole monarchy was prohibited. It was as though the King of Italy should forbid the Emperor of Austria from fortifying the Gallician frontier, until he had obtained the assent of the provincial diet of Venetia. Such were the powers which the German Diet claimed under the stipulations of 1852, and such was the spirit in which those powers were exerted. Under these circumstances it may well be believed that Denmark was eager to put an end to the provisional state of things. Again and again she brought new proposals for an adjustment of the dispute before the Estates at Holstein. To make her proposals more palatable to the people of the duchy, she offered them a charter granting to them an amount of civil liberty exceeded in no country in the world. Full freedom of the press—unlimited right of association—a habeas corpus act of extreme stringency—responsibility of officials to the ordinary tribunals—these were the baits she offered to induce the Holsteiners to come back into the Danish constitution under a representative system of the ordinary type.* Those who know the attenuated liberties enjoyed in most German states will understand the full value of concessions such as these. But the na-

* March 6th, 1861.

tional verein, who by this time were masters in Holstein, and were formidable even at Frankfort, had no taste for pacific blessings of this kind. Their thoughts were bent on other triumphs besides those of civil liberty. The proposals of Denmark were summarily rejected by the Holstein assembly.

There was one concession, indeed, which Denmark was fully resolved not to offer, and it was the one, unfortunately, without which neither Holstein nor Germany would treat. She would not consent to Count Bernstorff's demand that in the constitution of a central parliament "the existing principle of representation, according to population, should be abolished," and "that the four parts of the monarchy, namely, the kingdom, the duchy of Schleswig, of Holstein, and of Lauenburg, should be on a footing of perfect equality." In sheer self-defense, as one fighting for dear life, she refused to consent to an arrangement which would have handed over two million Danes, bound hand and foot, to be the vassals of eight hundred thousand Germans, and would have made Copenhagen a mere dependency of Vienna and Berlin. It is impossible to blame the Danish people for such a resolve as this: rather they would have been the most contemptible of nations if they had yielded to such a demand without a struggle. Nor had the Germans any show of argument by which to justify a proposal so monstrous as that Lauenburg, with one thirtieth part of the population, should exercise over the destinies of the monarchy an influence equal to that of Denmark. It was a consequence drawn by the cunning jurists of Frankfort from a sentence in the Austrian dispatch, already cited, which laid down that the King of Denmark was "to preserve to all the various parts of the country the position which belongs to them as members of a whole, in which no part is subordinated to another." The obvious meaning of this is, that each part should have equal rights and be subject to equal imposts—that both taxation and representation should be apportioned every where upon a uniform principle. No one would dream of imposing upon Lauenburg as many taxes as those which are paid by Denmark. And no one but a Prussian in search of a pretext for aggression would maintain that Lauenburg was to have an equal share in spending the revenue of which she had only contributed

one thirtieth. If she is only to be rated at a population of fifty thousand for the purposes of paying, she can not demand to be rated on a level with Denmark, that is to say, at a population of one million five hundred thousand, for the purposes of spending. Prussia would be somewhat surprised if Posen put forward a claim of the same kind. The German diet itself would stare very much at the result, if its own mysterious logic was applied to its own constitution. The Federal act of 1815, by which the diet was created, has provisions in favor of the equality of its constituent parts far more strongly worded than any thing in the correspondence of 1851-52. For instance, Article III. lays down that "all the members of the confederation have as such equal rights." Take, again, Article II. of the Final Act: "This union forms internally a community of sovereign independent states, with equal mutual rights and obligations." There is nothing near so strong in the Austrian dispatch. Yet the diet would be startled if Lippe, Detmold, or Reuss, or Lichtenstein, were to make his appearance at Frankfort and protest that, as "gleichberechtigt," he claimed a right to as many votes as Austria.

There were other counter propositions put forward by Holstein and Germany; but by the side of the splendid effrontery of this demand, they pale their ineffectual light. Our space would be utterly inadequate to any thing approaching to a full statement of the weary and intricate negotiations which occupied the eight years from 1855 to 1863. Even if we were able to do so, and our readers had courage to plunge with us into the labyrinth, their labor would be thrown away. We have indicated the irreconcilable difference upon which the negotiations really split. All the subsidiary disputes, infinite in their number and ramification, were, in truth, only parenthetical exhibitions of ingenuity or hate. As to the merits of the various questions raised, something of an opinion can be formed, even by the most uninitiated spectator. It is the usual and the wisest plan when you are unable to study a subject for yourself to take your opinion from some better instructed person in whose impartiality of judgment thorough confidence can be placed. It is, fortunately, possible to find a guide of that character in respect to these transactions. There is one member of the Fed-

eral Diet, and one only, who is neither a German nor a Dane. A plenipotentiary from the King of the Netherlands sits in the diet, as representative for Luxemburg and Limburg. So far as the sympathies of the King of the Netherlands would in any degree be determined by considerations of race or language, they would lean to Germany; for Dutch has a strong family likeness to the Low German which is spoken in Holstein and southern Slesvig. So far as his interests go, both sides of the quarrel are a matter of absolute indifference to him. Holland will in no degree be affected, whether the links that bind Slesvig and Holstein to Copenhagen be or be not divided. Only one interest he has in the matter, and that is that the laws of the confederation be truly observed, and that no injustice be done. For any evil or oppressive principle set up by the German powers in the diet, though applied to-day to Holstein, might be turned against Limburg to-morrow. To the judgment of the Dutch plenipotentiary, therefore, we look with no slight interest. And it must influence our judgment of the merits of these complicated questions in no small degree when we find that a spectator so minutely familiar with the case, and so far removed from the disturbing influence of any angry passion or national sentiment, gave his vote again and again upon the side of Denmark, against the combined body of the German powers.

The issue of the Holstein question, so far as any issue has been reached, will be fresh in our readers' minds. Weared out by incessant altercation, and hopeless of conquering the difficulties incident to the "dead-lock" which the confederation had brought about, Denmark resolved to renounce the dangerous possession from which all this trouble flowed. As the Holsteiners were resolved not to be governed from Copenhagen, it was determined to let them have their way. On the 30th of March, last year, a patent was issued altogether separating the government of Denmark and Slesvig from the government of the German duchies. If Germany had been sincere in the ostensible ground of her interference, and had merely desired good government for Holstein, this measure would have been cordially welcomed. But as Holstein was merely looked on as a handle wherewith to lay hold of "the north German peninsula,"

of course the Germans were furious at seeing their handle broken. They insisted that this step should be retraced; and under the pressure of those powerful allies, who are prodigal of the valuable aid which consists exclusively of good advice, the patent was accordingly revoked. Denmark's position, therefore, with respect to Holstein, at the present moment, may be looked upon as exactly analogous to that of the celebrated individual who is known in history as having caught a Tartar. He could not bring the Tartar along with him, because the Tartar would not come; and he could not come away and leave the Tartar, because the Tarter would not let him. Such is the exact description of the present relations between Denmark and the duchy of Holstein as established by the good offices of the Germanic confederation.

Before we leave the ground of past negotiations altogether, we must say a word about that other duchy—the Danish duchy of Slesvig—whose liberties the Germans, with a charity that has not begun at home, are so affectionately anxious to secure. Slesvig does not make its appearance till a very late date in the negotiations. It was not till the year 1860 that it was alluded to even by Prussia: and, till quite the most recent stage of the dispute, its name does not appear in the peremptory but unintelligible mandates of the diet. But it was present in the minds of those who inspired the diet's measures at a much earlier period. Count Bernstorff distinctly admitted, two years ago, that the Holstein sore was being kept open purely for the purpose of forcing Denmark to yield upon the subject of Slesvig. And there is no doubt that Slesvig has been the chief object all along of the popular leaders, to whose vigorous impulse the diet owes the unwanted activity which has marked its proceedings during the last few years. Slesvig has been the point of attraction, both to those who calculate and those who sentimentalize. It is on the coast of Slesvig, or under its command, that the good harbors are to be found: it is the possession of Slesvig that will reduce Denmark to the condition of a dependency: and lastly, it is in Slesvig that the sublime and divine German language is being blasphemously excluded from village pulpit and parish schools. The compound word, Schleswig-Holstein, which is a patriotic watchword

in Germany and the mark of a traitor in Denmark, accurately expresses the order in which the two duchies stand in the affections of Germany. Had it not been for its connection with Slesvig, and the pretext for encroachment that could be manufactured out of that connection, the diet would have paid about the same attention to the grievances of Holstein that it has paid to those of the Tyrol. And, accordingly, though the sorrows of Slesvig came late upon the field of diplomacy, they soon overshadowed every other dispute. They are the portion of this tedious question with which the ears of Englishmen are most familiar; and to them ostensibly the impending European war, if it ever should break out, will owe its rise.

The grievances advanced on behalf of Slesvig fall chiefly under two heads. It is complained that the German nationality in Slesvig is being oppressed, and that Slesvig is being incorporated with Denmark. With regard to the first of these two charges, even if it were true, the title of Germany to interfere is not very obvious. There is no word concerning the German nationality in the correspondence of 1851-52. But yet it is alleged that Denmark has given a pledge to Germany that she will treat the two nationalities equally. The line of reasoning by which this pledge is established, is ingenious, and has, at all events, answered the purpose of convincing every one who desired to believe it. M. Bluhme's letter of January 29th, 1852, in which he accepts the Austrian dispatch as a true exposition of the king's intentions, also incloses a proclamation, dated January 27th, 1852, in which several of the engagements recently made to Germany are embodied in the form of a royal decree. M. Bluhme transmitted the proclamation to the German powers, as an earnest that Denmark was sincere in the promises she had given. But the proclamation was not limited to a fulfillment of those promises. Being intended in the first instance for the information of the King of Denmark's own subjects, it contained several other provisions, not mentioned in the Austrian dispatch. There was, for instance, an announcement that the minister of foreign affairs would be named prime minister; that the king's uncle should be a member of the privy council; that the directory of the sinking fund should be transferred to the ministry of finance. In company with

these various provisions it is also stated that the king intended, in the projected draft of a charter for Slesvig, "to secure to the Danish and German nationalities in that duchy perfectly equal rights and protection." Now, by what conceivable process of reasoning does Germany evolve from this state of facts that Denmark promised to *her* to protect the German nationality? The only contract Denmark made to Germany was contained within the four corners of the Austrian dispatch, by which she herself consented to be bound. What is not in the Austrian dispatch is not in Denmark's contract. The proclamation forwarded by her to Austria in proof that she was keeping that contract, can only bind her to Austria as far as it refers to that contract. Parts of it do refer to that contract; parts of it do not. The German nationality clause belongs to the latter division, because the question of nationalities and languages is not even so much as touched upon in the Austrian dispatch. Surely to say that because it happens to have been written upon the same parchment as those provisions on account of which the proclamation is communicated—namely, those which do refer to the Austrian dispatch—that therefore it becomes a portion of the contract, is to argue only as the strong argue to the weak. In private life no one would venture to maintain such a position. A land-owner contracts with one of his neighbors that he will not cut down a hedgerow upon a bit of land that lies near his neighbor's house. To show that he intends to fulfill his contract he forwards to the neighbor a copy of a letter to his own agent containing the requisite directions. In the same letter he also mentions to his agent that he wishes part of the land to be sown with wheat, and part of it with turnips. Would the most litigious attorney ever enrolled dream of contending that the landowner had thereby contracted with his neighbor to sow the wheat and turnips? If the case had not a Federal army at its back, it would not bear a moment's argument. Nor can it be said that this intention of protecting the two nationalities equally was put forward to induce Austria and Prussia to sign the treaty of London. They had already pledged themselves to do so, as soon as Denmark had accepted the dispatch; and Denmark having done so, any further inducement became superfluous.

Passing from this point, and fully admitting that Denmark, though in no way bound to Germany upon the subject, is yet bound, in regard to her own honor, to govern all races of her subjects equitably, the further question arises, are the Germans really oppressed? Considering the bitterness that years of mutual abuse have engendered, one would certainly expect to find that whatever Dane or German had the other in his power, the results would be unpleasant to the weaker party. But upon the actual facts it is difficult to get at any clear evidence. As far as regards what in England we should call oppression the Danes must be acquitted. They have, indeed, exiled many of the leaders of the rebellion of 1848; and they undoubtedly suppress treasonable writing, and prohibit meetings which have for their object the annexation of Slesvig to Germany. But it does not lie in the mouth of Germany, or indeed of any other continental state, to cast these measures in her teeth. Beyond this the government appears to be mild, and it seems that, with the exception of the language question, there is no widely prevalent discontent: certainly there is no discontent sufficient to induce the people of the duchy, as a whole, to desire a union with Germany. Upon this point the testimony of Mr. Paget, our able minister at Copenhagen, is decisive:

"I had been at some pains to ascertain the truth, and by your Lordship's authority I had employed a person to visit the duchy, and report upon the real state of things. It appeared from this report that the populations of the mixed districts were in many instances subject to much petty annoyance and vexation on the part of the subordinate officials of the Danish government; that there was much discontent respecting the language question; but that there was no inclination or desire, except on the part of some individuals suspected of being agents of the German party, for a junction with Holstein, and still less with Germany."—*Parl. Corr.* 1863, p. 163.

A similar testimony has been given by more recent observers. It is quite true that civil liberty is not in a very promising condition in Slesvig. The police are armed with powers of repression, resembling only too closely those which they wield in Prussia and other German states. But this is not the fault of Denmark. She would gladly have communicated to Slesvig the complete liberty which she enjoys herself. But she insists that the liberty

shall be complete; that if the executive is to be reformed, the legislature must be reformed too; that if the police are to be disarmed, the assembly shall be so elected as fairly to represent the whole population, and shall not be, as now, so packed as to be only the mouthpiece of a disloyal section, which is in league with the foreigner. This complete liberty, however, she is disabled by Germany from granting. It would constitute that "exclusive preference" for modern Danish institutions, which is so anxiously guarded against by the Austrian dispatch. She has rigidly adhered to her contract; and no attempt has been made to introduce the institutions of Denmark proper into Slesvig.

To do the Germans, however, justice, they do not much insist upon the necessity of Slesvig enjoying a liberty with which they are little acquainted at home. They prefer to rely upon the language grievance, which is more romantic, and exposes them less to distressing retorts; and it is that complaint which, as being the most intelligible, and at the same time the most singular, has fastened itself upon the minds of English people. It is, indeed, a very curious specimen of a microscopic grievance. Of the whole number of parishes in the duchy of Slesvig, one hundred and seventeen in the northern part are wholly Danish; while one hundred and ten in the southern part are, or for the sake of peace are assumed to be, wholly German. With respect to these two districts there is no difficulty whatever. The language of the church and school is Danish in the one and German in the other. But there remain forty-nine parishes, containing some eighty-five thousand souls,* in which the population is mixed; and in these parishes the conflicting claims of the languages are adjusted by the simple arrangement that both languages shall be taught in the schools, and that a service in each language shall be celebrated in the churches upon alternate Sundays. It is difficult to imagine an ideal legislator contriving a more absolutely equitable plan—especially as the peasantry speak a kind of *patois* composed of bad dialects of both languages, and therefore have no room for indulging any senti-

* Some estimates have placed them much lower; but we believe these figures to be approximately correct.

ment about their native tongue. Complaints are, of course, made on both sides that some parishes are mixed which ought to be either Danish or German. But even if any mistakes have been made in the allotment, of which there is no proof, the consequences at any rate are not overwhelming. The only effect is that the aggrieved peasant hears one sermon a fortnight instead of two. We very much doubt if a great popular agitation could be got up in England upon this basis. The grievance, indeed, did make its appearance in the House of Commons this very last session. The English nationality are "oppressed" in Wales, by being forced in some parishes to take their choice between a Welsh service and none at all: and one or two sufferers did invoke the aid of parliament, not to abolish the Welsh service, but to allow the English to have a service of their own. But so dead are we English people to the sacred rights of our nationality and our fatherland, that it was very difficult to keep forty members together to discuss the subject. They do not take privation in the matter of sermons so easily in Slesvig. There is something exquisitely humorous in the tragic tone in which this sermon-grievance is dwelt upon by the German members of the Slesvig Estates:

"The religious services in the above-named parishes are to be held alternately in Danish and in German, although in most of the parishes scarcely any of the inhabitants understand a Danish sermon, but all understand well a German sermon. It is a notorious fact, therefore, that on the Sundays when a Danish sermon is preached, the church is almost always empty. Here is an instance of a grievous oppression of a whole population as to the use of the native German language."

Happy are the people whose grievances are such as these! It is necessary, in order to avoid forming too mean an opinion of the mental caliber of the Slesvig Estates, to keep in view the vista in the background—the German fleet riding in the harbor of Kiel.

The language grievance has been kept chiefly for popular use. It has furnished an endless topic of declamation to platform orators and pamphleteers; but the official organs of the movement have been somewhat sparing of its use. It is possible that a recollection of certain passages in the history of Hungary and Posen has suggested to Austrian and Prussian states-

men some misgivings as to the expediency of laying down any broad, general principles concerning the treatment due to the language of a minority. The point which the official assailants of Denmark have chiefly urged is the alleged "incorporation of the duchy." There is no question here about the promises of Denmark. Again and again, in the plainest language was the pledge given that Slesvig should not be incorporated with Denmark. But there is a great deal more difficulty in proving that the pledge was ever broken. The interminable character of this dispute, and the disastrous consequences to which it threatens to lead, are owing in no small degree to the singular vagueness of the principal term employed. "Incorporation" is a mere metaphor, and has no precise or technical meaning whatever. If these unhappy engagements of 1851-52 had been put into the form of a regular treaty, the word would have been more closely defined. As it is, we have to search for its definition by a process analogous to that which a law-court would apply to an eccentric will, or an act of parliament that had been much battered in committee. What Denmark has actually done with respect to Slesvig is this: she has preserved to her a local legislature, local tribunals, and a special executive. On the other hand, Slesvig elects members to a general congress or rigsraad, which decides upon those questions which concern Denmark and Slesvig equally. Holstein and Lauenburg did the same, until Germany required that votes should be assigned to them out of all proportion to their population, and except upon this condition refused to permit their entry into the common constitution. Now the question is, whether the possession of a local constitution for its own affairs, combined with a participation in a common constitution with Denmark for common affairs, amounts to an incorporation of Slesvig with Denmark. For that is the precise position assigned to the duchy by the charters of 1854-5, and preserved to it by the constitution of last November. The question may be answered, in the first place, by looking abroad. The link which, according to the recent constitution, unites Austria and Hungary is exactly of the same nature. Is Hungary on that account incorporated into Austria? It is precisely the tie which unites Ohio and Pennsylvania. Would it be correct

to say that Ohio was incorporated into Pennsylvania? Even in the constitution of the Germanic confederation itself a proof might be found that the combination of a local constitution for local matters, and a common constitution for common matters, does not imply the incorporation of the communities which take part in the common representation. But a more conclusive argument may be drawn from the very documents under which this promise "not to incorporate" arises. The promise was given in the correspondence of 1851-52, which we have so often quoted. That correspondence abounds in passages that distinctly contemplate the very combination in which the present tie of Slesvig to Denmark consists. The following passage from the Austrian dispatch is conclusive upon the point:

"The Danish cabinet may convince itself that we are very far from wishing to stipulate for the unaltered and permanent preservation of the institutions of the provincial estates in the duchies. On the contrary, we acknowledge the full legitimacy of the endeavors (by proper modification or enlargement) to adapt the existing political institutions of all the parts of the monarchy to the organization of the collective state to be established in the future upon conservative principles."

It is idle, in the face of paragraphs like this, to pretend that the connection of Denmark and Slesvig, by the tie of a common constitution for purely common affairs, so long as the business special to each is managed separately, can be construed into an incorporation in the sense in which it is prohibited under the Austrian dispatch.

The constitution of November the 18th, 1863, had been vehemently objected to by Germany as tending to incorporate Slesvig; and, as we write, it is doubtful whether it will not be selected by the diet as the pretext for war with Denmark. But so far as the question of incorporation is concerned, it stands upon precisely the same footing as the constitution of 1855. Both agree in the principle of administering common affairs by a common constitution, and provincial affairs by a provincial constitution. The chief difference between the two is, that the rigsgaard or central legislature consists now of two chambers instead of one. No change is made in the relative powers of the rigsgaard and the provincial estates. We do not mean that the Germans are talking

mere nonsense when they raise an outcry against the recent law. They have a very distinct meaning; but they do not like to express it in distinct language. They do not object to a common constitution as such. But they object to a common constitution from which Holstein is excluded, because, of course, under such a constitution Germany has lost her hold over Denmark. It is their own fault that Holstein is shut out; for they will not allow her to enter in except upon condition that the German few shall govern the Danish many. But they quarrel with the exclusion of Holstein, because it is the formal mode of withdrawing Denmark from German intrigue and German domination. The constitution of last November proclaims and ratifies the exclusion of Holstein, which the diet has practically forced upon the Danish government; and therefore it is that that constitution is received with such especial indignation. But all these objections, whatever their value, have nothing at all to do with Denmark's promise not to incorporate Slesvig. The question whether B is, or is not, incorporated into A, can not possibly be affected by the fact that C has been excluded from the combination.*

Such, then, are the materials of this stormy and complicated dispute. They are resolvable into one issue—whether the German is or is not to be master of the Dane, and of all the maritime advantages which the Dane possesses. This is the one end to which all the various pretensions of Germany tend, and it is the only aim which is in the least degree adequate to explain the unscrupulous vehemence with which these pretensions have been urged. That Holstein and Lauenburg should be represented in the common rigsgaard which governs the monarchy; that they should be represented there in a strength out of all proportion to their population; that without this condition

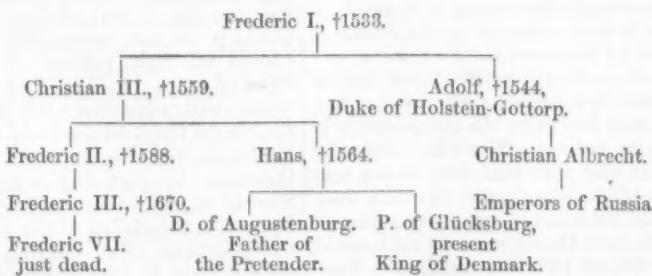
* It is a curious thing that this plan of cutting off Holstein entirely, and combining Slesvig with Denmark upon the plan of a separate legislature for local affairs, and a common legislature for common affairs, was actually proposed to France and Russia by Lord Russell in April, 1861; and so favorable to Germany did he think it, that he further proposed to reward Denmark for accepting it by offering to her a *guarantee* of Slesvig. Yet now that Denmark has done this for herself, it is treated as an atrocious breach of her engagements, a just cause of war, and an excuse to Austria for breaking her treaty pledges.

being granted, no organization of the monarchy should be permitted—all these conditions are necessary to the result at which German patriots frankly confess that they are aiming. That the Danes should voluntarily abrogate their independence; that they should put their necks under a dominion which would crush out their nationality, and reduce their liberties to the level of Prussia or of Hesse, is not to be expected. The quarrel, therefore, is not one of misunderstanding, or which is likely to be appeased by compromise. It is that perpetual form of quarrel which, in its nature, is irreconcilable, and which must always exist between those who wish to conquer and those who desire not to be conquered—between those who mean to eat and those who are averse to being eaten.

But yet this heap of combustible elements might have lain harmless for a considerable time, if no accidental spark had fallen on it. Though federal execution had been decreed for some years—ever since 1858—and though the power of the national verein was increasing year by year, yet the efforts of England might have sufficed still to defer the catastrophe indefinitely. Unluckily, just at the height of the crisis, when the new law for modifying the constitution of Denmark and Slesvig had just passed the rigsraad, King Frederic VII. died; and, to make matters worse, he died without male issue, and his death raised a most complicated and difficult question of succession. There

is a fate attending the Danish monarchy, which collects round every question that concerns it every perplexity which the most unlucky concurrence of fortuitous circumstances could bring together. The Slesvig-Holstein question, as it existed a year ago, was confused enough; but it is left far in the shade by the complication which the intricacies of the feudal law, the undefined results of its abolition, and frequent changes of boundary, of constitution, and of tenure, in the territories under consideration, have heaped upon the question of the succession.

The simple statement of the case is in favor of the Duke of Augustenburg; but, like most simple statements, it is exceedingly misleading. Frederic I., who died in 1533, had two sons, Christian and Adolf; Christian had two sons, Frederic and Hans; Adolf had one son, Christian Albrecht. Now these three grandsons of Frederic I., namely, Frederic, Hans, and Christian Albrecht, were the progenitors of the lines with which we have to do. From Frederic came the royal Danish line, which in the person of Frederic VII. is just extinct, as far as male heirs are concerned. From Hans came two lines, that of Augustenburg, the eldest, and that of Glücksburg, the youngest. From Christian Albrecht came the House of Holstein-Gottorp, that is to say, the present Imperial House of Russia. To put the case into the shape of a pedigree it stands thus:

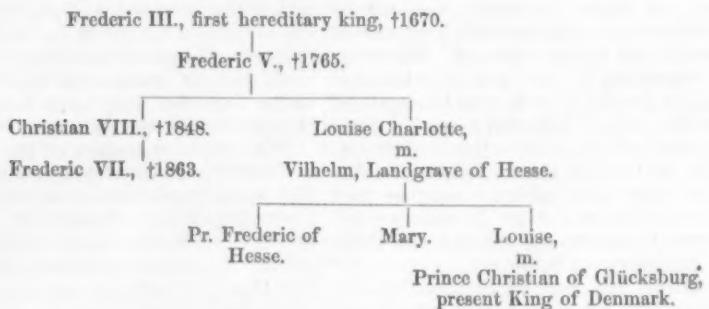


It is quite clear that, on ordinary principles of male succession, the line of Frederic II. failing, the eldest branch of the line of Hans, that is to say, the Duke of Augustenburg, has the right to succeed to the crown of Denmark. But there are some very material points which take this out of the category of ordinary cases. In

the first place, the crown of Denmark was not hereditary till a very modern date. In earlier times it was elective. It did not become hereditary until the year 1660, in the reign of Frederic III., that is to say, a good century after the line of the Augustenburgs branched off. When it was made hereditary, a law of suc-

sion (called the *Lex Regia*) was also passed; and by its provisions female heirs of Frederic III. could inherit the throne as soon as the male succession was exhausted. The title of the Augustenburgs to the throne of Denmark is therefore worthless, for two reasons—first, because when

their progenitor branched off, the throne was not hereditary; secondly, because the line of Frederic II. is not extinct, inasmuch as under the *Lex Regia* females may inherit. Under these circumstances the pedigree of the Royal Danish line stands thus:



Under the female succession, therefore, established by *Lex Regia*, Prince Frederic of Hesse was clearly the heir to the throne of Denmark. But he renounced his rights, and his sister Mary did the same. The crown, therefore, inevitably fell to his second sister, Louise. She renounced her rights in favor of her husband, and Prince Christian of Glücksburg is accordingly the present king.

So far there is no difficulty. But did the *Lex Regia*, that is, the law admitting the female succession, apply to the other parts of the monarchy—to Slesvig, to Holstein, and to Lauenburg? Concerning Lauenburg there ought to be no question, for it was annexed to the crown of Denmark by the treaties of 1815–16, and follows that crown, by whatever law of inheritance it descends. But, concerning Slesvig and Holstein, the complication is much more serious. The chief difficulty is that at the time this *Lex Regia* was passed—1665—Slesvig and Holstein were neither of them in their entirety a part of Denmark, and therefore, it is said, could not be subject to a law made for Denmark. Up to the peace of Roeskilde, in 1658, Slesvig was a fief under the Danish crown, half held by the king, half by the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. In that year an arrangement was made, by which each half of the fief was converted into an independent sovereignty. After some intermediate vicissitudes the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp's half was conquered by the

Danish king, and the whole of Slesvig was solemnly united to the Danish crown in 1721. How did that formal union affect the succession of Slesvig? Did it leave Slesvig under its old Salic law,* or did it introduce the Danish *Lex Regia*, the law of female succession? The Duke of Augustenburg of that day took this latter view, and swore fealty to the “king and his royal successors, according to the tenor of *Lex Regia*.” But the Duke of Augustenburg of the present day repudiates his great-grandfather's oath, and claims—or did claim—to succeed to Slesvig according to the Salic law. But what has become of the dukes of Holstein-Gottorp in the meanwhile? Though ousted of their portion of Slesvig by force of arms, in 1713, they did not renounce their rights till 1773, and then they renounced them in favor of the King of Denmark and his successors. It may therefore be plausibly argued that, if Slesvig ceases to be held by a king of Denmark, the claims of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp—that is to say, of the present Emperor of Russia—are revived.†

* What the old law of Slesvig was has been much disputed; but we assume the German view for argument's sake.

† This interpretation may be questioned, as the act by which the Emperor Paul renounced his share in Slesvig is not so clearly worded as that by which he renounced his share in Holstein. But it is as tenable as any other; and quite tenable enough for the czar to adopt if he thought fit.

The difficulty in the case of Holstein is stronger still. When the German empire was dissolved in 1806, and Holstein ceased therefore to be a fief, the King of Denmark of the day, having it entirely at his disposal, united it to Denmark by letters patent, and declared it to be "henceforth an unseparated part of this monarchy." It may be argued that by that act it became subject to the Danish law of succession. But, if the opposite view be taken, and it be assumed that Holstein retained the Salic law of succession, which had applied to it while it was a fief, the difficulty then arises that the various portions of the duchy could not be held together. Large portions of the present duchy upon the western frontier, comprising one fifth of its inhabitants, and including Altona, did not form part of the duchy till they were united to it by those same letters patent of 1806. They were not fiefs at all at that time, but allodial possessions of the Danish crown, and therefore tied to it, to whomsoever it might descend. On the other hand, the renunciation by Paul of his territories in Holstein, as Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, was very distinctly made only to the male descendants of Frederic V.; so that unless the duchy changed its character by the events of 1806 and 1815, it is quite clear that Kiel and the larger parts of the Baltic shore of Holstein would fall to the Emperor of Russia. The Duke of Augustenburg, therefore, and those who claim through him, are placed in this dilemma—either the duchy of Holstein was united to Denmark by the events of 1806 and 1815 in such a manner that it assumed Denmark's law of succession, or it remained subject to its old laws in that respect. In the first case, the Duke of Augustenburg would lose Holstein altogether; in the other case he would have to take it minus Altona and Kiel, and with Russia for a next-door neighbor.

The prospect of this tangle of disputes being brought to a practical issue convinced the great powers that it required a European intervention to fix upon some plan of succession to the Danish crown which should not expose the integrity of the monarchy to risk. Accordingly, it was resolved to fix upon Prince Christian of Glucksburg. His wife (after her brother's and sister's renunciation had been obtained) was the unquestionable heir, under the *Lex Regia*, to Denmark proper,

and probably to Slesvig. He himself, as a descendant of Christian III., stood high in the male succession; and most of those who stood before him had been guilty of treason in 1848, and had rendered themselves liable to the forfeiture of all their rights. Accordingly, renunciations were obtained from Prince Frederick of Hesse, from his sisters, from the Emperor of Russia, and, finally, from the Duke of Augustenburg himself, who of course had fled the country. For this, and for the cession of all claim to his estates, which was of small value to him as he had forfeited them by rebellion, he received a sum of rather more than £400,000.* In consideration of this enormous indemnity, he made the following promise:

"We moreover promise, *for us and our family*, by our princely word and honor, not to undertake any thing whereby the tranquillity of his majesty's dominions and lands might be disturbed, nor in any way to counteract the resolutions which his majesty might have taken, or in future might take, in reference to the arrangement of the succession of all the lands now united under his majesty's scepter, or to the eventual organization of his monarchy."

In the vocabulary of the Duke of Augustenburg it is to be presumed that the word "family" does not include sons; for it is his son who is now revolutionizing Holstein under the wing of the federal army. It is right to say that the duke's son has protested against the above renunciation. It is also right to add that he kept his protest to himself till six years after the deed had been signed and the money paid. The protest was issued on the 15th of January, 1859.

The requisite renunciations having thus been obtained, the treaty of London was drawn up and signed. It is simply worded, and contains no other stipulations than that the powers will recognize Prince Christian and his male descendants as successors to succeed to the whole of the States then under the scepter of the Danish king. They do this on the ground, alleged in the preamble, that "the maintenance of the integrity of the Danish monarchy, being connected with the general interests of the equilibrium of Europe,

* It is a curious coincidence that the Prussian Plenipotentiary at Frankfort, who negotiated this renunciation with the Duke of Augustenburg, was Herr von Bismarck.

is of high importance for the preservation of peace." The treaty is in the names of the Emperor of Austria, the Prince President of the French Republic, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Sweden, and the King of Denmark. Other states were subsequently invited to accede; and Saxony and Hanover, among others, consented.

The case foreseen has come to pass. The male line of Frederic III. has died out. In conformity with the treaty, France, England, Russia, and Sweden have at once recognized Prince Christian as his successor. Austria and Prussia hang back. They are not shameless enough openly to repudiate their plighted word, but they refuse to keep it. They will not recognize King Christian, though as yet they have abstained from recognizing the Pretender. Saxony and Hanover, overjoyed at being allowed to play a conspicuous part of any kind, be it ever so ignominious, loudly proclaim that they are not only willing, but eager, to dishonor the faith that they have pledged. Meanwhile, the great mass of Prussian and Austrian radicals, with that curious indifference to morality which is characteristic of sentimental politicians, are furiously calling upon their sovereigns to enter upon the same dishonest course. They do not trouble themselves to argue, "The London Treaty," says Von Sybel, "is *contra bonos mores* . . . it proposes to rivet a German population to the poisoned chain of Danish rule;" and therefore, by the light of this convenient standard of "good morals," he proposes to break the faith which Prussia has solemnly pledged, and in which for twelve years past she has suffered us implicitly to believe. This habit of political repudiation appears to be ingrained in Prussian politicians. Along with his conquests and his glory, Frederick the Great has left them also the disastrous legacy of his treachery. Like most mere imitators, they follow chiefly the defects of their model, and overlook its beauties. There is little enough in their recent history of his military prowess, or his political sagacity; but of his unblushing perfidy, of his cynical contempt for pledges given and treaties signed, they are admirable copyists.

The conduct of the diet has been a curious medley of illegalities. When the

administration of the affairs of Holstein was separated from that of the rest of the monarchy, the diet complained that by that act the promise not to incorporate Slesvig had been broken; though the institutions of Slesvig, and its relations to Denmark proper, remained unaltered. To resist this alleged breach of an engagement that was unquestionably international, the diet threatened to proceed, not by war—which is the mode in which nation exacts redress from nation—but by federal execution, which is nothing but a measure of internal government. The constitution of the German Bund is so anomalous that no exact parallel to its conduct can be found; but this proceeding is somewhat the same as if, England having cause of complaint against France for some breach of the treaty of commerce, the English government were to obtain a verdict against the emperor in the Central Criminal Court, and levy a fine upon the money he holds in the English funds. After the diet had made this threat, the King of Denmark died; and his successor—whose title for Lauenburg at least was unquestionable—announced his accession to them, and claimed that his plenipotentiary should be admitted to their sittings. They refused to acknowledge him; but, having done so, they proceeded to act as if they had acknowledged him. If they had recognized some other claimant in his place, it would then have been competent for them to convey to him their demands, and to order execution if those demands were disobeyed. But they neither acknowledged King Christian nor any one else; and yet while they were thus assuming that the throne was empty, and that there was no duke of Holstein, they ordered federal execution in Holstein because the duke of Holstein had not complied with their demands. In fact, they have taken measures professedly to force the King of Denmark to fulfill his federal obligations, having previously declared that there was no king of Denmark in existence. But this is not the worst confusion of which they have been guilty. Having occupied Holstein, to force the king to fulfill his federal obligations—for that is the meaning of an execution—they assumed the government of the duchy temporarily until their demands had been complied with; and then, holding the government under this tenure, they proceeded to give

to a pretender facilities for setting up a revolution under their protection. These strange irregularities are chiefly of importance as showing that the German Diet of the present hour is no regular government moving by strict legal rules or traditional principles of policy. In fear of revolution it has yielded itself up to be the instrument of popular passion, and its acts are inspired by a spirit not its own. Austria and Prussia would fain guide it into the path, if not of honor, at least of comparative safety. But the influence which their voices usually exert is lost in a moment such as this. One of those tempests of popular madness to which Germany is especially liable is sweeping over the land. No habits of self-government, no natural leaders are at hand to moderate the frenzy of ignorant enthusiasm; and the sovereigns of the smaller states, despots in quiet times and cowards in revolution, are bending in abject terror to the storm. What may be the issue a few months, or even a few weeks hence, it is impossible to say; but at the present moment negotiating with Germany is negotiating, not with a confederation of regular governments, but with an angry mob.

There is so far method in the German madness, that the excitement is wildest in some of the smaller states which are tolerably safe from punishment. Their wisdom in trying to precipitate a conflict in which, individually, they can hardly lose, and may possibly gain, may perhaps be justified by the event. Saxony, for instance, will probably in any case reverse the fate of Francis I., and escape with every thing except her honor. But it is not easy to understand how any reflecting men in the larger states can blind themselves to the danger upon which they are rushing. Germany has no friend on any frontier. All around her are lying enemies covetous of some possession that belongs to a German crown, and only waiting for an opportune moment to attack. The first sign that the lengthy Danish controversy was drawing toward actual war has brought out a proclamation from Garibaldi to the Italians, and from Kossuth to the Hungarians. Russia is probably in no mood to forgive Austria the base of operations which the Poles have found upon the Gallician frontier; and the Servians will have little affection for the staunch upholders of the

Ottoman empire. The hardihood of an Austrian statesman, who is eager to bring on war upon the Eyder, has something in it of antique grandeur. With the Quadrilateral to defend against an enthusiastic nation flushed with victory—with Hungary fretting and writhing under martial law—with a credit but just beginning to revive, taxation strained to the uttermost, and a large yearly deficit—with all these burdens to support, Austria sends her army to the extreme north to fight the Danes, and throws down the gauntlet to England, France, and Russia. But Austria will not be the only sufferer. On the left bank of the Rhine lie provinces of Bavaria and of Prussia, which for half a century have been at once a temptation and a reproach to France. They offer a prize to ambition, and at the same time they suggest memories of humiliation and hopes of revenge. The sovereign who should reunite them to the French empire would build his dynasty upon a foundation which neither liberal nor legitimist could shake. They are already half French in laws, and more than half French in sympathy. They would be easy for the French to conquer; and the barrier of the Rhine would make it difficult for the Germans to regain them. Nothing is wanting but a pretext upon which, without too great a sacrifice of character, the treaties which sever them from France may be torn up. There seems to be no doubt that the emperor is arming; and the condition of French politics pressingly requires that, by some gain of territory or of fame, he should recall the wavering affections of his people, and wipe out the memory of Mexico. Every symptom combines to indicate that if the opportunity should come, it will not be thrown away. The Germans comfort themselves with the few fair words he cast to "his cousin" the Pretender. In his present passive, and almost friendly bearing—if the power of reasoning were left to them—they should read their greatest danger. Nothing would be more fatal to his plan than to betray it by a premature movement. When the Germans have fairly plunged into war, and have renounced the protection of public law by shamelessly breaking it themselves, then his time will have come. Till then his policy is, by absolute quiescence and occasional hints of friendly sentiments, to fool them into security and into war.

And what will England do? It is a question that concerns us deeply; but it is humiliating to be obliged to confess that it is one with which the Germans do not trouble themselves much. Of the true policy of England there can be little doubt, for it has been upheld by statesmen of all sides in every age. As the greatest of commercial powers, she can never suffer the highway of nations to fall into hands that may close it. The Sound, the Bosphorus, and the Straits of Gibraltar, the Isthmus of Suez and the Isthmus of Darien, must never be subject to the will of a first-rate power. Therefore, it is against the policy of England that Denmark should become the dependency of Germany. It is, of course, not possible to forecast the political form into which the seething mass of German populations will ultimately crystallize. But one of two alternatives may be safely predicted of the destiny of Germany as a European power. Either the present subdivision which neutralizes her natural resources will cease, and she will become one of the most powerful empires in the world; or else—a far likelier issue—the present enthusiasm will exhaust the energies of a people so unpractical, without leading to any definite result, and Germany will fall back into her old condition, more divided, more stagnant, more impotent than before, and more helplessly the slave of Russia. In either case it is not for our interest that Denmark should fall into her hands. It must never be forgotten that if King Christian IX. does not inherit Holstein, the claims of Russia—set aside by the Protocol of Warsaw only in his favor—revive in all their force. If, as Germany earnestly desires, the Danish king should cease to be Duke of Holstein, the Emperor Alexander is the indisputable heir of Kiel.*

But Denmark has a stronger claim

* The Protocol of Warsaw, signed previous to the treaty of London, after reciting that the renunciations of the Emperor Paul were only made in favor of the male descendants of Frederic V., and declaring that the Emperor of Russia was then prepared to renounce his eventual rights in favor of Prince Christian of Glücksburg, goes on to provide, "That inasmuch as the renunciation of his majesty the emperor would have for its object to facilitate an arrangement called for by the first interests of the monarchy, the offer of such a renunciation would cease to be obligatory if the arrangement itself should fail." The *Journal de St. Petersburg* has just reprinted the Protocol of Warsaw, without note or comment.

upon our support than any motives of mere self-interest can furnish. It was at the instance of England, more than of any other power, that the treaty of London was signed. It is not a treaty of guarantee, and, therefore, in strict law, we are not bound. But a treaty so recent, so distinctly pointed at the contingency which has just occurred, can not be lightly abandoned. If we refuse to stand by this engagement, which we took so large a share in negotiating, we may for the future spare ourselves the needless pastime of signing treaties altogether. Already our power to uphold the public law, which we take so prominent a share in making, is subject to doubts that are not flattering to our national pride. Lord Russell's fierce notes and pacific measures furnish an endless theme for the taunts of those who would gladly see the influence of England in the councils of Europe destroyed. The vigorous protests that have issued from the Foreign Office in the matter of Savoy, and of Poland, and of the American blockade, combined with the meek submission that invariably follows them, have caused the conviction to prevail extensively in Europe that, however she may write, England will never fight with any state that is able to defend itself. In the eastern or the southern seas, where there is no enemy that can resist her, she can still show her ancient prowess. She can exhibit great decision in Brazil, and burn down defenseless towns with wonderful vigor in Japan. But there is no danger that she will ever allow her martial ardor to betray her into any step more dangerous than a ferocious dispatch, when she is confronted with an adversary of any thing like equal strength. This is the character of us which any reader of foreign journals or foreign debates may find repeated, with still less flattering comments, whenever the probable policy of England comes under discussion. It can not be denied that the conduct of Lord Russell has given but too much point to these sarcasms. Even in this Danish matter, the fickle and trimming character of his policy has won for us little respect, and has destroyed the influence we might have previously possessed. When Denmark seemed in earnest, and Germany comparatively lukewarm, Lord Russell was a strong Dane. In return for a separation of Holstein precisely in the form in which it has been since effect-

ed by the the constitution of last November, he volunteered, if the other powers would consent, to guarantee Slesvig to Denmark. Shortly afterward the aspect of the political horizon darkened. Germany became fearfully in earnest, and there was no doubt that if she was in earnest Germany was the strongest power. Lord Russell's views underwent a salutary change. He became a decided German; and, in testimony of his conversion, he sent to Denmark a proposal that she should reduce her constitution to the concurrent action of four independent diets, and that, to make every thing work pleasantly with Germany, she should bring down her army and navy to the lowest possible point. The proposal was of course received with delight by Germany, and rejected with scorn by Denmark. It is hardly necessary to recall to the memory of the English reader, the unexampled insolence of the language in which this suicidal project was urged upon the acceptance of Denmark. There can be little doubt that the tone of that unfortunate dispatch has largely contributed to bring about the present crisis. It encouraged the belief now popular on the continent, that England is always upon the strongest side. Such vagaries have naturally produced that contempt of our power or our courage which the Germans have universally expressed, and upon which they are evidently acting.

But there is a stronger reason still why it will not consist with our honor to abandon Denmark. Unasked by her we have thrust upon her advice, by which her powers of self-defense will be seriously crippled if war should unhappily break out. At our request she has retreated from strong positions, which she might have held, and has foregone the opportunity of inflicting upon the ill-commanded troops of Germany a defeat, which would have gone far to cool that fervent patriotism which has selected Denmark from among all other lands in which Germans are held in subjection, because Denmark seemed the easiest prey. Such a policy binds us in honor as much as any guarantee. If we prevail upon a weak state, to whom we profess to be friendly, to abandon its sole and its best chance of resistance against an adversary of overwhelming numbers, we are bound

to take upon ourselves the hazards of that advice. Denmark is but a weak state to struggle against the unwieldy but still huge enemy that menaces her independence. She needs every aid that chance or promptitude, or strategical advantage can give her. If, in deference to our officious counsel, she foregoes these aids, and then, abandoned by us, is crushed in the unequal conflict, a stain, which time could not efface, would lie upon England's honor. It is base to abandon the weak in the moment of their utmost need, and in the presence of a gigantic assailant. But there is a deeper baseness far in the wordy friendship, which, implying the promise of aid, without formally pledging it, beguiles the weaker combatant into a fatal trust in his ally, and then deserts him.

Happily in this case, as in most others, the policy of honor is also the policy of peace. The care with which the Germans have selected the weakest state upon their frontier for the exhibition of their irrepressible patriotism, shows of what metal it is made. The magnificent sentiments they are parading, the exhortations to courage, the appeals to the German honor, would be in place if they were undertaking to free Alsace from France, or Livonia from Russia. Their zeal for German nationality, if it appears to us hot, is at least invariably safe. Once convince them that the raid on Denmark is not safe, and the excitement will subside with a marvelous rapidity. If, by timid language and a false love of peace, Germany is encouraged to believe that she can set treaties at defiance with impunity, a continental war will result, in which it is almost impossible that England should not be forced to take a part. Let Germany see distinctly that war with Denmark means war with England, and the governments that are now weakly yielding will draw courage to free their subjects from the imminence of a greater danger. But promptitude and courage are, above all things, necessary. In every portion of Europe the combustible materials lie scattered ready for the match. If they are kindled into war, no human power can set bounds to the conflagration, or predict the limits of its rage. Upon the action of England, who alone desires peace, the continuance of peace depends.

From Bently's Miscellany.

AN EPISODE OF STUART HISTORY.

DR. CARL VON WEBER, the indefatigable keeper of the Saxon records, while compiling a Life of Maréchal de Saxe from epistolary sources, has found in the reports of the Saxon envoy at Paris a full narrative of the squabble between Louis XV. and Charles Edward, which possesses sufficient novelty to be offered to English readers as a further installment of Jacobite literature.

After his unsuccessful landing in Scotland in the year '45, Charles Edward returned to France, and lived in Paris. As he was remarkable for his beauty, princely demeanor, attractive manners, and ambitious mind, an excellent shot and horseman, and a favorite of the ladies, it is not surprising that the young Pretender should become popular in the Circcean capital. The pensions settled on him by France and Spain, and the considerable sums forwarded to him by his adherents in England and Scotland, permitted him to live with princely display in Paris. He occupied a handsome hotel on the Boulevard, not far from the Porte St. Honoré, in which he daily gave dinners and suppers to twenty or thirty persons, frequently visited the court, and showed himself very often at the theater. He had collected round him a suite of about two hundred Scots; and a pretty young woman of that country, Clementina Walkinshaw, whose acquaintance he had formed at the siege of Bannockburn, also followed him, and lived with him a long time. This *liaison*, however, did not prevent him from most gratefully accepting the homage which the Princess de Talmont offered him.

All at once the merry life the prince was leading in Paris was disturbed by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. So early as the London Quadruple Alliance of August 12th, 1718, France had pledged herself to give no support "to the person and his descendants, if he should have any, who, during the lifetime of James II., assumed the title of Prince of Wales,"

and after his death that of King of Great Britain," and also to refuse his adherents a domicile (*receptaculum*). This article was repeated and confirmed anew in the preliminary treaty of April 30th, 1748, and in the definitive peace of October 18th, 1748, England urgently pressed that Prince Charles Edward should be removed from Paris. But this did not accord with the wishes of the prince, who, on July 16th, 1748, sent a printed protest against the Treaty of Aix to all the ambassadors. On the first hint that a change of residence would be desirable, he appealed to a solemn promise of Louis XV., who had assured him "an unlimited asylum in his kingdom," and to a treaty which he had made with France in his quality of Regent of Scotland, in which, however, the French ministers refused to recognize the promise of an asylum, and, indeed, regarded it as set aside by later events.

The Princess Talmont, whom Loss, the Saxon envoy, describes as "an intriguing woman, who likes to mix herself up in things that do not concern her," tried as early as June to effect negotiations which would eventually insure her lover an existence in Poland, to which country Lord Maret, one of his adherents, proceeded for the same purpose. But when Count Loss inquired into this matter of the minister, Marquis Puycieux, on July 3d, the latter replied that the King of France would not assent to such a scheme, but, on the contrary, work energetically against it, and the marquis proposed Freyburg, where they could offer the prince "a furnished palace, an agreeable country-house, and a guard for the safety of his person." Hence the negotiations, probably commenced without the prince's sanction, fell through.

In November, 1748, the Duke de Gesvres was ordered by Louis XV. to have a personal interview with the prince, and induce him to leave France; but he threw away his eloquence, as the prince

declared that he would only yield to force. These negotiations were soon known in Paris, and the great majority took the part of the prince: he showed himself more in public than he had formerly done; he went every night to the theater, very brilliantly dressed, and wearing his orders, "affecting," as Loss writes, "always to take the king's box," while previously he had gone to the small boxes plainly dressed, and "not caring to be seen." At a masqued ball at the opera he appeared as a Highlander, and, as Major-General von Fontenay writes, "scrupuleux sur l'habillement, il n'avoit point de culotte: c'est un lieu, ou elle est souvent embarrassante."

The House of Talmont also broke up into two parties: the prince, who did not wish to injure himself at court, wrote Charles Edward a very polite letter, in which he expressed his regret that circumstances prevented him from seeing the prince henceforth at his house. Charles Edward, on receiving the letter, burst into a great rage, and declared he would avenge this insult; and the Princess de Talmont, who was dining with him, strove in vain to appease him. The next morning he proceeded to the palace of the Prince de Talmont, and, when the porter refused to admit him, he made such a disturbance that he was at length let in: he went straight to the garden, which he did not leave till the princess came down and pacified him; her husband, however, adhered to his resolution of closing his house against the prince, while the princess continued to visit him at his palace, as before.

On November 20th, as verbal communications had met with no result, Louis XV. wrote a very friendly letter to the prince, in which he repeated the wish that he would quit France, as an asylum could no longer be granted him. The Duke de Gesvres was ordered to deliver the letter personally, and at the same time make every effort to induce the prince to yield; but the latter declared, after reading the letter, that he had formed his resolution, and did not believe that the posture of affairs permitted him to leave Paris. If they attempted to try force, he would know how to defend himself.

A courier was now sent to the prince's father at Rome, with a request that he would employ his paternal authority, and order his son at once to retire from Paris.

The Pretender, James III., satisfied this wish: his letter, addressed to the prince, reached Paris on December 4th, accompanied by a copy. The Duke de Gesvres, who had given up all hopes of effecting any thing by his personal influence over the prince (his last visit on December 1st only lasted two minutes), now sent for three of Charles Edward's confidants—Crem, Kelly, and Osborn*—and informed them of the contents of the letter from the copy. James III. wrote to his son that he could not remain in the country of the King of France against his will, "and this is the reason why I am obliged to order you, as your father and your king, to conform without delay to the intentions of H. M. C. M., by voluntarily quitting his states." Gesvres requested the three gentlemen to place the letter in the prince's own hands, and tell him that the king would have preferred it had the prince yielded to necessity without his father's special orders. He must now leave France within twelve days.

At the expiration of two hours the envoys returned with the information that their efforts to induce the prince to open the letter had been in vain; he had placed it unopened in his pocket, and they proposed that the copy of the letter should be read to the prince. Gesvres drove, on the evening of December 4th, to Versailles, in order to obtain instructions. The proposal made by the prince's friends was assented to by the king, and in accordance with this the three proceeded to the prince, who listened to the reading of the letter till they came to the words we have quoted. Here he interrupted the reader, and ordered him to leave off. As representations did not produce the slightest effect on him, the three declared that if he refused to obey his father's orders, they would be compelled to leave him. Nor did this affect the prince: he declared that they could act as they thought proper, but he knew what he had to do: they might kill him, murder him, but he would not quit Paris even if fifty cannon were pointed at his house, and it was surrounded by one hundred thousand men.

The three gentlemen on this left the prince, returned to Gesvres to inform him of what had occurred, and then retired to Passy. In the evening the prince sent for

* The Duc de Luynes in his Memoirs calls them Kely, Hakebrat, and Greené.

Kelly, who held his money and valuables in charge. The whole night was spent in checking accounts and handing over the deposit, and then the prince definitely gave Kelly his discharge. The Duc de Luynes also tells us that the prince stated to one of his confidants, that some time previously he had received a letter from his father requesting him to act as he thought best for his glory and interests, and pay no attention to any further letters from him he might receive. Luynes doubts, however, whether such a letter was written by James to his son.

Several days were spent in fresh efforts to change the prince's resolution. Gesvres offered him his own château as a temporary residence, in the event of his wishing to send a courier to Rome to ascertain the authenticity of the letter, but in the event of its confirmation he must give way. The prince remained inexorable: he declared, "that he had formed an engagement with the public to support his resolution, that a man of his birth never went back from his word—that, in short, there was no other residence for him but Paris or Paradise." As Reumont tells us in his *Life of the Countess of Albany*, he also said, "I feel very sorry for Louis: I can only lose my life, but he his honor."

People in Paris were convinced that the prince had chosen as his model Charles XII. at Bender, that if force were employed he would defend himself to the utmost, and fears were entertained lest the people, whose favorite he was, would take his part. But it did not come to a fight. On the afternoon of December 14th, 1748, the prince received several anonymous letters informing him that it was intended to arrest him at the theater, but he paid no attention to them, either because he believed that it would not be risked, or because, in such a measure against him, he found a desirable escape from a labyrinth from which he was unable to find any exit himself. After so long asserting that he would not leave Paris alive, he could not now yield without rendering himself ridiculous; violent resistance could only lead to useless bloodshed and his own ruin, and it would be sufficient if there was an ostensible appearance of his having only yielded to force.

Hence Charles Edward entered the opera-house between five and six o'clock

of the evening of December 10th, where all the preparations had been made for his reception. In the corridor which he had to pass through in order to reach his box, and which had no outlet at the other end, four police sergeants in civilian cloathing were standing: the prince was walking a few yards ahead of his suite, and so soon as he entered the corridor a barrier was closed behind him, and the four sergeants rushed upon him, seized his arms, and carried him through an usually closed side-door into the garden of the Palais Royal, and thence to a room occupied by a surgeon of the Duke of Orleans. Count de Vaudreuil, major in the Gardes Françaises, informed him that he was arrested by the king's order on his father's request. His sword, and a pistol which he had in one of his pockets, were taken from him. On his assurance that he had no other arms about him, Vaudreuil, who had three captains of his regiment with him, replied that he would be satisfied with his assurance, and not search him further. An accident, however, led to the discovery of a second pistol, concealed in his clothes, and the officers now carried their precautions so far that they bound their prisoner's feet and hands with silk cords; they afterward excused this violence by their fear lest the prince might have other weapons concealed about him, and might attempt to take his own life, as he had threatened to do should he be arrested. Thus bound, the prince was taken to a coach drawn by six horses, which the three officers who had accompanied Vaudreuil entered; at the Porte St. Denis a troop of mounted musqueteers were waiting, and escorted the coach to Vincennes.

The three gentlemen who had followed the prince to the playhouse were arrested at the same time, and taken to the Bastille. The occurrence had not been unnoticed, and soon reached the ears of the Princess de Talmont, who was in the house: she fell out of one fainting fit into another, so that it was necessary to carry her home, and she at once sent a valet to the prince's house, to obtain information as to what had become of him. An officer had already arrived there with a troop, who arrested all the prince's servants and conveyed them to the Bastille, and the same fate befell the valet of the princess, on whom was found a portrait of his mistress, "painted in a royal cloak," as well as a

letter to the prince, which he was to have delivered at the same time. In the prince's house—which was searched and put under seal—fifteen brace of pistols and twenty-five guns were found, but only two pounds of gunpowder, so that the prince's often-declared intention of defending himself in the event of force being used, was at any rate not confirmed by this slight stock of ammunition.

At Vincennes the prince was led to the Donjon, where a room had been prepared for him: he was here carefully searched, but no more weapons were found on him, and he was now freed from his bonds. He was greatly excited, declined supper, threw himself fully dressed on a servant's bed, as he refused the one prepared for him, and slept for some hours. He awoke again at three A.M., and walked violently up and down his room, in which two captains and two lieutenants watched him, while fifty grenadiers surrounded the Donjon. To the officers he said that "they were charged with a very humiliating commission," but entered into no details either with them or with Du Châtellet, the commandant of Vincennes, when the latter paid him a visit.

On the next day Charles Edward became calmer, and asked for food; on the third day he grew more colloquial, and expressed a wish to the officers on guard to regain his liberty, and his readiness to obey the king. On December 14th he wrote Louis XV. a letter, the style of which, though it did not reveal a correct appreciation of his position, still expressed his submission. The king, "without paying serious heed," so Loss writes, "to the equality which this nobleman, by his mode of writing, seemed desirous of establishing between himself and the King of France, let him know that he would allow his prisoner to depart in full liberty, if he pledged his honor not to return to France: he would then be escorted by an officer to any spot on the frontier selected by himself."

The prince compromised for awhile, by declining the company of the officer, but at length yielded, and gave the required promise to the officer who had brought him the king's verbal message. According to De Luynes, he also drew up a written promise to leave France, and not return. On being asked where he proposed going, he designated Pont de Beauvoisin, on the Savoy frontier; but

gave no further account of his intentions, and none was asked of him. On his request two of his gentlemen—Strafford and Geridon—two of his valets, and two footmen, were discharged from the Bastille, in order that they might accompany him on his journey; and his papers were also restored to him.

On December 15th, two post-chaises drove up to the Donjon of Vincennes: the prince entered one, with his escort, De Perousy, first ensign in the Great Musketeers, and Strafford: while Geridon rode in the other. On arriving at Fontainebleau in the evening, the prince stopped at the post-house, and spent the next day in bed, under the pretext that he felt unwell; he had sent Princess de Talmont a letter, requesting her to follow him to Fontainebleau, but the "romantic queen," as she was called in Paris, did not make her appearance. At Pont de Beauvoisin, Perousy left the prince, who, after taking leave of Strafford and Geridon, arrived at Avignon at seven A.M. on December 27th, mounted on a sorry horse, and wearing a black periuke and old uniform. In spite of his modest appearance, he was received by the Papal vice-legate with great marks of honor, and three salvos of ordnance from the city walls; he lodged at the palace of the vice-legate, and attended on one of the next days a masqued ball given in honor of the Infant, Don Philip, with whom he had a conference. Early in March he quitted Avignon, and disappeared for some time; in June, 1749, the news arrived from Bologna that he was in the latter city, and a later dispatch of Count Loss, on May 6th, 1750, informs us that the prince was hiding in Lorraine, "in order to be able to continue his amorous commerce with Madame la Princess de Talmont."

In Paris, it is true, the people had not risen to liberate him, but they were very savage at the treatment of the prince: it was forbidden under a heavy penalty to speak in the cafés and public resorts about the occurrence, but the repressed anger found vent in pasquinades. Desforges, the author of one of these, which concluded with the words:

"Peuple jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
Des princes malheureux, vous n'êtes plus
l'asile,"

did penance for his poetical effort by three years' imprisonment at Mont St. Michel.

Several others who had spoken disagreeably were lodged in the Bastille. Lady Lismore, wife of the Pretender's ex-minister, who had also been unable to keep her tongue in check, received from the Marquis de Puycieulx a letter to the effect that "as she had displeased by her conduct the most Christian king, it was his majesty's order that she should retire from Paris to Orleans."

We can not part from Charles Edward without a feeling of melancholy. The

destiny which had summoned him to assume a prominent position refused him death at the right moment: if a bullet had laid him low at the head of his brave Highlanders, or even had he lost his head by the ax, like the last of the Hohenstaufen, he would still gleam in history like a dazzling meteor, which we would sooner see burst and disappear after a short career than sink in the mud. The latter, unfortunately, was the sad fate of Bonny Prince Charlie.

From the National Review.

THE RACES OF THE OLD WORLD.*

THE historical period of mankind does not begin even with the invention of letters and the keeping of written records. Time's effacing fingers, which have destroyed so much, have not spared the records of primeval history kept by the earliest nations of civilized mankind. Nevertheless, the decay produced by time has destroyed little in comparison with other causes. Social, dynastic, and especially religious revolutions, arising in the bosom of those old civilizations, have been far more potent agents of destruction. And still more has the work of destruction been carried on by those inbursts of alien, conquering races, which have overthrown and obliterated all but one of the civilizations of the primeval world. Man himself has been the chief agent in consigning to oblivion the history and knowledge of his fellow-men. In those early times, when the wide sympathy for all things human which distinguishes the present

age was unknown, and when humanity presented itself in but a narrow form, each nation cared only for itself, for its own history, religion, and civilization, and regarded those of other nations with contempt and destructive hatred. China, the most fortunate of all countries in this respect—the great link which unites the world of to-day with primeval times—whose civilization alone has survived in continuity, unbroken, save by its own natural stages of development, from the dawn of humanity to the present day—has not wholly escaped the destruction of records and monuments which consigned to oblivion, or to a dim twilight of doubts and speculation, the history of other primeval civilizations. The great but short-lived political revolution accomplished by Che-hoang-te, the "first great emperor," two hundred years before Christ—the conflict between arbitrary power, on the one hand, and the constitutional principles and old form of government represented by the "men of letters," the only aristocracy of China, on the other—condemned to destruction the ancient records and literature, upon which these men of letters and the people at large built their political creed, and which, as the text-books of the national education, tended to keep alive the spirit of popular freedom. In Egypt, the wanton burning of the great Alexandrian library completed, by an act of religious bigotry, the destruction of

* *The Nationalities of Europe.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. London. 1863.

The Races of the Old World. By CHARLES L. BRACE. 1 vol. London. 1863.

Historico-Geographical Atlas. By DR. KARL VON SPRUNER. (English edition.) London. 1861.

Anthropology of Primitive Peoples. By DR. THEODOR WALTZ. Vol. I. (English edition.) London. 1863.

Types of Mankind; or, Ethnological Researches, based upon the ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races. By J. C. NOTT, M.D., and G. R. GLIDDON. London. 1854.

the history and knowledge of a most ancient people, whose national life had previously been trodden out under the heel of four different races of conquering invaders. In the ancient civilization, also, which grew up on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, historical records were kept, and knowledge of many kinds registered, in written documents, stamped upon tablets of enduring clay, and apparently also preserved on paper or sheets of parchment. But there also the destroying hand of man has been at work, obliterating the knowledge of the past—firing temples and palaces, upon whose walls were preserved the state-history of the country, and bringing such calamities upon the land that the surpassingly fertile plain relapsed into an arid waste, and the old population disappeared utterly, leaving behind them not even a knowledge of the language they had inscribed upon the tablets and ruined monuments, which Nature happily took into her own keeping, and covered over with a grassy verdure sprung from the dust of their own decay. Of the innumerable written documents of Egypt—of which even the Alexandrian library contained but a small portion—only a few injured and half illegible papyri have been recovered, and some fragments of chronological tables have come down to us in questionable guise through the translation of post-Christian writers. Of the native records and literature of Babylonia and Assyria we know still less: the translated fragments of Berossus being nearly all that the conquering civilization of Greece has handed down for our instruction. Ancient Persia also—the Persia which existed before Cyrus, and abreast of the early Babylonian empire—had a literature and records; but of these nothing now remains but an ill-preserved copy of the Zendavesta.

If history could go back to the invention of written records, by which the events and thoughts of mankind were first put in an enduring form, it would indeed go very far. In the remotest times of Egypt of which we have any remains, we find that the art of writing had been invented, and that records were kept. In Babylonia we find the same, and likewise in China. But few as are the fragments of that anciently recorded knowledge which we possess, the greater part has been recovered by us, rather than pre-

served for us by the intermediate races of civilized mankind. Our knowledge of these early times is in truth a discovery. We have exhumed it from long-buried ruins, and have learnt for ourselves to read in the inscriptions on those ruins languages which the world had forgotten, and which have not been spoken for two or three thousand years. The new science of philology also has come to aid us in the investigation of those old times, showing us the relations of the archaic languages, and inferentially, of the races which spoke them, with languages and nations which are fully within the ken of history. It may truly be said that the further we are receding from the remote past, the more are we becoming acquainted with it. And as yet we are merely at the beginning of this new knowledge. It can not be doubted that we shall yet obtain more papyri from Egypt, and find more inscriptions upon its monuments; and also that further study will enable us to interpret the ancient hieroglyphic writings of that country with greater precision. In regard to the old civilizations of the valley of the Euphrates, a similar expansion of knowledge undoubtedly awaits us, not only in the exhuming of more monuments, and the exploration of more ruins, but also in the deciphering of the many clay tablets and cylinders covered with writing which are already in our possession. Of ancient India, whose civilization was of considerably later date, we already know much; but a new expansion of our knowledge is beginning through the archaeological researches commissioned by the Indian government, and ably conducted by General Cunningham.* Of ancient China also, whose

* In making this appointment, for the examination of the ancient architectural remains of Upper India, the late Viceroy said, in words worthy of the son of George Canning: "It will not be to our credit as an enlightened ruling power, if we continue to allow such fields of investigation as the remains of the old Buddhist capital in Behar, the vast ruins of Kanouj, the plains round Delhi studded with ruins more thickly than even the Campagna of Rome, and many others, to remain without more examination than they have hitherto received." Major-General Cunningham, who has for this purpose been appointed Archaeological Surveyor to the Government of India, is the first authority on the subject of Buddhism and the Pali inscriptions, and was a coadjutor of Wilson, Prinsep, Wilford, and other eminent scholars. His first Report, for 1861-2, has been published by the Bengal Asiatic Society.

records were kept from the earliest period of its civilization, our knowledge will ere long become fuller and more exact; for, in proportion as that vast country becomes opened to Europeans, we shall obtain fuller access to its old chronicles, and ampler acquaintance with its early history.

Availing ourselves of the present means of information, let us endeavor to sketch as on a map the early developments of civilization, from the dawn or twilight of history, when they first appeared as glimmering isolated lights, down to the commingling of races and expansion of knowledge which have been gradually widening the sphere of civilization, and slowly imparting to it that character of universality which the future doubtless will fully realize. Recent discoveries, indeed, give us glimpses of a period when, both in Europe and in America, at a most remote antiquity, there was no civilization at all. These discoveries, as compendiously set forth in Sir C. Lyell's new book, open to us a vista through which we see the human race existing on the earth at a period more remote, and under circumstances more singular, than had hitherto ever been imagined. We find early man existing in Europe along with the mammoth, woolly elephant, the cave-lion, tiger, rhinoceros, hyena, and gigantic deer—all of which species of animals became extinct many thousands of years ago; and in America we find him existing along with the kindred species of gigantic animals which we imagined had disappeared from the earth long before the creation of man. It is worthy of notice, that even at that exceedingly remote time mankind seems to have exhibited almost as great structural diversities as at the present day: for if in the skull of the Neanderthal man we find a brute-like configuration not easy to parallel among the existing tribes, on the other hand the skull of the Engis man, which is of at least equal antiquity, is of ordinary development, and might have belonged to an individual of the present population of Europe. This prehistoric population seems to have lived in caves, or in rude dwellings on the banks of rivers, and at a later time in little villages built on piles, in the shallows of lakes—obtaining the means of subsistence by fishing or hunting—doubtless clothing themselves to some extent in the skins of the slain animals, and making all their implements of bone or stone,

the use of metals being to them an unknown art. It is certainly startling to think of mankind existing at a time when species of the elephant and rhinoceros, of the lion, tiger, and hippopotamus shared with him the forest-clad plains and valleys of Europe, and when the British Isles were united alike with one another and with the continent; but, save for the presence of these long-extinct animals, there is little in the condition of those prehistoric men which can not be paralleled among the barbarous tribes still existing in various parts of the world. The rude tribe, for example, in the valley of the Somme, where so many flint implements have been found—who appear to have lived upon the ice which in that glacial period covered the river, making holes in the icy floor through which they dropped their hooks to catch the fish in the waters beneath—led a life in many respects similar to that of some of the Esquimaux tribes of the present day. And at the other extremity of the American continent—in Tierra del Fuego, with its densely wooded hill-sides and extensive glaciers—there still exists a population of savages in a condition strikingly similar to that of the tribes of remotest antiquity whose remains we find in the flint tools and stone implements of the “drift.” The natives of that inhospitable region are unacquainted with the metallurgic arts, and use “stone tools, flint knives, arrow and spear heads of flint or volcanic glass, for cutting bark for canoes, flesh, blubber, and sinews—for knocking shell-fish off the rocks, breaking large shells, killing guanacos (in time of deep snow), and for weapons.” In every sheltered cove where wigwams are placed, there are invariably heaps of refuse—shells and stones, offal and bones—which often appear very old, being covered deeply with wind-driven sand or water-washed soil, on which there is a growth of vegetation—an exact counterpart of the “kitchen-middens” of the so-called “stone age” in Scandinavia. These heaps are from six to ten feet high, and from ten or twenty to more than fifty yards in length: but—as in the kitchen-middens of Europe—no human bones, we are told, would be found in them (unless dogs had dragged them thither), because the natives either burn the bodies of their dead, or sink them with large stones in deep water.

Curious as are the recent discoveries

which indicate the antiquity of man, the real history of our race only begins with the first dawnings of civilization amidst the primeval darkness of savage life. We may picture the earth at that time as overshadowed with vast and gloomy forests, in all parts save where tracts of barren sand still exist, and roamed over by sparse tribes of barbarous mankind, maintaining a precarious existence, and a disputed dominion with vast herds of wild or ferocious animals. At length, amidst that primeval darkness and gloom, alike of earth and man, three separate centers of light and civilization began to shine. One of these was in the furthest corner of Eastern Asia, where the Chinese nation, entering its present territory from the northwest, began to fell the forests, drain the rich but marshy plains, and spread their dominion southward to the Yangtse-Kiang, driving before them a barbarous race of earlier settlers, who were contented to live in the primeval forests as rude hunters, and of whom a portion survive in the scattered tribes of the Miaou-tse, occupying some of the mountain-districts of southwestern China. Another of these spots of light arose in the lower part of the Euphrates valley, where the great Hamitic chief Nimrud established the first military empire of the world; and although that empire was shortlived, and a long interval ensued, during which we lose sight of the beginnings of the Babylonian civilization, it appears to have continued its course, with various vicissitudes, down to the time when it emerges into historic light, about 2200 years before Christ. The third of these nearly simultaneous civilizations arose in the valley of the Nile, where Menes at length gathered all Egypt into one kingdom, and commenced a monarchy the most famous of the old world for the grandeur of its ruins.

These earliest of civilizations all arose independently of one another. There seems, indeed, to have been some slight connection in very early times between ancient Babylonia and Egypt; but that connection is so legendary, and the traces of community of ideas are so imperceptible, that they can not be held to impair the independent character of either of these primeval civilizations. In regard to China, the purely native character of its civilization, and its original independence of all foreign influences, are beyond

dispute. It is to be observed, as a matter of no small ethnological significance, that none of these primeval empires was established by the two races of mankind, the Aryan and Semitic, which we now deservedly account the highest. It was the Mongolian race in China, and the Hamitic race in Babylonia and Egypt, that first blossomed into civilization. Next appeared the Aryan family of the Persians, around Balkh, and in western Afghanistan, advancing southwestward until under Jemsheed they founded Persepolis. Simultaneously the Aryan family of the Hindoos, entering India from the northwest, and journeying slowly across the Punjab, began to settle and build cities on the upper plains of the Ganges and Jumna. But long before these twin Aryan nations had risen to greatness, the pure Semitic race had established itself in power and pomp in the valley-land of the Tigris and Euphrates. Semitic tribes appear to have formed part of the very mixed population of Babylonia in the earliest times of which we have cognizance; and in the sixteenth century B.C. an invasion from Arabia overthrew the native Chaldee monarchy, and established a Semitic dynasty in its stead. Meanwhile another branch of the Semites, the Aramaean, rose into greater power in Assyria, and in the thirteenth century it conquered Babylonia, extinguished the monarchy, and annexed the country to the empire of Nineveh. The Semite tribe of the Jews had previously established themselves in Palestine, on their exodus from Egypt (about 1400 B.C.); and the Phœnician people, also Semitic, were commencing that career of commerce and navigation which distinguished them from all the other races of the old world. This was the first heyday of Semitic power. The rule of the Assyrian monarchs extended eastward over Persia, northward to the Caspian and almost to the Black sea, westward to the shores of the Ægean and the Levant, and even Lower Egypt for a time owned its suzerainty. But in the sixth century before Christ, the dominion of the Semitic race came suddenly to an end—to rise again with equal suddenness, and far greater brilliance, twelve centuries afterward, in the Arabian branch of the race.

The empire of Cyrus marks the opening of the second great epoch of human history—the true middle ages of civilized

times. The primeval isolation of states and peoples thenceforth began to give way. The march of armies in rude fashion, brought nations into contact, and widened the sphere of human knowledge. The blazing ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, moreover, while marking the downfall of Semitic power, arose like signal-fires, to announce the advent of a new race upon the world's stage, whose glory was destined to eclipse that of all the other great sections of mankind. The Hamitic race had had its day. At one time occupying the southwestern coasts of Asia, from Egypt to beyond the Persian Gulf, it seems every where in Asia to have given way to the Semitic race, prior to the fifteenth century before Christ, and only remained erect in the immemorial center of its power, Egypt. But now both Hamites and Semites were to be deposed from their thrones by the earliest conquering branch of the Aryan or Indo-European race. After the sister Aryan nations of the Persians and Hindoos parted company, the Persians appear to have been engaged in constant warfare with the ruder Turanian tribes, who occupied the region where they settled, and whom they conquered and drove out. Future discoveries may possibly succeed in throwing light upon that early period in the history of the Persians; but as yet we only know that its main features are, the religious revolution accomplished by Zoroaster (the earliest lawgiver, and the first great man who believed that he had obtained a revelation from the Deity), the half-religious, half-political warfare with the Scythic or Turanian tribes, the founding of Persepolis, and the conquest by the Babylonians or Assyrians. As long as they remain on the plateau of Iran, the ancient Persians are invisible to us; but from the moment that they descend through the passes of the Zagros mountain-chain into the Mesopotamian valley, they usurp dominion, and concentrate upon themselves the gaze of subsequent times. Shifting the center of their power to Babylon, while maintaining their old supremacy eastward to the Indus, they quickly overrun Syria and Egypt, and, pouring northward through the "Syrian gates," extend their dominion over all Asia Minor up to the shores of the Hellespont. The Hamitic and Semitic populations were now overlaid by an upper caste of Aryan conquerors;

and a network of administration brought all southwestern Asia, from the Indus to the Hellespont, and from the Caspian to the Cataracts of the Nile, into one dominion. The primitive seats of Hamitic, Semitic, and Aryan rule—Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Persia—became fused into one dominion, and projected their power westward to the seas of Europe.

Hitherto, the dawning of civilization had been confined to the countries lying on the sea-board of southern Asia, and to the adjoining valley-land of the Nile. The great mountain-girdle of Asia, which extends from the shores of the Black sea to the eastern frontier of Nepal, and the lateral chain which runs northeastward from that point, forming the inland frontier of China Proper, is the line which then, as now, separated the seats of Eastern civilization from the immense region of steppes and deserts, roamed over by barbarous tribes, which constitutes the interior and bulk of the Asiatic continent. The Chinese and Hindoos still remained in perfect isolation from one another, and from the rest of the world—as the Chinese, indeed, have done almost to the present day. But the political fusion of the Hamitic, Semitic, and Aryan peoples of southwestern Asia created an empire, born of military conquest, and disposed to extend its acquaintance with the surrounding nations by a military career. It occupied the whole region between the Indus and the Aegean sea; its outposts were on the Hellespont, and it was ready to throw itself across.

Europe, indeed, had as yet nothing to tempt the cupidity of a conqueror, unless it were his mere lust for dominion. Long after a girdle of growing light had begun to fringe the Asiatic continent, from China to Egypt, Europe remained in barbaric darkness, covered with primeval forests and marshes, tenanted only by wandering tribes, who built no cities, and practiced little agriculture. But almost cotemporaneous with the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, and with the establishment of Assyrian supremacy (by the conquest of Babylon) over the whole of Mesopotamia, the first faint dawnings of European civilization arose in the hilly and by no means fertile peninsula which forms the southeastern corner of our continent, and which lies most open to the influx of settlers and ideas alike from Asia and Egypt. The Greeks had reached their

early manhood, when the ambition of Xerxes attempted to extend the dominion of Persia across the Hellespont; and the great feat which marked the maturity of their nation was the eastern expedition of Alexander, which subjected to Hellenic rule the whole area of Asia and Egypt, which had formed the empire of Cyrus and his successors. The empire of Alexander is remarkable as the commencement of that triumph of Europe over Asia—of that invasion of the east by the west—which is still going on, which is extending the dominion of Russia across the interior of Asia to the shores of the Pacific, which has enthroned the British race in India, and which has led an Anglo-French army in easy triumph to the capital of China. Alexandria became the standard of Greek conquest, the seat of Hellenic learning in Egypt; the Greek city of Selencia on the Tigris usurped the place of Babylon; and Hellenic colonists and influence introduced a new commingling of peoples and ideas throughout south-western Asia.

The brief but brilliant and influential career of Hellenic conquest had very little immediate effect upon the development of the European continent. The Greeks, leaving barbaric Europe behind them, threw themselves into Asia; and the armies and colonies sent forth into the East, by draining away the flower of the small population of Greece, were doubtless the chief cause of the premature decay of the Hellenic race in its own country—just as the conquest and colonization of America produced a similar effect in after times upon the fortunes of Spain. But the rise of the Roman power, which in turn succeeded to the supremacy, produced very different results. Rome never acquired the full inheritance of the empire of Cyrus and Alexander in the east. Persia, Bactria, Afghanistan, and the provinces on the Indus, formed no part of the Roman empire; even the Mesopotamian valley, though overrun at times by the legions, was a "land debatable," which belonged as much to the rulers of Persia as to Rome. It was in Europe and in Africa that the distinguishing triumphs of Roman arms and civilization were won. Spain, Gaul, Britain, and the valley of the Danube, were, by the arms of the legions, brought within the sphere of civilization, and owed to their conquerors their first grand impulse in the career of national

development. The whole northern coast of Africa, too, extending between Egypt and the Atlantic—a region unknown to the armies of Alexander or his predecessors in empire—was conquered, organized, and partially colonized by the lordly race of Rome; and relics of Roman dominion have even been found on the southern side of the great desert of Sahara. The Greeks influenced the countries which they conquered almost exclusively by their ascendancy in the arts. Their material power was very small. After the death of Alexander, his generals contented themselves with becoming heads of native states, which became their adopted country, which they ruled without any reference to Greek empire, and where the improvements which they introduced were no other than would have occurred if the natives had voluntarily chosen a Greek adventurer for their king. But with Rome the case was very different; all her conquests were incorporated with the parent state, and subjected to a wise code of laws, and an admirable administrative system, such as had never been established among the isolated little states of Greece. Besides these, Rome carried into every country the elements of material civilization—roads, bridges, public buildings, and the useful arts of life; and in this way her conquests, which were by far the most extensive of any ancient state, proved also the most beneficial for mankind, and awoke Europe from her primeval barbarism to engage in that career of civilization in which she has since outshone all the rest of the world.

Rome, too, had her day and fell. But she did not fall, like her predecessors in supremacy, under the attack of a more powerful or more civilized race than her own, but under the attacks of a multiplicity of nations, most of them barbarous, for the most powerful of which singly she was far more than a match, yet whose never-ending assaults at length exhausted her strength. The tribes of Goths, Vandals, and Huns, who were mainly instrumental in overthrowing the western empire of Rome, belonged to no organized community, and speedily disappeared from the scene, hardly leaving a trace of their existence. But the assailants of her eastern empire, which upheld the glory of the Latin rule for centuries after the city of Rome had become the prey of many spoilers, were of a different kind. And the

foremost of these in civilization, and also (until the rise of the Turks) in power, was the Saracenic empire founded by Mohammed—constituting a new uprising of the Semitic race, in the only quarter (Arabia) where it had preserved both its purity of blood and its national independence. The conquests of the Persians under Cyrus and his successors had been animated in no small degree by religious fervor, by a zeal to diffuse the Zoroastrian worship—to make triumphant the cause of Ormuzd over that of Ahriman, the latter of which seemed to them represented by all nations who differed from themselves in religious belief. No such spirit inspired the conquests of the tolerant paganism of Greece and Rome; but it burst forth in greater zeal—indeed, with a fury unparalleled before or since—in the Arabian race who adopted the religion of Mohammed, and who struck the first heavy blows against the eastern empire of Rome. With a sudden flood of conquest they quickly overran Syria, Mesopotamia, and Egypt; twice, but unsuccessfully, they besieged Constantinople; they occupied Sicily and part of Italy; they conquered all northern Africa and Spain, and even carried their arms into France. Persia, Bactria, and Afghanistan became subject to their dominion and religion. And although they never established a stable and organized unity of empire like that of Rome, the religion and laws of the Koran became an enduring bond of union among all the populations of western Asia and northern Africa, from the banks of the Indus to the straits of Gibraltar.

This new and brilliant outburst of Semitic power had lasted for about four centuries, when a totally different race from any which had hitherto aspired to wide dominion appeared on the scene. The Turk from the north, descending from the steppes of Upper Asia, overran Persia, Afghanistan, and Syria, and while adopting the religion, rapidly extinguished the Asiatic empire of the Arabians. The Caliphate of Spain long survived, but when it too fell the power of the Semitic race came wholly to an end, and there do not seem any elements of the race left adequate to produce another revival. The Hamitic race has disappeared, leaving only some physical traits among the feeble Copts and Fellahs of Egypt. The Semitic race, as a political power, has likewise sunk, apparently never to rise again, al-

though the influence of the Jewish branch of the race, not collectively, but in the action of individual members, is felt in almost every court in Europe. The Turk took the place of the Arab, and established a wider and far stronger empire. Assailed by the Arab in the south, and by the Turk in the east, the states of Europe, then more isolated than the Grecian republics at the time of the Persian invasion, were roused to a common effort against the foe. Rallying at the summons of the head of the church, Christendom stayed its internal wars, and sent forth its chivalry to attack Mohammedanism in the center of its power; but after a brief success the effort failed. Jerusalem was recaptured by the soldiers of the Crescent, the remnant of the Crusaders were driven out of Syria, and overpassing the limits of Asia, the Ottoman Turks captured Constantinople, overran Greece, and solidly established the center of their power in Europe.

The capture of Constantinople by the Turks (1453) terminates the middle ages of civilized history, as the capture of Babylon by Cyrus marked their beginning. If we omit the great work accomplished by Rome in civilizing western Europe, the most remarkable feature of the two thousand years embraced in this period is the grand duel carried on between Asia and Europe. The Persian empire began the conflict by the invasion of Greece; Alexander the Great retaliated by overthrowing the empire of Persia, and establishing a Greek dominion over western Asia. To the Greek succeeded the Roman, who held western Asia in his firm grasp, from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, for eight centuries, and retained some part of his Asiatic dominion for nearly four centuries longer. Hitherto the results of this long duel had been wholly in favor of Europe. But the tide turned. The Arab established his dominion in Spain, and menaced France; the Mongols conquered Russia, and made war upon Poland; the Turk possessed himself of the southeastern countries of Europe, up to the frontiers of Venice and the middle of Hungary, along with the Russian provinces lying around the Black sea—carrying his arms also into Italy, and waging war with the flower of Germany around the walls of Vienna. One half of Europe fell under the dominion of Asia; and every people but our own, the

north Germans and the Scandinavians, were brought into mortal conflict with the alien races of the victorious East. The mighty fabric of Roman empire had fallen, and with it for several centuries disappeared the power of Europe. The conquests of Charlemagne, in the latter part of the eighth century, might have laid the foundations for a new fabric of European power; but his empire only endured for his lifetime, and Europe relapsed into its fragmentary condition, out of which in due time were to emerge the kingdoms of the present day.

The modern period of history is ushered in by the struggles of the European peoples to regain their independence, and expel the Asiatic invaders. Spain, which had earliest fallen under Asiatic dominion, was also the first country to throw off the yoke; and at the end of the fifteenth century the Moors were expelled, after having held their ground in Europe for eight hundred years. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Russians, under Ivan the Terrible, freed themselves from the yoke of the Mongols; and in the beginning of the seventeenth century (partly owing to the formidable antagonism which arose between them and the Persians) the aggressive attitude of the Turks in Europe was stayed; and our ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, pronounced (1628) his memorable opinion, that "this empire may stand, but never rise again." The Austrian empire steadily increased in power, acquiring one half of its provinces from the slowly-shrinking dominion of the Turks; and with the exception of the suppression of the kingdom of Poland, and the establishment of unity in Italy, and independence in Greece, the map of Europe presented nearly the same political divisions as at the present time. The tide of conflict between Europe and Asia was again on the turn. Turkish power in Europe began slowly to wane; and although by relaxing their rule, and suppressing many of its distinctive features, the Turks still preserve a considerable portion of their European conquests, the energies of the European nations, flowing round the flanks of their empire, have in recent times subjected a large portion of Asia to their sway. The British have established themselves as the ruling race in India; the Russians are spreading through central Asia and across Siberia to the mouth of the Amoor; and England and

Russia, from opposite quarters, have annihilated the primeval seclusion of China, and will ere long effect an immense revolution in the condition of that oldest of empires. Indeed, had not the discovery and colonization of the New World drawn a large and the most enterprising portion of the European nations across the Atlantic, there is reason to believe that by this time the Europeans would have installed themselves by conquest as the ruling race in every part of the Asiatic continent.

It would be a mistake to regard the triumph of one nation over another as a proof that the victors were essentially a more powerful people than the vanquished. At the moment of conflict they must indeed have been so; but their superiority may have arisen from a decline on the part of the conquered nation from its former greatness. And in no case is success in arms an absolute test of superiority in civilization. The conquests of the Mongols over the Chinese empire in the east, over Russia in the west, and over the southern states of Asia, were the triumphs of barbarous hordes, under the leadership of great military chiefs, over nations infinitely their superiors in civilization. The qualities which confer empire upon a people are, firstly, their military power; and secondly, their capacity for administrative organization, which, by conciliating and turning to account the resources of the conquered nations, augments the power of the empire state, and gives permanence to its sovereignty. The Egyptians and Babylonians were less martial peoples than the Assyrians, although seemingly their superiors in point of material civilization; the Persians in turn were better soldiers than the Assyrians, and the Greeks were superior to their predecessors in dominion alike in arts and in arms. But the great empire of Rome fell before powers and peoples, not one of which would have been a match for her in the zenith of her strength, and which ultimately triumphed over her only because of the exhaustion, produced by the aggregate of their ceaseless attacks. Rome, in the years of her decline, had three continents to contend against; and if her eastern empire, divorced from the west—the mere head, without either the heart or body, of the old Roman empire—was able to cope with the Saracenic power when at its zenith, and so long make head against the

still more formidable Ottomans, we may doubt whether the attacks of either of these powers would not have rattled harmlessly off the armor of old Rome in the time of Trajan or Aurelian.

In the events of the long period of history, extending over more than four thousand years, which we have thus briefly sketched, all the leading races of the Old World took part. Now let us, as briefly, look at the ethnology of the subject, and see what the latest science can tell us of the origin and mutual relations of those various, and some of them almost vanished, races. Classification is indispensable to science, and is of great use also to the general reader, even though it be, as in most cases, it is, founded on an imperfect generalization. In regard to the races of mankind, the classifications or generalizations of science are very imperfect. Indeed, ethnologists themselves are so much at variance on this subject, that almost every independent inquirer is disposed to propound a classification of his own. Mr. Charles Brace, in his excellent manual of ethnology, adopting the classification to which there are the fewest objections, divides the races of the Old World into three prominent families of nations—the Turanian, the Semitic, and the Aryan—besides a fourth of comparatively little importance, the Hamitic. We doubt whether the title Aryan, now coming into vogue as a cognomen for the Indo-European family of nations, is a good one. *Arya* is not, as Mr. Brace supposes, “the most ancient name which the ancestors of this family gave themselves.” It was the title adopted by the ancestors of the sister nations of Persians and Hindoos; but we have no knowledge, and no reason for believing, that it was employed by the ancestors of the Celts, Teutons, Greeks, Romans, and other European races, who constitute by far the larger section of the family. On this account, we prefer the term Indo-European as the generic title of this great family of nations, reserving the term Aryan as the fitting cognomen of the eastern or Asiatic branch of the family, represented by the Persians and Brahmanical Hindoos. The Semitic race gives rise to little controversy. And obviously for this reason, that it was a compact family, occupying a distant geographical area, each branch of the family being in juxtaposition with the others, and exhibiting an almost perfect resem-

blance in spirit, language, and physical appearance. The two leading branches of the Semitic stock were the Aramaeans, who founded the Assyrian monarchy, and the Arabians, who established the empire of the Caliphs; and two minor branches were the Jews and Phoenicians. The Hamitic peoples appear to have been a scattered vanguard of the Semitic race, which, losing connection with the original stock, pushed on to the coasts of southwestern Asia, and, probably mingling with other populations, erected states in Babylonia and in Egypt before the lagging main body of their family (the pure Semites) had attained to a distinctive national existence. Bunsen, indeed, regards the Hamitic peoples as an offshoot from the central mass of mankind before there had been any emigration of the Semitic and Aryan races, and while as yet the distinction between Aryan and Semite had not arisen. We are disposed to regard this view as the most correct; nevertheless, as the Hamitic line of migration was the same as that subsequently taken by the Semitic race, any one who chooses to regard the Hamites as the lost vanguard of the succeeding wave of population, or, in the words of Mr. Brace, as “the earliest appearance of crystallization of the Semitic race,” will be pretty near the truth. Mr. Rawlinson, in common with other authorities, holds that the Hamitic people, who founded the Babylonian state, came from Egypt—Egypt being, in the opinion of these authorities, the sole original seat of the Hamites. We must dissent from this opinion; indeed, we regard it as discordant with the established facts in regard to the early migrations of mankind. Since the Hamite population existed in Egypt, it evidently must first have passed through Mesopotamia, Syria, and Arabia; hence, even on *à priori* considerations, we should expect to find a Hamitic population occupying some parts of those countries until driven out by the succeeding wave of Semitic population. And, so far as the twilight of history permits us to see, this is just what we do find. A few years ago, in spite of the frequent allusion in the classic writers to Ethiopians of Asia, it was not believed that a Hamitic population existed in Babylonia, or in any other part of the Asiatic continent. Mr. Rawlinson, convinced by the discoveries recently made in Babylonia, acknowledges that a Hamitic peo-

ple not only existed, but were the original founders of civilization, on the shores of the Persian Gulf. But he considers that these Hamites came from Egypt; whereas we entertain no doubt that they were as much *in situ* in Babylonia as on the banks of the Nile. What appears to have misled Mr. Rawlinson is perhaps, firstly, the old opinion against the existence of Ethiopians in Asia; and secondly, the fact that ancient Babylonia appears to have derived the greater part of its civilization from some persons who arrived there by sea. Probably enough, the strangers who thus arrived came from Egypt; but if the legend is to be followed at all, it shows that Babylonia was already peopled when these strangers arrived, and that they were not a colony, but simply a few individuals, superior in civilization to the original Babylonians, and who became their instructors in religion and the arts.

The Mongolian race likewise gives rise to few points of discussion. Although, owing to its continuous existence and civilization, far more numerous than the Semites either were or are, the Mongolian race occupies a tolerably distinct geographical area, and its various branches present an almost perfect racial resemblance to one another. Almost the whole of this numerous race is comprised in the immense population of China and Japan, the remainder of the race being nomadic tribes occupying the eastern half of interior Asia. But Mr. Brace and some other authorities, doubtless for the sake of making as few divisions as possible, coupled with the pure Mongolian race certain other nations or peoples, classing them all under the term Turanian. Foremost among

these peoples thus classed with the Mongolians are the Turks, and if the Turanian family were held to stop here, there would be little to object to it. The Turks who have established a settled empire in the west, and the Chinese who have done the same in the remote east, might be regarded as the opposite poles of the Turanian race, while the barbarous tribes who lie between would represent the undeveloped and commingling portions of the same stock. But under the generic title of Turanian are classed many other tribes and peoples which can not be coupled with the Turks and Mongolians without destroying all character of unity in the so-called race. For example, not only is the pre-Aryan population of India classed as along with the Chinese Turanian, but also the population of the peninsula of Siam and of the islands of the Pacific, as well as the Huns, Magyars, and other Asiatic peoples who forced their way into Europe. The term Turanian, in fact, can be adopted simply as a means of grouping under one head all the peoples of the Old World who do not belong to the Aryan, Semitic, or Hamitic families. In this respect it is useful; although it is a great defect that so numerous and important a race as the Mongolian (which constitutes nearly one half of the population of the Old World) should thus be deprived of a separate classification, and be registered as part of a family which derives its name from its insignificance—Turanians meaning “outsiders,” “people of another country,” and corresponding with the epithet, “barbarians,” as used by the Greeks and Romans.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—The first newspaper in North America was printed in Boston in 1690. Only one copy of that paper is known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and is about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter-paper. It was stopped by the government. The Boston *News Letter* was the first regular paper; it was issued in 1704, and was printed by John Allen, in Pudding Lane. The contents of some of the early numbers are very peculiar. It has a speech of Queen Anne to Parliament, delivered one hundred and twenty days previously, and this was the latest news from England.

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THE total cost of the New-York Central Park up to date, according to the Seventh Annual Report, amounts to \$8,731,217. The annual interest, amounting to \$519,588, is balanced by the increased taxes derived from the improved valuation of real estate in the vicinity.

THE quantity of tea exported from Japan in 1862-3 was 5,796,388 lbs. The house of Low, in this city, has an establishment in that country where it is grown, manufactured, and packed by Chinese, imported and employed by them for that purpose.

From Bently's Miscellany.

THE PRISON OF LA ROQUETTE.

THE recent trial of Greco and his accomplices for the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon, and the curious details connected with it in the House of Commons, have induced me to commit to paper some account of a visit I paid two or three years ago to the Newgate of Paris, when engaged in some investigation into the working of the continental system of punishing criminals.

When you stand in the Bastille square, near the column of July, you can see a narrow street of poor appearance branching off to the northeast from the broad, macadamized road that runs through the Faubourg St. Antoine to the Barrière du Trône. It is the Rue de la Roquette. The whole character of this street differs greatly from that of the other streets which intersect this faubourg, which has been so celebrated in every Parisian revolution. It is more solitary and quiet: the shops, cafés, and ateliers disappear before you reach the point where the street crosses the new Boulevard Prince Eugène, and then its appearance grows more poverty-stricken and dirty with every step. The asphalt trottoirs leave off, the pavement becomes irregular, and the tall Parisian houses are dwarfed down to small one-storied buildings. A little way farther on, and the great, brilliant, noisy Paris has disappeared. You find yourself all at once at the farthest extremity of the faubourg. The change is the more sudden because the Rue Roquette is hardly more than a mile in length. On the other side of the Boulevard Prince Eugène the character of the street becomes perfectly melancholy. Grave-stones, crosses, pictures representing death and the grave, cypress shrubs, wreaths of ivy and immortelles, form the sole display on the ground-floor of the poor houses: the foreigner who walks along the street for the first time can no longer be in doubt—the Rue de la Roquette must lead to a cemetery. And such is the case: it runs in a straight

line to Père la Chaise, the celebrated Parisian cemetery.

But it also runs past another place of burial, which probably very few of the many thousands who walk along the street to Père la Chaise know or notice. Shortly before the street crosses the external boulevard, two colossal buildings of gloomy, uncomfortable aspect rise on either side of it. They look half prisons, half fortresses, and lofty walls run all round them. At the corners and over the entrance gates the lofty walls are crowned with turrets, and above the interior we see the gable ends of colossal buildings which on the left side of the street are in the shape of a star. What is the purpose of these two dark buildings? The one on the left is the prison for youthful criminals from the age of six to twenty years. It is the only Parisian prison which has a thoroughly inhuman character; for in its courts and cells the silent system is carried out with the most extreme severity. The building on the right is only terrible through the persons who are confined in it and the fate that awaits them: inside it prevails the humane mode of treatment which I found in all French prisons, and which never exceeds the purpose of the imprisonment. It is the prison of the convicts and those condemned to death, the place of deposit for the scum of the population of Paris, who will be removed to the Bagne or Cayenne—or until they mount they guillotine. From this prison there are only two modes of release, the most terrible in human life—the galleys, and death by the executioner's hand. The prison is called after the street that runs past its grated iron gate. It is known as the Prison de la Roquette, and is of but recent origin, as it was built in 1851.

Twenty yards from the entrance gate, still on the left-hand side of the street, the pedestrian notices five larger stones of a bright color in the pavement. They form a large square, with the fifth stone in the

center, at the point where the diagonals of the square intersect each other. These five insignificant stones mark the most awful spot in Paris: they are the embodiment of fearful reminiscences dating back to the last century. These reminiscences drip with blood, pain, and tears. In a word, we are standing here on the spot where the guillotine is erected at every execution in Paris. After this terrible instrument had visited in the last century the Place de la Grève, the Place de St. Antoine, the Place de la Révolution, now called La Concorde, and wandered during the first half of our century round the barriers of Paris, it finally found a permanent station here ten years ago. But it rises from the earth only during the darkness of night, and disappears again after earliest dawn. The guillotine performs its terrible task ere the sun rises above the clumps of trees in the Bois de Boulogne. The awful instrument seems ashamed of its existence in our century, which has justly been christened that of civilization, of humanity. Or are those ashamed who pronounce sentence of death on their brothers in this age of enlightenment? This is the present place of execution for Paris and the department of the Seine. The condemned man either spends his last night on earth in the condemned cells in the rear of the prison, to which I shall presently conduct the reader, or is brought from the prison in which he has been confined a few minutes before his execution, into the front yard of La Roquette, and delivered to the executioner.

I rang the bell at the grated iron gate, which opens into the Rue de la Roquette. The gate, and the small yard into which I could look, seemed so stern, while, outside, the earth was glad with flowers and sunshine. The gloomy gate opened. Turcos in Arab dress and bright-hued turbans received me, and led me to the greffier. I showed him my order, addressed by the police prefect to all the prison directors in the department of the Seine, to show me every thing, and give me every detail about their functions that their duty permitted. The prefect's order also opened to me the La Roquette prison, to which it is very difficult to gain admission. The greffier rang a bell, and a prison official appeared. I requested for my guide one of the brigadiers who had watched Felice Orsini, the fanatical enemy of Napoleon, on the last night before he laid his head on the block.

The greffier granted my wish, and the brigadier came.

"Did you watch Orsini on the night before his death?" I asked him

"Yes, sir," the brigadier replied. "I was on guard several nights over Orsini and Pierré, and Radio-as well. As you will be aware, sir, they passed one-and-twenty days at La Roquette."

We went on. The first small yard was inclosed by a large, many-storied building, containing apartments for the officials, the guard-room, and—the room of the executioner, who here receives the victim of the guillotine, which on this day the African soldiers, in their picturesque uniform, occupied. A second grated gate led into the main building of the prison, in which are the sleeping-wards and workshops of the galley-slaves and convicts cast for transportation. The four sides of the three-storied building run round a large inner yard, a fountain of constantly flowing water occupying its center. This large square is used as an exercising-yard by the convicts, and the most dangerous criminals are allowed two hours for recreation in this prison.

De la Roquette contains, on the average, from eight to nine hundred prisoners, who are awaiting their removal to the galleys or abroad, and they follow each other in divisions when taking exercise. At the time when I visited the yard, many of the prisoners were in it, walking and talking together just as they pleased. The La Roquette prison was blessedly ignorant of the "goose step," which renders the sole hour of recreation of the day wearisome and fatiguing, and which is found in most English prisons.

"How do you punish prisoners who are insubordinate?" I asked my companion, as we walked among the groups of gossiping convicts.

"By stopping their hours of liberty, warm food, and, if necessary, removal of their bed, and locking up in a dark cell," he replied.

"No lashes?" I added.

The man stopped, and looked at me in amazement.

"Lashes?" he said—"lashes? I suppose you mean with a whip?"

"Yes, of course."

The brigadier was silent for a moment, but then continued:

"Sir," he exclaimed, "in France no man is flogged, not even a galley-slave.

Are men flogged in your country? You must come from Russia, where the knout is used?"

"No, I am not a Russian, but an Englishman."

The brigadier looked at me in greater surprise. It seemed to him inexplicable that there could be another country beside Russia in Europe where men were flogged.

"Tell me," he repeated, "is it true that people are flogged in your country?"

"Oh yes," I answered—I trust with a blush—"our soldiers, sailors, and—garroters."

My worthy brigadier could not swallow this statement. Shaking his head, he muttered an "impossible" between his teeth, while we continued our walk.

We next entered the workshops of the convicts, which are on the different floors of the building. They were lofty, clean, and airy, but contained nothing remarkable beyond the convicts, who were occupied according to their ability or the trade they had previously carried on. Here bootmakers, tailors, leather-dressers, slipper-makers, blacksmiths, locksmiths, and carpenters work in separate shops up to the day when they are carried across the sea. But in these gray woolen jackets and trowsers were the most dangerous ruffians in France. Every man of them had been convicted of robbery repeatedly, and many had been tried for murder, forgery, and highway robbery. While we were walking through the different workshops, my companion told me, while calling my attention to several hang dog faces, the most frightful tales, in which robbery and poisoning, rape and murder, played a prominent part. I noticed young convicts, who had scarce passed their twentieth year, with soft, gentle features, and yet they had already polluted their hands with the most atrocious crimes, and old, gray-haired men, on whose faces the galleys had made deep furrows; I saw eyes full of villainy and awful malice, and foreheads on which ruffianism had set its stamp. But why describe this long portrait gallery of crime and wickedness? I felt uncomfortable when I grazed their clothes in passing, and even now, when I am writing, a shudder of disgust and repugnance runs over me. But even these men are treated in the most humane way, even though they have only retained the form of men.

They only worked from eight A.M. to eight P.M., and these twelve hours included two of rest. They had very excellent food, and meat twice a week—Thursday and Sunday. These hours of rest, and those after eight o'clock, belonged to themselves, and they could employ the time as they pleased, in working, walking, or reading.

For this latter purpose La Roquette contained a rather extensive library, from which each convict was allowed to borrow one volume a week. I had a look at the library, in which a convict acted as librarian. The books I took down were of a literary, historical, or scientific nature: I noticed several books of travel and natural history, while those on religious subjects were rarer. At night the convicts are allowed to read in their sleeping cells till ten o'clock. Each had a separate cell, with a prospect of the lofty wall which, as I have stated, forms an immense quadrangle round the prison. On walking with my brigadier along the galleries, and looking into some of the cells, I noticed that the iron bars were not close to the windows, but about half a foot away from them. On thrusting out my head, I found that it was possible to carry on a conversation with the prisoner in the next cell, if he put out his head too. I remarked on this to my companion, and he replied:

"That is quite correct: and it takes place here every night from half past nine till ten o'clock. This half hour before going to sleep is allowed the unhappy men for recreation. When the prison clock strikes ten, the sentries posted at the wall down there, as you can see, call out to put all lights out. Then the conversation is at an end."

This was certainly a contrast to some of the prisons which I inspected in Germany, where the sentries in the yards had orders to fire at the head of any prisoner thrust out of a window.

The central building in the large yard has a second passage leading to a smaller court. In the center of it is a fountain, surrounded by a grass-plot and trees. This yard is inclosed by buildings two stories high. It is very still and quiet here, and the contrast is the more remarkable if you have just come from the noise and confusion of the large yard, with its surrounding workshops. I too felt this contrast when I entered

with my companion: I heard nothing but the plashing of the fountain falling into a large stone basin.

"For what is this yard used?" I asked the brigadier.

"It is the yard of the prisoners condemned to death."

I shuddered for a moment.

"The yard of those condemned to death," I repeated mechanically. "Here Orsini and Pierri saw for the last time the blue sky and green earth."

Though I had a horror of the fanatical deed of the two Italians, I could not overcome a feeling of melancholy when I thought of the last moments of these men, on whom the blue sky of the loveliest land in the world smiled at their birth.

"You were asking about Orsini and Pierri," my companion said; "this is the yard in which they spent a portion of the day."

I silently went along the walks of the little garden. The mid-day sun peeped in so gloriously from the azure sky, and the grass plot was so exquisitely fresh. All around was silence; the water alone plashed in millions of silvery drops upon the stone.

"I will now show you the prisons of those condemned to death," said the brigadier.

He opened a heavy, iron-bound door, which opened from the building into the courtyard. We passed through it into a passage, which ran round three sides of the yard inside. On to this passage opened a number of rooms, employed as a surgery, a dissecting-room, a death-chamber, a consulting-room for the physicians and other administrative purposes. The brigadier opened two adjoining rooms, and I went in. I was in the prison of Orsini and Pierri during their twenty-one days' arrest in the Prison de la Roquette.

The rooms were not uncomfortable; they were spacious and lofty, and Orsini's had nearly a quadrangular shape. Pierri's room was longer by the breadth of the passages. The walls were washed with yellow ocher; the window, strongly guarded outside with iron bars, was rather large, and in the upper half of the wall. In the corner of each room stood an iron bedstead, while in the center there was a small china stove. There was no furniture in the rooms but a few cane chairs. The floor was boarded, and hence the

rooms had nothing about them to reveal their awful destination.

"The rooms on this passage and on the second floor are occupied by the condemned men till they are led out to execution in front of the prison," the brigadier remarked. "At the present moment there is no one in La Roquette awaiting the guillotine. The rooms are not furnished till they are going to be occupied. Pierri was in the room on the left, Orsini in that on the right. You see that only a wall divides the two rooms. Rudio was on the upper floor."

"Were you often on night-watch with Orsini and Pierri, brigadier?" I asked.

"Several times. I sat with Orsini on the night before his death."

"Are all the condemned men watched on the nights before their death?"

"All: you see the two chairs facing the bed. On one sits a turnkey, on the other a soldier, with their eyes fixed on the bed of the condemned man."

"Were Orsini and Pierri cheerful and quiet during the time they were confined here?"

"Up to the last moment they were cheerful and even merry. When they spoke of the attempt, they only regretted that it had failed. Pierri sang at times in his room the *Marseillaise*, or the song of the Girondists. Then he would sit for hours looking through the window at the sky, or talk with his sentry, or knock at the wall and shout to Orsini, who answered in the same way. They spent several hours every day in the garden, but of course separately. They did not see each other again till the morning of their execution, in this passage when they came out of their rooms. 'Eh bien,' Orsini exclaimed, 'where is Rudio?' Pierri laughed. 'I thought that we should have to take the walk alone,' he answered."

"And Orsini's last hours, brigadier? Did he sleep calmly?"

"Quite calmly for six hours. I did not notice that he woke once. At four o'clock he rose, breakfasted, and was quite cheerful. He again alluded to the attempt, and again regretted that it had not succeeded. Then the priest came. Orsini's demeanor remained the same—firm, calm, and cheerful. At this very spot he saw Pierri again, as I just told you, and they saluted each other in the heartiest way. If you have no objection we will go on. I will show you the route by which they

went to death. Or would you like first to see Rudio's room? You know that he was pardoned by his wife's intercession, was transported to Cayenne, and escaped from there?"

"I know. I feel no interest in Rudio's room. Let us go, brigadier."

The official locked the doors of the two rooms again, and at the end of the passage we went up a small flight of wooden stairs. We found ourselves in the upper story, which was joined by the long passage, on both sides of which are the sleeping cells of the convicts, and which leads again to the front yard of the prison.

"They both came along here," my companion said, as we walked along the passage, "Pierré in front, Orsini three paces behind him, with the priest by his side. The whole way Pierré sang, in a loud, echoing voice, the song of the Girondists. Orsini did not sing; he only repeated at times the words 'Du calme.' Both looked haughty, and, I might say, cheerful."

I could read quite plainly on my companion's face the feeling which the recollection even now aroused in him. He was silent for a moment.

"Continue, brigadier," I said—"continue."

"Well, both were handed over to the executioner in the small yard outside. He always waits in the front yard, and only enters the court of the condemned

men when the prisoner refuses to walk or offers resistance."

"Did Orsini write the well-known letter to Napoleon?" I asked, as we walked on.

"That I can not tell you," my companion said; "the director of the prison often remained a long time with the prisoners."

In the meanwhile we had reached the front yard of La Roquette.

"It was a gray winter's morning," the brigadier told me, ere I dismissed him, "not yet six o'clock. Outside, the whole faubourg had turned out, and, far as we could see, was head upon head. A loud weeping and sobbing was heard among the crowd when Orsini and Pierré ascended the scaffold. Pierré was still singing the chorus of the song of the Girondists: 'Mourir pour la patrie, mourir pour la patrie.' When we went up the steps Orsini shouted: 'Vive la France, vive l'Italie!' as he surveyed the crowd from the scaffold, ere he laid his head on the plank."

Once more I stood alone in front of the terrible gate of La Roquette, at the spot where the scaffold was erected, and as I walked up the street toward the Place de la Bastille, I caught myself involuntarily humming half aloud the *Marseillaise*. Luckily there was no cocked-hatted policeman at hand to overhear me.

THE WONDERS OF A WATCH.—There are very few of the many who carry watches who ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels in an American watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example: The main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1460 in a year; the second or center wheel, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8760 in a year; the

third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 69,080 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand), 1440 in 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth, or 'scape wheel, 12,960 in 24 hours, or 4,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800, or 141,812,000 in a year.—*Lancaster Express*.

TROUT IN THE THAMES.—There is a prospect of abundance of sport in the river Thames for trout fishing this season. Already they have been taken at Richmond while angling for roach and dace, and they have been seen feeding in various parts of the river. Upward of 40,000 young trout, hatched by the Thames Angling Preservation Society's apparatus, were turned into the water last year. Although trout-fishing commences by law after the 27th of January, the fish are seldom in condition in the Thames much earlier than the 1st of April, at which time the anglers generally commence operations.—*Times*, Feb. 24.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE LAST DAYS OF DR. JOHNSON.

ONE morning, in the month of January, 1785, when Cowper lay awake, "waiting till he could reasonably hope the parlor would be ready," (that parlor at Olney which *The Task* has immortalized,) he composed the following epitaph on Dr. Johnson, who, not many days before, had been buried in Westminster Abbey :

"Here Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed,
Whom to have bred may well make England
proud;
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom
taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;
Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine,
and strong—
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from Heaven pos-
sessed,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
O man, immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth, by glory in the skies!"

These lines contain a forcible description of the powers and the style of Johnson as a moralist and a poet. But what, it may be asked, does Cowper mean when he says that he had "faith at last, alone worth all the rest?" Was he not for years a professed believer in Christianity, in an age abounding with daring and unblushing skepticism? Undoubtedly he had religious feelings from the time when, at Oxford, he took up Law's *Serious Call*, expecting to find it a dull book, and one to be laughed at; but, on the contrary, found Law an overmatch for him. Nor did he conceal his convictions. He attended, with much regularity, the church of St. Clement Danes, where an interesting tablet marks the seat in which, Sabbath after Sabbath, he might be seen; he was indignant when, for political reasons, there was some hesitation about giving the Highlanders of Scotland the Scriptures in Gaelic; he would allow no profane swearing in his presence, and obscenity and impiety stood abashed before him. He gave admirable hints to a young clergyman in regard to the management of his parish, observing that "all means must be tried

by which souls may be saved;" and he declared, in one of his periodical papers, that, compared with the conversion of sinners, propriety and elegance in preaching are less than nothing.

Yet, with all this honest earnestness, his religion gave him no real peace. His views of Christianity were inaccurate and imperfect, and deeply tinctured with the legal spirit so natural to man. "I can not be *sure*," said he, "that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted; I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be condemned." He never could be sure that he had *done* enough. Even in his account of that memorable scene, in itself so touching, his penance in the Uttoxeter market-place, the spirit of legality appears. Telling the circumstance, he states that he had been disobedient to his father, and that pride was the cause. "A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's book-stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." The idea of expiation by penance extended also to more serious offenses. He was perplexed with scruples, and burdened and impeded by self-imposed austerities.

He was preëminently one of those who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage. In February, 1784, the last year of his life, he told Sir John Hawkins, with a look that cut him to the heart, that he had the prospect of death before him, and that he dreaded to meet the Saviour. And in June of the same year, at the house of Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, the college of his youth, he surprised his friends by declaring, with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. But, though late, relief was granted him. At evening-time it was light. That a great change came upon him during the concluding part of his last illness, we have evidence which it is impossible to question.

Among those who had access to his mind was the Moravian bishop, Mr. Latrobe. The views of religion which Mr. Latrobe held were very different from those to which we have referred, and he took frequent opportunities of placing them before the great moralist. So highly did Dr. Johnson regard him, that he requested his presence during his last illness. Mr. Latrobe could only reach him in time to pray by his bedside, but Dr. Johnson showed that he was sensible of his presence and grateful for it. Within a few days of his death, having been informed by Dr. Brocklesby that without a miracle he could not recover, "Then," said he, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded."

Boswell thus writes in his Life: "Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged me with the following account: 'For some time before his death, all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ. Since I saw you I have had a long conversation with Cawston (Mr. Windham's servant), who sat up with Dr. Johnson from nine o'clock on Sunday evening till ten o'clock on Monday morning; and from what I can gather from him, it should seem that Dr. Johnson was perfectly composed, steady in hope, and resigned to death. At the interval of each hour they assisted him to sit up in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain, when he regularly addressed himself to fervent prayer; and, though sometimes his voice failed him, his sense never did during that time. Cawston says that no man could appear more collected, more devout, or less terrified at the thoughts of the approaching minute.'"

These accounts are confirmed by Dr. Burney, who speaks of the touching prayer which Dr. Johnson poured forth for his friends and himself, and by the testimony of others who saw him.

On the 5th of December, when about to commemorate, for the last time, the Saviour's death, he composed the prayer referred to, which concludes in the following simple and earnest words:

"Make this commemoration of him available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus effectual to my re-

demption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offenses. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me by the grace of thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ."

It appears that a clergyman, Mr. Winstanley, was the main instrument in bringing his mind to a quiet trust. In answer to the anxious question, written to him by the dying moralist: "What shall I do to be saved?" Mr. Winstanley wrote: "I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'" That passage had been often read by him, and had made but a slight impression; but now, pressed home by the gracious Spirit, it went straight to his heart. He interrupted the friend who was reading the letter: "Does he say so? Read it again." And he then earnestly begged that the writer might be sent for, that he might hear from him a confirmation of the truth. The state of Mr. Winstanley's health made an interview impossible; but he wrote, enforcing the truth. We have no doubt that this was well for Dr. Johnson's mind. He whose life had been passed among men, who had derived his chief pleasure from their society, and leaned upon their friendship, was taught that he must look for comfort in religion from a different source, and that, as Christ only was the Mediator, the Holy Spirit alone could be the comforter. That he had comfort, we have already shown; but on what it was founded is proved by the memorable conversation which Dr. Johnson held with his physician, Dr. Brocklesby. A little before he died, he turned to him with great earnestness: "Doctor," he said, "you are a worthy man, and my friend; but I am afraid you are not a Christian. What can I do better for you than offer up in your presence a prayer to the great God that you may become a Christian in my sense of the word?" Instantly he put up a fervent prayer for him. When he had finished, he caught hold of his hand with great earnestness, and cried: "Doctor, you do not say 'amen.'" The doctor looked foolish, but, after a pause, cried "amen." Johnson said: "My dear doctor, believe a dying man; there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God."

None of Johnson's biographers inform us who this Mr. Winstanley was. We are enabled to supply this defect, and to inform our readers that the Rev. Thomas Winstanley, of Trinity College, Cambridge, A.M., was appointed rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, in January, 1771, succeeding the celebrated Dr. Jortin, author of the *Life of Erasmus*, and other learned works; Mr. Winstanley died in February, 1789.

Of him we are able to say a little more, and even to give a specimen of his preaching. When Crabbe, the poet, came to London, in the year 1780, a literary adventurer with a few poems to begin with, neither patron nor bookseller would look at his wares. His few pounds soon wore down to shillings, and these were rapidly becoming pence, and the fate of Chatterton seemed impending over him. It is pleasant to know that he practiced no mean shifts, did not betake himself to the bottle to drown care, but lived an uncomplaining, though bitter life, in his humble lodgings with a hair-dresser, in Bishopsgate-street. He spent his Sabbaths in a becoming manner, and occasionally attended the ministry of Mr. Winstanley. On the 21st of May, he wrote thus to his friend in Suffolk:

"I give you, my dear Miss Elmy, a short abstract of a sermon preached this morning by my favorite clergyman at St. Dunstan's. There is nothing particular in it, but, had you heard the good man, reverend in appearance, and with a hollow, slow, voice, deliver it—a man who seems as if already half way to heaven—you would have joined with me in wondering people call it dull and disagreeable to hear such discourses, and run from them to societies where deists foolishly blaspheme, or to pantomimes and farces, where men seek to deform the creatures God has stamped his image upon.

"(TEXT.—'For many are called, but few chosen.' Matthew 22: 14.) 'Brethren, what reasons may be assigned for these things? For the universality of the call; for the limitation of the choice? The reason why all are called is this, that God is no respecter of persons. Shall any, in the last day proclaim that the Judge of the whole earth did not right? shall any plead a want of this call as a reason why he came not? shall any be eternally miserable, because he was refused the means of being happy? No,

not one. All require this mercy; all have this mercy granted them. From the first man to the last, all are sinners; from the first man to the last, all are invited to be clean; for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

"The reason why many are called is, because the mercy of God is not confined, is unspeakable. The reason why so few are chosen is, because man's depravity is so great, so extensive. The call is God's; the choice is ours. That we may be happy is his, of his goodness; that we will not, is our own folly. He wills not that a sinner should die in his sins, but, sinners as we are, we had rather die than part with them. The reason why few are chosen doth not depend upon Him who calls, but upon those who are called. Complain not that you want an invitation to heaven; but complain that you want the inclination to obey it. Say not that you can not go; but that you will not part with the objects which prevent your going.

"Again: to what are we called? and who are those who obey the call? The last question is to us the most important. Those who obey the call are such as pay respect to it. Those who accept the invitation are such as go like guests. Those who think themselves honored in the summons, will have on their wedding garment; they will put off the filthy robes of their own righteousness; and much more, they will put aside the garments spotted with iniquity. They consider themselves as called to faith, to thanksgiving, to justification, to sanctification, and they will therefore go in the disposition and temper of men desirous of these immortal benefits. They know that he who had them not, and who, though but one, typifies all the rejected, all the not chosen—they know he was bound hand and foot, and thrust out for that reason; yet, mark you, my fellow-sinners! this man went to the wedding, he enrolled himself among the guests, he was of the profession, a nominal Christian. How many are there now who are such, deaf to the true end of their calling, who love mercy, but not to use the means of attaining its blessing; who admire the robe of righteousness, but would wear it over the polluted weeds of depravity and hardness of heart?

"But to what are we called? To everlasting happiness! Consider, I im-

plore you, whether it is worth the trouble of looking after. Do by it as by your worldly bargains, which do not offer more. Examine the truths it is founded upon; they will bear examination. Try its merits; they will stand the trial. You would grieve to see thousands of saints in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves shut out; and yet, shut out you will be, into everlasting darkness, unless you rightly obey the call which you have heard. It is not enough to be called; for that all are. It is not enough to obey the call; for he did so in part who was rejected from the weding; but to join the practice of religion to the profession of it is truly to accept the invitation, and will, through our Lord Jesus Christ, entitle you to the mercy to which we are called, even the pleasures which are at the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

"The foregoing," says Mr. Crabbe, "as near as I remember, was the substance of

the good doctor's discourse. I have doubtless not done him justice in the expressions; those it was impossible for me to retain; but I have preserved in a great measure, the manner, pathos, and argument. Nor was the sermon much longer, though it took a long time to preach; for here we do not find a discourse run off as if they were the best teachers who say most upon a subject; here they dwell upon a sentence, and often repeat it, till it shall hardly fail of making an impression."

The report of Mr. Winstanley's sermon is obviously imperfect, and in some degree defective; for the poet's views of evangelical doctrine were at that time far from clear; but he bears an honorable testimony to the worth of this faithful minister, who was, at least, one of those who were honored to set before the great moralist the peace-bringing and consoling truths of the gospel.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

At the close of his sixty-third year, the Spirit of the Age has received the rite of baptism at the hands of a certain distinguished philosopher, whose connection with other "spirits," more or less apocryphal, renders the function peculiarly appropriate. We have all heard much concerning this "Decemnovarianism" for a long time before he received his formidable cognomen. For good and evil he has been a by-word. While by one party a mere reference to his numerals *Anno Domini* was supposed sufficient to convict all ignorance and superstition of utter anachronism and imposture; by another party a keen sarcasm was understood to be conveyed against the world at large by the hint that it has the bad taste to exist in a century so low in the chronologic scale, instead of in the artistic *cinquecento*, or those yet nobler "Ages of Faith," profanely termed the "Dark." Perhaps it may not be unprofitable to af-

ford brief study to the question, What is this Spirit of the Nineteenth Century? How does it differ from that of other times? and is it on the whole worthy of either the laudation or disparagement with which it is commonly treated?

On the face of the matter appears a fact, which yet is often curiously overlooked both by eulogists and depreciators. The Spirit of the Age is not singular but dual. We have had two generations since the century began. There is Nineteenth Century *Père* and Nineteenth Century *Fils*; and they are as different from one another in principles, opinions, manners, and costume, as fathers and sons usually contrive to be. Praise or blame addressed vaguely to both, must usually be unjust to one or the other. Let us try to draw the portraits of these two characters, so as to mark such differences as clearly as we may.

Men and women who enjoyed their youthful prime in the first quarter of this century, must have been as little imbued with what we commonly think the spirit of *our* age, as any generation in history. With the few exceptions of salient men like Shelley, who held ultra free opinions, and were socially outlawed for holding them, the time was to the last degree conservative. The retreating wane of the great French Revolution carried men's minds back further than they had gone for long years toward Absolutism in politics and Traditionalism in religion. The connection between liberty and the guillotine, free-thinking and a Reign of Terror, presided over by a Goddess of Reason, was fresh in all men's minds. The equally intimate relation previously existing between despotism and the Bastille, orthodoxy and *Autos-da-fé*, was sufficiently distant to be forgotten. The whig and liberal of those days was more conservative than the tory of our own; and the tory was a being of whom no living specimen remains, any more than of the *Elephas Primigenius*. His footsteps may be tracked in a few old sand-colored books, and his teeth lie embedded in the lower strata of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*. Nearly all which constitutes the most living life of our time was then unknown. Scientific theories and discoveries, and philanthropic schemes occupied no space compared to the theater and the card-table. Social science, proper, was then unborn. The principle of association, with all its machinery (so familiar to us) of committees, patrons, secretaries, subscribers, meetings, and reports, was as little known as the omnibuses which each society resembles in purpose and noise, and which are as common as such societies now. There existed then the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and the "Society for the Discountenancing of Vice and the Promotion of the Christian Religion and Virtue." Who does not feel the verbosity of these titles? proof enough that they belonged to the age when there was ample space in the world for their swelling skirts to expand, and time enough on men's hands to repeat six words where two would suffice. It is needless to point out the familiar changes wrought by telegraphs, steam, chloroform, the penny post, and photography, which if we could deduct from our

present modes of existence, they would collapse like Nadar's balloon. These outward differences typified the inward between our fathers' lives and ours. They were emphatically *slow* lives, in the cant sense, and in all senses. People had leisure in those days. That constant sense of being driven — not precisely like "dumb" cattle, but cattle who must read, write, and talk more in twenty-four hours than twenty-four hours will permit — can never have been known to them, nor the curious sort of an ache, somewhere between head, chest, and stomach, which comes of such driving. People read Richardson still in country parts, and Scott was the nearest approach to "sensation" known. They dined at four o'clock so as to secure the loss of the best part of every day, even if they were not too muddled afterward to attend to any thing. Cards were played by grave ecclesiastics, and ladies of eminent virtues and "parts," at ten in the forenoon, if the day chanced to be rainy, and from six till midnight, whether it rained or shone. Drives were taken with four or even six horses, not for the purpose of going the faster, but rather for that of slow dignity. They danced minuets still in 1810: in fact life was a minuet, only now and then breaking out into some *gavotte* of masquerade or rout, or wild gambling wherein human nature avenged itself. Was all this dull to them as it seems to us? Was it really dull at all? Were those old tories and card-players so far behind us intellectually and morally? Some doubts may be entertained on the subject.

In the first place, life among all classes in the last generation seems to have been much less a struggle than it is with us. Perhaps in the highest sense it lacked something of aspiration, something of the longing which pervades all nobler hearts now, to do some one thing, however small, toward hastening God's kingdom in the world, and striking one blow, however weak, in the battle for the right and the true. But on the other hand, it was freer far from low social ambitions and petty vanities. As the classes were more marked, and there was very little possibility of rising from one into the other, so there was only rarely an effort to do so, and all the ugly and pitiful toils and disappointments, and equally pitiful successes of what we denominate *l'art de*

parvenir, were saved to society. The genus Snob was either then less numerous, or, like the serpent before the Fall, had not taken to eating dirt; and being conscious of his own meanness, adding the pretence of *not* caring for rank to the folly of caring for it intensely. Just as now-a-days every Englishman honors his queen, and is not ashamed to confess it; so in those times nearly every man honored those who, in the quaint old phrase of his catechism, were his "better," and made no concealment of the matter. If there were less struggles to rise into higher grades of society, and less attempts to keep up the fictitious appearances, which always accompany such struggles, it is clear that the greatest taint and misery of modern life must have been absent. Only to imagine what it would be to banish all that comes of these base efforts out of the present world is to see another order of things. Real poverty, short of absolute want, has no pain to be compared with the gnawings of these pitiful ambitions and the sacrifices which are made for them, which no sense of duty or honor alleviates or compenses.

The principle which most largely actuated men in the last generation in these matters, seems to have been precisely the reverse of *l'art de parvenir*. It was the art of standing still. *Noblesse oblige* meant that a man's actions, habits, modes of life, should be consistent with his birth; that is, with a certain *fact*. The modern principle is, that they should be consistent with the station which he would like to be *supposed to hold*; that is, with something *untrue*. Even if the old notion had in it some absurdity, if it compelled its adherents to such imprudences as that of the Duke of Ormond giving away his last £40 in the world in veils to the household of the friend he had visited—it had in it something genuinely respectable. The new notion has no one element of good sentiment to redeem it from utter contemptibility. A man undergoing many privations for the old principles, could respect himself and be happy and at peace, since no discovery could involve him in disgrace. A man toiling and scheming on the new principle must needs despise himself and live in constant fear of every chance disclosure which may throw down his hardly-erected edifice of respectability like a house of cards.

The gentleman and lady of the last generation not only led lives essentially different from ours—they stood themselves in widely different moral and mental positions. The ethics of 1800–1820, and of 1840–1860, are opposed in their very sources, so are the theologies, so are the politics, so are the esthetics. Very briefly can we point out these contrasts.

The morals of the last generation were all imbued with the spirit of Paley, if not absolutely founded on his miserable *Moral Philosophy*. Locke's metaphysics were still dominant in England, though Kant had revolutionized Germany. It was generally accepted that we knew right and wrong only because an outward Revelation had commanded the one and forbidden the other; or else (as Bentham taught the more advanced minds) that a "lot of pleasures" could only be judged to be good or evil by their results on the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." There was "no higher law" heard of, nor was there any *theoretic* admission of a purely unselfish motive. It was considered quite a liberal and enlightened thing to say, "It is not the fear of hell, but the hope of heaven, which ought to guide us." Virtue was, in Paley's phrase, "doing good for the sake of eternal reward in heaven." Of course, human hearts were not really cramped to such pitiful systems. The same clergyman whom the writer has heard teaching a class of scholars that it was wrong to commit murder, because the Sixth Commandment forbids homicide, and scoffing at the suggestion that conscience gave the law of the case; that clergyman acted probably with as direct and simple adherence to his own conscience on all moral questions, as any of those who "count reason ripe by resting on the law within." The same noble old soldier who said he acted always from hope of heaven, probably never once in his whole life thought whether he was increasing his chances of going thither by being just, generous, and brave. False theories assimilate with difficulty in healthy human organizations, and, as the teetotallers say of alcohol, only run about the blood-vessels, and disorder the brains now and then, without ever becoming a part of the individual's own flesh and blood. Still these bad ethics were bad things, and tended to lower the tone of sentiment. Selfish principles did not shock the ear as they do now, for

they were heard every Sunday, attached to all holiest sentiments and duties. God himself was said to have made man "for his own glory;" and man was to love him (as Waterland said) because he is "more able to make us happy than all beside."^{*} Small marvel was it, then, that those who could use such a word as "love" in such a sense, misapplied it equally in human relationships. Marriage was a thing understood to be properly contracted, if the man or woman had the means of bestowing some benefits; and statecraft, war, philanthropy, science, and art might surely be pursued by any man avowedly for his own fame, and with no nobler end, when it was taught that the creation of heaven and earth had had no other aim, even with Him whose "glory" could have no witness of equals, or receive increase from the hallelujahs of the universe.

There seems to have been a sharper line drawn in those days also than we now admit between the higher and lower kinds of virtue. The Wesleyans among the lower classes, and the friends of Lady Huntingdon, and the "Clapham Sect" among the higher, were separated off from the "world" by the renunciation of social pleasures, by sobriety of dress in an age of splendor, and by a general profession of far stricter principles than were expected to regulate the behavior of others. "Merely moral" men and women might then do a good many things, and neglect a great many duties which in our day would hardly leave them the character of "moral" at all. Gentlemen might gamble a little, and drink a good deal; and ladies might send their children away to be nursed (visiting them once a month or so for the first two years), and play cards all day and every night; and yet obtain universal respect. In our day religious people are not so strict, and people with no profession of religion by no means so lax, as in the last generation.

Then as to theology. Broad ideas had not yet been broached, beyond the very small circle of Coleridge. A man must be either a "Christian" or an "Infidel." If he were a Christian and a Protestant he must hold all the doctrines of Wilberforce and Hannah More; if he were not a Christian, in this sense, then, whether, like Priestley and Belsham, he called him-

self so or not, was of no consequence—he was in the same boat with Tom Paine and Robespierre, and that boat had but one mooring. The sensational school of metaphysics, leading men to hold that only through the medium of the senses can any truth be known to man, necessarily threw the entire weight of spiritual reliance upon external revelation, and of this revelation itself, on the tangible book in which it was recorded. The "Literal and Verbal" school of Scripturalists owes its existence in direct logical descent from Locke, albeit his individual creed was of the widest, and rested "miracle on doctrine, not doctrine on miracle." It was natural for men who felt convinced that all ground of faith was taken from us by a single doubt, to treat with impatience all attempts to hold fast one doctrine and let go another, and bring reason to "sit in judgment," where (*on their hypothesis*) she could have no jurisdiction whatever. To be offended with the cut-and-dried theology to be found in those dreary gray and brown paper-covered books, with rough edges, which appeared between 1800 and 1830, is only to show we have not nimble imagination enough to climb down out of our present position to the shelf where they inevitably had their place.

Then for politics. That was the age of real Toryism, or rather of Conservatism, though the word was then unknown. It may be doubted whether in any previous period of English history men had been so fond of standing still. There had, of course, always existed the old glorification of the past at the expense of the present. Our charming song of the "Fine old English Gentleman" is a modernized paraphrase of one popular in the days of James I., which compared disadvantageously those very "reverend seigniors" in doublet and trunk-hosen with their nobler predecessors of Queen Elizabeth's court. Doubtless, could we go backward up the stream we should find each generation lauding the one before it, till Arthur and his chivalry should outshine all subsequent kings and heroes, and perform feats like Ajax lifting the stone,

"Which scarce ten men could raise;
Such men as live in these degenerate days."

After the *degenerate days* of Homer we may console ourselves perhaps, and take courage.

* Waterland's *Sermon on the Nature and Kinds of Self-Love*.

But though each age has boasted of the past, it is not very clear that Englishmen ever very seriously wished to go back, or even to stand still, as regarded political rights, till the terrors of the French revolution drove them into a frenzy of conservative feeling. Old tories wanted to bring back the Stuarts, old royalists would have held Charles on the throne, partisans of Tudors and Plantagenets, of Normans and Saxons, fought for their respective *dynasties*. But a thoroughly conservative policy, on the principle, "things are good as they are—the English constitution is perfect, and unsusceptible of improvement," was surely never adopted by any considerable party hitherto. The first quarter of the nineteenth century (this century of progress!) was the precise period of the whole national history, when men said, "Let us stand still."

If it be a fair division of society which has been sometimes made between the Have-Somethings and the Have-Nothings, then might it be said that this conservative sentiment was essentially a sentiment of the pocket. The ethics which, as we have seen, allowed a man to place happiness as his "being's end and aim," allowed him also fairly to place the happiness and well-being of his *class* before that of all other classes. The land-owner held by the corn-laws, and by every other law which suited his own interest, and kept the power in his own hands; and what was more, he *acknowledged* he did so, and nobody said him nay. Arguments arose as to *how* members of parliament, engaged for special interests, were returned; but, perhaps, we have yet to wait for the condemnation which ought to follow the attempt to return them for any special interest (as opposed to that of the whole body politic) whatsoever.

The whig of 1820 was a bold, brave man. His desire of progress was about the same as that of the tory of 1850. *Festina lente* was the motto of both; but the old whig proposed to *move*, if it were but a few inches, and that little movement has gone on accelerating, till it has carried tory, whig, and radical away in the flood. Of course, like the religious reformer, he was confounded with the extremest section of his party. To propose to enlarge the franchise by a pound-holding, and to desire to cut off the heads of all kings, was one and the same. We

recollect hearing in a country town of a meeting wherein some notable having proposed the king's health, turned round courteously to a whig gentleman of the utmost loyalty, and gravely apologized. "No offense to you, I hope, Mr. E—" "He that is not with me is against me." "Any body who wants to go on is a malcontent and a rebel, and any body who has religious doubts is an infidel." It was all clear-sailing. We must draw a line somewhere.

Again, the esthetics of the past generation were singularly different from our own. Classicism appeared in a certain thin and ghostly shape in the *Style de l'Empire*. All that made it beautiful of old was gone—the originality, the breadth, the freedom, the suitabilities of race and climate. There only remained a certain puny imitation which, if Pericles or Horace could have arisen and beheld, would have driven them to hide their heads again under the waters of Styx. Furniture was "classical" which had legs carved, and draperies hung as falsely and as poorly as could be conceived. Houses were "Grecian" which had a door in the middle, a window on each side, and three windows overhead. Colors were "in good taste" which were either fawn, or gray, or that peculiar blue made by mixing black and white paint. Ladies had a "Grecian bend" when they rounded their shoulders and poked their heads. Dresses were classical which had waists under the arms and such scanty skirts as (in a case known to us traditionally) compelled the wearer to go out of the room and take it off before she could sit down. That was the esthetic taste of 1810. Refinement meant poorness, thinness—or, as ladies' maids say, "skimpiness"—of dress and habits of life. *Tremaine* was a refined book. Byron was a "most refined creature" when he went to dine with Rogers, and refused to eat any thing but potato and vinegar, and then stole off to a tavern, and devoured a good plain dinner in private. We ourselves remember having contemplated, as a child, with awe and admiration, three young ladies who visited the paternal abode, and never ate anything, except perhaps the wing of a chicken, or a spoonful of jelly, and a little wine and water. One day some naughty school-boys having laid a trap for these ethereal beings, caught them all three surreptitiously in the

luncheon-room—one was eating cheese, another carving a round of beef, and the third (alas! "the youngest and fairest she"), to save time, had applied a huge silver tankard of beer straight to her delicate lips!

This last period of bad taste, however, is later than can be fairly laid to the door of the generation of which we have been speaking hitherto—the generation which was at its zenith in the first twenty years of the century. The ladies and gentlemen of that time were too truly such to descend often to such affectations; they were proud rather than either vain or conceited. Their manners were a second nature, and no assumed piece of acting. Let us try to recall what those manners—now passing rapidly out of the world—actually were.

Our private illusions on the subject of clothes were once dispelled somewhat unkindly by a charmingly-attired damsel, who remarked to us, "My dear, it is not a question whether you dress ill or well—you don't *dress* at all!" In like manner the present generation would not, in the eyes of the last, have good manners or bad, but simply no *manners* whatever. Manners were things half natural, half acquired by people who united good birth and good breeding—like setter dogs, who must come of a proper race, and then receive careful training. You could not teach a mastiff to set, neither would the best red spaniel pup do the business well without thorough instruction, whatever good dispositions it might show. Nature and art must combine, alike to mark the partridge or to enter a drawing-room. But the art acquired in childhood *grew* to the possessor; the dignified and easy walk, the noble carriage of the head, the modulated voice, the unfailing courtesy to all, the easy tact of ever ready and appropriate conversation, were as much a part of the man himself, and as little an effort as to speak his own language. Here was perhaps the greatest distinction between him and ourselves. Our manners are either bad, or *spontaneously* good, or else affected and artificial. His were never bad; and were neither exactly spontaneous, nor yet artificial, but *educated*, and (precisely speaking) *polished*. The natural substance, whatever it might be, had received the highest possible finish. There was no veneering which might rub off, or start with a little unwonted

heat. It was the wood itself brought to lustrous perfection.

The difference between our fathers' manners and ours was visible in every detail; but the essential distinction seems to have lain in the art of conversation, as practiced in their time and our own. If the reader has known the happiness of associating intimately with any man or woman who brought the old system into our age, he can surely never cease to regret that that exquisite tact and suavity is vanishing from society. How really *delicious* a thing it was! How—when its atmosphere had once wrapped us round—we felt ourselves expand in it, as sea-anemones do in warm and sheltered caves, where there is no chance of a breaker ever disturbing the surface! "Nobody is going to say any thing disagreeable to any body! Every body's small feelings and prejudices will be remembered. Kind things will be seen to be dropped gently, calling for no reply. The speaker will consider whether what he has got to say can interest his audience, and will never pour out his egotism irrespective of their feelings." It is a vision of paradise, like Mohammed's promise to the blessed: "Ye shall sit on seats opposite one another. All grudges shall be taken away out of your hearts." And then this delightful conversation (we *talk* now—we never *converse*), with its careful give and take, its courteous drawing forth of the most modest in the party, its sparkling anecdotes and friendly discussion, all came to us through such organs of speech—so soft, so full and modulated. Where are those voices gone—those female voices of the last generation? We hear sweet singers now; but hardly ever sweet talkers, sweet laughers. We talk too loud, or else fall into the atrocity of whispering to our next neighbor, so that no third person hears us. In the days of good manners, every body talked for the whole circle, but never raised a voice beyond the pitch of sweetness and good breeding. Our words and sentences come out gurgling and spluttering like bitter ale when the cork is drawn; theirs flowed smoothly like rich wine out of their own fine old silver claret jugs. Is it not a pity that this art—which is every body's art, which fills up all the interstices of life, and is of tenfold more importance to human happiness than all the painting, music, and sculpture in the world—should

be allowed to sink into oblivion like those of making Venetian glass, or the Tyrian dye? Shall we teach children to chatter four languages and never teach them not to interrupt people who are speaking one of them? Shall we instruct young ladies to warble like nightingales, and then have them to scream like cockatoos in small assemblies, and sit dumb as owls in large ones? There are well-bred people now—people whom nature has dowered with such natural tact and dignity, that nothing can have surpassed it. But for the great mass of society, the want of an education of manners—the dying out of the old traditional practice, is surely a deplorable thing. We have got back hoops, and seem on the way to get back powder. May the kind fates give us one thing more—the manners of the people who wore hoops and powder of old, and the memory of whose suave courtesy comes to us like the odor of their own *maréchale*, or of a drawing-room full of Eastern sandal-wood boxes and *pot-pourri*.

Lastly, there was one point in which we are accustomed to think that we have made vast advance over our fathers, on which it is possible they might have had something to put in as a plea *per contra*. Their practice of dueling was barbarous, was immoral, was the source of great and useless misery to hundreds. But in despising it as we have learned to do, it may be asked, have we lost nothing of the keen sense of honor which spurred them (however wrongly) to such measures? That sense of honor was often exaggerated, often purely conventional, and the duel, as a means of satisfying it, was always imperfect, and often absurd. Still, the idea that life itself was in a moment to be risked by every gentleman, at the call even of a mistaken sense of honor, that a man's truth, courage, probity, and the reputation of every woman of his family, were things infinitely more valuable than safety, and to be defended in an instant at the peril of death—these were ideas that had in them much that was ennobling to the age in which they were current. A man imbued with them might have a hundred vices, but he could hardly be wholly base or contemptible. We have given them up, and we have done rightly; nor can we suppose that in God's world the maintenance of any high moral quality really demands an immoral prac-

tice. True honor—that is self-reverence for the humanity lodged in us, respect for ourselves, independently of the world's opinion—can live and flourish, thank Heaven! without a pistol or a rapier. But there is no small danger that in first putting away from us, and taking on ourselves to despise as barbarous the practice which continually gave to such honor visible dominion over life and limb, we should fall into the error of undervaluing the thing itself. Let the frequenters of those clubs where the reputations of men are coolly canvassed, and the names of women bandied about in most unseemly sort, decide whether the disuse of the much-abused duel is a wholly unmixed benefit.

What is the result of this brief review of the character of the past generation? Firstly this—that in modes of life, in religion, in polities, in esthetic taste, in manners, and social laws it was altogether different from ours, and in many respects strangely contrasted with it. If either their spirit or ours was "Decemnovanianism," the *other* was something else which ought to be called by a different name. Whether the one was better or worse than the other, the twentieth century must decide. While we can not doubt that

"Through the ages our increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns,"

it will not hurt us to bear in recollection, that with narrower creeds, and poorer systems of ethics, our fathers were, perhaps, practically as religious and as faithful to duty (as they understood it) as any men are now; that their polities, if selfish, have left us a better legacy of national security than is enjoyed by the heirs of any other race in the world; and that if we may question their taste in dress and furniture, they would unhesitatingly and utterly condemn our manners and conversation.

The younger generation of the nineteenth century—this generation of our own, which we are accustomed only to think of when we talk of the spirit of the age—how shall we draw its distinctive qualities? What are the ideas which permeate it and make it what it is? Are there in truth such ideas peculiar to it, or is it any material progress which has

produced the apparent change? Is it steam which has made "Decemnovenarianism," or "Decemnovenarianism" which has created steam, and a hundred other instruments whereby to rule over the world?

Among the most delicate of all Shelley's ethereal conceptions, is that of a race of beings whose dwelling is in the minds of men—who say to Prometheus:

"We breathe and sicken not
The atmosphere of human thought—
Be it dim, and dank, and gray,
Like a storm-extinguished day,
Traversed o'er by dying gleams—
Be it bright as all between
Sunny skies and windless streams;
We make there our airy tent,
Voyaging cloud-like and unspent,
Through the liquid element."

It seems to us as if such beings would find the "atmosphere of human thought" in our time and forty years ago altogether different. There is considerably more oxygen in it just now—a tension often extreme and injurious, and as widely different from the milder air of the past as a Yorkshire moor is from a Devonshire combe. The acceleration of all modes of social and intellectual life must have had great share in producing this change; but the keener thought has again invented and applied inventions in a way no previous age ever did or would have done.* It is no part of our work now to go over those stages of material progress of which steam, telegraphs, penny posts, chloroform, gas, photography, Armstrong guns, and the analysis of the solar spectrum, are the most marvelous, but perhaps hardly more widely effective than many others by which our manufactures, agriculture, and all arts of life have been revolutionized. The volume which should embody the briefest record of these achievements during their generation would be a portly tome itself. Our affair is with the ideas, the mental coinage current in the Victorian age. Gold, and silver, and copper, what is it worth? and what sort of image and superscription does it bear?

The political ideas of our age would probably, half a dozen years ago, have been pronounced by every one eminently

democratic. It was a commonly received opinion that the tendency of the times, all over Europe, was in the direction of republicanism, and that it was a question of time only when these tendencies should culminate in overwhelming power. Individual dictators, it was thought, might acquire despotic rule abroad, and our own constitutional monarchs might long retain a nominal sovereignty in England, but all aristocratic institutions were in process of slow and certain dissolution. What has become of that democratic spirit of the age? It would seem that it has certainly received a check. The failure of Garibaldi and the Mazzinian party in Italy has done something—the American war much more. That war, although actually traceable to the very failure of the great republic to be a real democracy, and to give civil and political rights to all the inhabitants of its territories, has yet been most illogically accepted in Europe as evidence of the failure of democracy itself. The real weakness of the system which it has exposed, its inadequacy to produce either the powers of command or readiness of obedience needful in warfare, the unyieldiness of a huge *Demos* struggling like an elephant in the gripe of a fierce and agile tiger—this has hardly been noticed, as it deserved, as a warning that freedom itself (till the world is other than it is) can not be insured without proportionate military organization.

However this may be, and whatever other causes have tended to modify popular sentiment, it seems clear enough that it *has* been modified. We are *not* "on the high road to universal democracy," as many averred, a few years ago, we surely were. The English Royal House and the English House of Lords will hold their places beyond any date now in sight. Republics for Greece, or for Italy, are postponed *sine die*, perhaps till the klephts of Albania and brigands of Calabria can read newspapers, and honor Themis and Nemesis as well as the Panaghia and Madonna! "Brave Swiss" are no longer quoted by any tourists who have endured their ill manners and extortions, as models for European imitation, nor is there a general desire to see England parcelled out into cantons, and represented by a congress of inn-keepers. Have we for all this swung back the pendulum of prejudice to the Toryism of our fathers? Not at all! *Liberal* poli-

* e. g. Photography, which seems to have been discovered and used in the last century, and then suffered to fall into oblivion again.

ties, if not *democratic* ones, are so universal that it may fairly be questioned if a conservative party which twenty years since would have been recognized as such, now exists at all. Every body wants to *go on*, and to go on pretty fast. It is only a question of how the drag is to be applied to the engine. There is no longer (as there was at the beginning of the century) a handful of violent radicals to a nation of tories, nor—as there were a few years ago—two balanced parties, one in favor of progress and one opposed to it. There are none so violent as the old reformers, none so pig-headed as the old conservatives. Parties tend continually to efface themselves, and ideas once peculiar to the radicals now permeate all men's minds, and make England every day more and more a country of liberals—of liberals only.*

That *justice should be done to all* is the very ground and reason why governments exist. To lodge power in the hands of those who have no means of knowing what *is* justice in larger matters of state policy, is obviously an absurd contradiction of the ends of all government. It is possible always that those who *do* know justice may not choose to execute it; but those who *do not* know it can not execute it, if they would. The whole difference then, between true political liberalism and false, seems to lie in this, that the false seems to give men power before knowledge, and the true would give them knowledge before power.

Singularly parallel to the change in political feeling is that in religious views in England during the last few years. New sects do not arise, nor the old freer ones ostensibly add to their numbers; but the whole existing thought of the nation is gradually leavening with free ideas, which sooner or later must tend to efface sects in religion, like parties in politics. The process has by no means gone so far

* Perhaps one of the under-currents which may have tended of late to soften democratic opinions into liberalism in England, may be traced to the results of the working of the new poor-law. No one can have been led to watch these closely without being struck with the fact, that our lowest constituency chooses representatives utterly unfit to cope with the simplest problems, not only of political economy, but of common humanity and justice. To intrust the selection of a senate, which must decide the destinies of the world, to men who choose such representatives as the elected guardians of half the Unions of England, is obviously a dangerous experiment.

in the one case as in the other. There is still a great conservative religious party—a party with two vast separate aggregations, the High Church and the Evangelical; but it would seem as if neither of these stood as high as they did some years ago. They are formed of men, few of whom hold a prominent place in the intellectual life of the time, and none of whom hold out the promise of hereafter rising to higher influence. The younger generation we might almost compare to the sands pouring down the sides of the loose hillocks on the shore and swelling the ever-growing mass of broad opinion below. "Young England" now is assuredly not Puseyite, still less is it Calvinist. A small portion of it only belongs to the earlier broad church of Maurice and Kingsley. The far profounder school, of which the Oxford Regius Professor of Greek is the head, probably numbers at this moment more of the rising intellect of the time—the intellect which shortly must take the foremost place in politics and literature—than any other in the land. The literature of the time bears unmistakable traces of this crumbling away of definite traditional belief, this leveling process going on in the opinions of all the most active and cultivated minds. Few of the peculiar and distinctive doctrines of the older creeds, whose influence might be traced in every line of the literature of earlier times, seem to have a place in the history, the science, the fiction, or the higher periodical writings of our day. A Moslem or Hindu, coming to England and studying our journals and our bookshelves, would find it a *Christian* literature in the sense only of a wide humanity, of a reverent and somewhat distant tone in all mention of the Divine Being, and of a peculiar modern mode of paying a warm, brief homage to the name of Christ, resembling the self-crossing of a well-feeling Romanist at the sight of a crucifix. Of the special doctrines "necessary to salvation," of Athanasius, of Luther, or of Calvin, of any recognition of either Church or Bible as a final court of appeal for metaphysics, morals, history, or physical science, he would find scarcely any trace at all. A book or a periodical which assumes the orthodox doctrines, and applies them to the real facts of life, is thereby immediately marked as belonging to the "religious world," and passes out of the sphere of regular literature. Thus the members

of the republic of letters, at all events, must needs be classed as holding in religion the same position which thinking men generally at present hold in politics. They are *liberals*, but not extreme *radicals*. They desire reform, not revolution; and their tone toward the past is tender rather than inimical. In so far, then, as literature must be held to be the vane on our spire, we must judge thereby which way the wind is blowing all around.

There is much of good and somewhat of evil, in this religious attitude of our generation. It is good inasmuch as it is an attitude of reverence. Whatever Englishmen believe or disbelieve now, there is hardly a trace of Voltarian shallow and trivial contempt, or of the solemn sneer of that "lord of irony," Gibbon; neither are we indifferent to the whole subject, in the deplorable manner of clever Frenchmen and Italians. Let an Englishman approach ever so nearly to the dread gulf of atheism, he very seldom denies that he knows it *is* a gulf terrible and dark, and that he would fain turn round and escape it. The self-conceited satisfaction in verbal quibbles, whereby the shallower races of the South are content to shut out God and Heaven from human eyes, are flimsy veils, rent asunder at once in the strong grasp of the Saxon. Is there, or is there not, a God? Is there, or is there not, a life to come? These are questions he may perhaps admit, with downcast eyes and aching heart, to be for the present beyond his solution; but he will never dismiss them with a shrug, a quibble, and a smile. Huc tells us that when a Chinese is asked his religion he considers it an imperative duty of courtesy to deprecate it, and praise that of his interlocutor: "My religion is the poor, and mean, and foolish religion of Lao-Tze. It is not nearly so good a religion as the high and exalted religion of Fo; but opinions only vary: Truth is one. We are all brothers." The difference between these Chinese and intelligent men in Southern Europe seems to be that they all equally despise the religions in whose forms they acquiesce, and each professes a stupid and unmeaning latitudinarianism. The Chinese alone speaks civilly of *another's* faith, while the Frenchman and the Italian insult both it and their own with absolute impartiality!

English skepticism in our time is mostly of that sort of which it may be said:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

It *is* honest, serious, and arises in most cases from the sincere interest taken in the subject. Along with it (in whatever degree it may exist) there lives a strong and high *moral* faith, an intense belief in justice, truth, goodness, purity; higher standards of virtue, higher conceptions of what life ought to be made, nay, even a wholly new spirit of tenderness for any genuine religious feeling in other creeds and ages—these are symptoms full of largest promise. Whatever revolution in opinion may be in store, there can be no reason to fear for its ultimate results, while skepticism itself assumes such shapes as these.

On the other hand, there is an evil side to the religious attitude of the age. It is the disposition to accept as a finality that condition of hesitation and uncertainty which in the nature of things should be one of transition. There is an unavowed feeling current through the higher minds of the age, that a definite faith is an unattainable good; that the larger a man's mind, and the broader his grasp of the great facts of life, so much the more cloudy must be his creed, so much the feebler must glimmer for him the ray of light divine, whereby earth's pathways are *cheered for humbler souls*. It is not merely that men do not now hope to reduce all the awful mysteries of theology to half a page of formularies. It is not merely that they have ceased to look for celestial manna of infallible doctrines, rained down by book or church, for mortals to gather up and be fed. They no longer hope to have any theology at all. They no longer look with filial confidence to the Father of Spirits for that bread of life, without which our souls must faint and perish. Here is the *real* weak point of faith, properly so called; not the faith in books or churches, but in the ultimate intuitions of human nature; those intuitions which tell us that the Creator can not leave unsatisfied the greatest want of his noblest creature, while he openeth his hand and fulfilleth the desire of bird and brute; those intuitions which tell us that all which has glorified and hallowed the past, which has exalted man into the

martyr, and purified him into the saint, the religion which has been the source of every thing most beautiful, and every thing most holy, *can not* be a dream and a mistake.

There is a great error current in our way of viewing these things just now. Because we have discovered that we can not attain *infallible* truth, we have leaped to the conclusion that we can dispense with truth altogether. Because there is no miraculous potable gold in the alchemy of the soul, we imagine we can live without natural food. In youth we plant our tree of faith in hot haste, and dig it up by the roots, and plant again and again equally fruitlessly; and then we sit down in despair, and cross our hands, and say: "We will plant no more—let the ground lie barren." But our *duty* is to plant, to plant deeply and firmly, perchance with much labor and many prayers, and then at last the faith will strike its roots into our hearts and grow and flourish year by year, warmed by the sun and watered by the rains of heaven, till the feeble shoot has become a mighty tree—different from the shoot, inasmuch as it is larger and more beautiful, yet in truth the same, and developed from the same firm-set root. Then we ourselves may look back on the day of small things, when a blast of idle words could have overthrown us, and rejoice that "neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature," can separate us from God, or cast our faith uprooted on the ground.

In morals, as well as in politics and religion, the present generation is widely divided from the past. Theoretically it holds different opinions, and, practically, it has established a very different standard of virtue. The system of Paley and Bentham modified and ennobled in the hands of John Stuart Mill, represents even the happiness-test theory in a far better light, while, on the other hand, the opposite school of ethics, which sets forth virtue as the end of creation, and intuition as our moral guide, has gained ground so far that it may be said to color our literature, almost as Paley's doctrines did those of the last generation. In particular, divines of nearly all varieties of theological opinion have ceased to preach the miserable "Do good that you may go to heaven" sermons we used to hear, and sound a nobler note, as to the *motive* of duty,

even when their ideas concerning the origin of our *knowledge* of it may be ever so confined. Kingsley's apostrophe in the *Saints' Tragedy* has struck the key-note of the newer and grander lesson:

"Is selfishness—for time a sin—
Stretched out into eternity, celestial prudence?"

People interest themselves little in theories of morals, and contentedly listen to the most degrading heresies on the subject, while they are ready to call fire and flame over some infinitely small and obscure error of theology. Yet among all the ignorance and indifference on the subject, the progress toward a higher system insensibly produces beneficial practical results. The nobler principle echoed about, penetrates men's brains at last, and kindles a generous warmth in their hearts, which the meaner one was unable to touch. The duties of the rich toward the poor are assuredly understood in quite a different sense now from what they were formerly, when careless alms or ostentatious Christian benefactions were supposed to fulfill them sufficiently. The whole movement, of which the Social Science Association is the visible type, owes its existence to the higher senses of responsibility, first to seek out and discover, and then to remedy the misery of the pauper and the criminal, the ignorant and the vicious. For one "Man of Ross," one Hannah More, or Mrs. Fry, of the last age, there are thousands of philanthropists now devoting themselves almost as a matter of course to doing all that in their power may lie, to lift a little of the weight of the world's burden from the shoulders of the weak and the suffering. No sooner is a scheme of beneficence started than aid flows in from every quarter from unknown friends. A mere summary of the work now doing of this sort in England would fill a volume. Here is surely the "spirit of the age" in its very noblest development. In many less obvious ways a change has taken place in the general manner of regarding questions of moral importance. Thirty years ago the man who should have spoken of marriages contracted for convenience as essentially immoral, would have been laughed at for his pains. In the upper classes the notion that such marriages were fit and right, that esteem was the only thing needed to render a worldly alliance in every way

good and proper, was instilled into the minds of young people as a matter of course. A young lady who declined "advantageous" proposals for the simple reason that she disliked the proposer, was considered to deserve poverty and ridicule for the rest of her life, unless in the rare case of her being in a position to command other similarly advantageous alliances. Even down to the present time, a few belated writers of fiction make their heroines do a noble action in marrying some man they abhor, to obey their fathers or oblige their mothers. All this miserable folly is going out of fashion. We are beginning to see that the canon that "marriage must hallow love" has a converse quite equally sacred, and that "love also must hallow marriage."

It is needless to point out the often-recognized changes which have occurred in the social morals of the century. Drunkenness, gambling, blasphemy, these three giant vices, at all events, have been extruded in uttermost disgrace from the circles where once they blazed in full effrontery. Perhaps other vices, worse than they, may yet, with God's help, be conquered also.

As to the esthetics of our age, who knows what they are? Are we romantics or classicists? Is pre-Raphaelitism an accepted thing? Ought our buildings, public and private, to be Gothic, or Greek, or Italian? or something jumbled of all? or something wholly new? Should our furniture be Tudor, or Renaissance, or Louis XIV., or Style Empire? When we ask these questions, we awake to the curious fact, that every preceding generation has had its style more or less marked and predominant, through all the works of the day. But our generation has no such style. There is no one thread of thought or taste running through the multitudinous shapes or colors which our houses within and without display. If a future painter wishes to give "An Interior, Temp. Q. Victoria," or a future novelist describe vividly an English house in 1864, what can either of them do in the way of architecture or furniture to give *couleur locale* to their sketches? The crinoline remains the sole original feature of the epoch. In manners, where are we? We will not say, like the young midshipman, who was desired by his father to take notes of the manners and customs of the nations whom he visited, and who

simply appended to those of the Polynesians, "Manners, none; customs, beastly." We are not at all "beastly." Probably real refinement and delicacy never reached so high a point before, as among the middle and upper classes of England now. Certainly, we may doubt that cleanliness ever did so. If the conquest of India had only availed to bring us back so many exquisitely clean ladies and gentlemen, and to introduce the supreme institution of the matutinal tub, then would not the empire of Aurungzebe have fallen in vain. Still for "manners," alas! for mode of address, for conversation, for the minor courtesies of life which make all the difference between jolting down the road of life in a cart, and rolling over it in a well-swung carriage, it can hardly be denied there is a grievous falling off from the days of our fathers. Is this owing to women? A great change has certainly taken place in their position. A woman's lot is a freer, happier thing by far than it was when life's lottery offered her but the one prize of a congenial marriage, and all the rest of her chances were miserable blanks of unhappy wedlock or dreary maidenhood, pinned up in narrowest circles of conventionality. Still further may these changes go. But let us trust that however may hereafter be adjusted many questions opened now, it will never cease to be woman's aim to soften and refine the manners of their time, and to claim from men that gentle courtesy which it is equally a pleasure and an honor to give and to receive. The fear that they should do otherwise seems about as well founded as that they should join in a league for the general massacre of babies, or any thing else equally congenial to their natures.

To resume. *Nineteenth Century Père* was a fine worthy gentleman in thick white cravat and blue coat. He had the narrowest political and religious creed, and the worst esthetic taste possible. But he was brave (as some fifty well-fought battles by sea and land could testify), pious, and charitable, according to his lights, and of supreme courtesy of manners and chivalry of feeling. He left to his son (with all his foolish opinions) the English constitution and the English church, a variety of hideous edifices and public monuments, and a rather greater tendency to gout than had been enjoyed by mankind before the treaty with Portugal.

Nineteenth Century Fils is a young

gentleman in tweed suit and wide-awake, with a cigar permanently growing out of his lips. He has the very finest aspirations in all directions, but has no particular creed as yet, political, religious, moral, or esthetic, and no manners whatever,

good, bad, or indifferent. It is earnestly hoped by the friends of this interesting youth that he may leave something as good to Twentieth Century as the heritage he received from his own respected progenitors.

From the London Eclectic.

LECTURERS AND LECTURING: THOMAS COOPER.

THE public mind is quite undecided in its opinion as to the question, whether lectures and lecturing are a great nuisance or a great luxury? We believe, if most people answered honestly, the verdict would be, *great nuisance*; at any rate, this is the impression conveyed by the amazing difficulty there is, even in a very large and crowded population, of obtaining a tolerably decent-looking audience, and by the consequent usually miserable remuneration, with which most lecturers are compelled to content themselves, who feel that amongst the several missions of modern enlightenment, that department is theirs. We are not quite certain that things are mending in this matter; we speak from no especial text, but from impressions which have often passed through our mind with reference to the importance of the lecturer's work, and the undue appreciation of it. It is true that the preliminary arrangements and securities against loss on the part of lecturer, or committee engaging him, have been wrought into a scientific texture, and planning and scheming to get rid perhaps of two or three hundred course tickets; but even in this case, success only seems certain when large concessions are made to the popular yearning for amusement or something more questionable, and the lecturer's desk is transformed into the ventriloquist's or the thespian's theater. Some persons prophesy and proclaim that the age of lecturing has gone by; the multiplication of books and papers has extinguished the need of it. Others, like George Gilfillan, for instance, in his third volume of *Literary Portraits*, pour every kind of

imaginable contempt upon the lecture craft; contempt, it must be admitted, deserved in many instances, but too bad when it is made a generalization of the whole. From some aspects, it might seem that the lecturer has, within the last twenty years, passed under an eclipse, and yet we suppose that his functions have settled themselves now more distinctly into a profession. To listen to a bad lecture is one of the most appalling calamities that can happen to a mortal. We say it with deep sensibility, even in the recollection of innumerable bad lectures delivered by ourselves. A man, unfit for the lecturer's work in the lecturer's desk, is a pitiable spectacle, for lecturing is an art by itself. Every preacher is now supposed to be capable of delivering himself in a popular lecture; but nothing is wider apart than even the most serious and instructive lecture should be from the sermon. A man may be a successful pleader, an able barrister, and gifted in the forensic line; his friends suppose, of course, that he may deliver himself ably and effectively in a lecture. The art of the lecturer is nearer to the practice of the barrister than to the work of the pulpit; but it is not at all likely that the successful pleader will make the able lecturer. The most able lecturers, we believe, of our day, are nearly all masters in the pulpit; but they usually are only so as they leave the peculiar fervor and method of the pulpit behind them, when they come for purposes which must be regarded as more secular, before audiences. The work of the pulpit is especially with conscience—soul—affection. The work of the lecturer is with the mind, the under

standing. The purpose of the first is to bring the spirit into serious thought and emotional relation with God, Scripture, divine things. The purpose of the last may be the same, but it is indirectly so; it is as different as the intelligent weekday evening fireside should be, from the Christian Sabbath-afternoon fireside. A man may make a very good preacher without either imagination, humor, or good humor. In fact, very few preachers have either one or the other of either of these attributes; but a lecturer will make nothing out, will win the ear of no audience, will move no sensibilities, will convey no instruction, who has not in a large proportion these great human attributes. Now, all these remarks are to preface the expression of our own conviction, that lecturing is one of the most healthy, happy, and charming modes of public instruction. We shall never forget, so long as we live, some lectures heard when we were a boy; their delight and their influence are with us still. We shall never forget the impression of the unhappy Haydon's lectures on painting, on our mind; and we must still believe, that for many purposes, especially upon certain orders of mind, a competent lecture, well furnished, easily delivered, is more effective than almost the best book. Indeed, all best books, best poems, best philosophies, best outlines of science, histories, even biographies, need the expositor, the middle man, just as trade has its princely merchants, and its little retail purchasers, but the space between these two is filled up by the middle man—the tradesman. So the lecturer, the oral teacher, takes the things of innumerable high books and great thoughts, unattainable, incomprehensible, abstract ideas, and makes them simple, easy, beautiful, practical. We are aware we say high things about the lecturer—things to which few lecturers have attained; but in spite of the desponding tone with which we commenced our examples, we believe that the lecturer's is as yet almost an undeveloped art and power. It is remarkable that the great love and rage for listening to lectures, and great, able, noble lecturers, exist in America incomparably beyond any such experience in England. Where we go to lectures by scores, people there go by hundreds, and the men to whom we listen by hundreds, they are listened to by thousands there. Of course we speak of pe-

riods before the present unhappy struggle, and from the testimonies and experiences of such men as Sir Charles Lyell, George Combe, Professor Agassiz, and Professor Guyot. This confirms in our mind the impression, that the love of listening to a good lecture is a luxury resulting from a certain amount at least of moral and mental culture—an acquaintance with books, and a thirst for that impetus and impulse which the human voice especially gives. In England, the man has the best chance of obtaining an audience in the lecture-room, almost in the inverse proportion in which he possesses the felicities and facilities of public speech and instruction. Let him be a man who has achieved great fame as a writer—which of course usually supposes a retirement from incessant public speech, independence of it, usually inaptitude for it—and he will have an audience. Sometimes it is very delightful to see and to hear a man of thought and mark read even one of his own already published papers. One of the richest luxuries we have enjoyed in this way was the sitting recently in the audience of A. K. H. B., Mr. Boyd, our dear country parson, and listening to his most happy reading of his own paper "On Men of whom more might have been made." The masters of the pen are not always so delightful, and they are not lecturers. Mr. Thackeray's lectures were amazingly successful, and they contained his average amount of brilliancy in satire and description; but the same lectures might have been delivered, not in Mr. Thackeray's unhappy manner, but with ease and fluency by a practiced speaker, but an unknown man, and they would have been failures; in fact, people paid their guineas for the course, with pleasure, to see the author of *Vanity Fair*, to spend an evening with him; vulgar high-bred women to ogle him, after the delightfully polite way of the best society, with their eye-glasses; and men to gape, and to gaze and rub their moustache with their walking-stick, bringing, as is thus frequently their wont, two pieces of wood into close proximity. Celebrities are always sure of the *parvenues*, and so an audience is made. Then how delightful it is if the neighboring peer or baronet condescends somehow or other to get up a lecture on behalf of the Mechanics' Institution in the neighborhood of the country seat. Then what a fluttering of opera

cloaks, and the small town belles in full dress; and what an overflowing spontaneity of thankfulness, when the small, shivering secretary proposes a vote of humble gratitude to the noble lord or honorable baronet; and with what concension and affability all the big little people speak of the institution, and their desire to help the poor things; and fancy that in having done their little part to-day to the great man, they have fulfilled each item of the golden rule, and get themselves tucked-up to sleep on comfortable terms with God and man: while the humble, thoughtful lecturer, to whom the work is really a passion and a purpose, comes and goes, greeted by his small, almost no audience, and receiving his fee, receives no public acknowledgment of thanks; as if it were possible that any fee could cover impulse given to the heart, and light and truth poured in upon the mind. It may seem that we speak rather bitterly; in fact, we have been saddened by the reputed failure of the lecturer, and we have attributed the failure to two or three circumstances—to the "snobbery" which we see has penetrated to the lecturer's desk also, creating that incommensurable kind of article called the *amateur lecturer*—still more saddened we have been by finding in almost every substitute the sacred purposes of knowledge-getting and truth-getting represented by the Mechanics' or Literary Institute, degraded by the admixture of semi-theatric exhibitions, ventriloquial flights, Ethiopian serenaders, in some instances, Christy's minstrels, and other such admirable helps to "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties!" Music hath charms, and we desire to say no word against the occasional healthful intermixture of the concert, when it commends itself to the nobler faculties. We were privileged the other day to lecture before an institute, to which we belonged some twenty-eight years since, when just emerging into riper youth. All things had changed—most people would say, changed for the better; the room we remembered in our boyhood was a long, plain, simple room, not capable of holding more than from three to four hundred persons; it was adorned by the busts of the masters of science—the long, elevated platform at the further end of the room, surrounded by the majestic tools, instruments, and playthings of science. From

that platform was never delivered, we suppose, a lecture which had not some claims upon what belongs to the better nature of man; no buffoon ever stood there—no harlequinading ever went on there. We often saw the room thronged, and always with those who, in some humble way, more or less, were seeking after knowledge; especially we recollect the respectful attention with which every lecture was listened to by the whole audience. These things have passed away. When we lectured before the same institute the other day, the little room had yielded to a vast, handsome theater, capable of accommodating twelve hundred people; we had no reason to complain of our audience, for the theater was full; but it seemed to us a very different building to the little, venerable, scientific-looking hall of old days; and a glance at the programme for the session showed plainly how amusement, and appealing to vulgar tastes, predominated in the thoughts of those who catered for the audience. Thomas Carlyle says, the only hell an Englishman in general knows any thing about is the hell of not getting on; and the feverish desire of success which compels the tradesman to absorb himself and fuse down all things, eternal, immortal, and temporal, mental, moral, and emotional, into the making up a good account at his banker's—which compels many a church to take its cue from the congregation, and the world—also prostrates institutions, whose purpose is the advancement of intelligence and higher ideas, before the most unintelligent and thoughtless classes of the community.

How is it we have been led into the making of these remarks? We had not purposed when we commenced them that they should have extended to so great a length; they have been quickened within us by the having listened to the man, of all other men, we believe, at whose feet, as a lecturer for popular purposes and audiences, we would delight to sit. Thomas Cooper is a lecturer in a very eminent degree—we think we should not hesitate to call him the king of lecturers. Here we know many would differ from us; he is too genuine and great to prepare, and polish, and chisel, and to cultivate the rhetorician's art, by which the lecture becomes like a declamation of Sims Reeves—every syllable set to the music of a certain bar, and all the emo-

tions stored up in the memory to be forthcoming at a certain moment and in a certain place. Utterly inartificial, perfectly healthful, coherent, logical, redundant in anecdote, overflowing with best information, facts of science, happy pieces of humor, rare touches of imagination which ascend easily, and vaults to the height of its subject, without giving the hearer the painful impression of clambering, and panting, and blowing, which too frequently the rhetorician gives. We know not how, in terms of sufficient strength, to express our admiration of this useful man, who now seeks by his eloquent and powerful and well-informed mind, and singularly felicitous and adroit tongue, in some measure to overtake and undo the mischiefs effected by him by the same means whilst walking beneath the night of skepticism. We touched the topic of this paper, from a sense of duty lying upon us, after having heard him, of using these pages for the purpose of commanding him to ministers and churches, and genuine institutions, existing for the purpose of getting the best knowledge, and showing its identity with truest and highest religion. Thomas Cooper, as perhaps most of our readers know, has led a wonderful, checkered, many-colored life; at all times, we believe, like Mr. Holyoake, maintaining a high character for moral consistency, whilst deviating into many of the wildest divarications of infidelity. He is one of the noblest children born of toil. Poor and inured to poverty, the method he first pursued to obtain knowledge inspires instructive homage; from a shoemaker he became a schoolmaster, from a schoolmaster to be the editor of the *Stamford Mercury*. The history of his mind and life will, no doubt, be before many of our readers in their recollection of his eloquent and extraordinary defense of himself on the occasion of his great political trial. In prison he wrote his *Purgatory of Suicides*. On the occasion of its publication it received hearty admiration in the pages of the *Eclectic Review*. Dr. Croly, in a more splendid notice of it, declared it "the most wonderful effort of intellectual power produced within the last century." Perhaps this is an exaggeration; but if so, it was yet the expression of a man of brilliant genius and magnificent imagination. Our more modest estimate of it would yet, independently of its grandeur as a poem, describe

it as incomparably the most learned poem in the English language after *Paradise Lost*. Intermeddling with all kinds of learning and knowledge, handling languages, history, science, with the strength of a strong human will, he became a skeptic, yielded himself to the fascination, irresistible a quarter of a century since, of the Strauss theory—this he sought to expound, and by such and other lectures, and by the advocacy of remarkably free political opinions, became well known, especially to the thoughtful masses and laboring classes of the country. Several years since, his mind underwent an entire change; he had probably been an unconscious believer all along—his *Purgatory of Suicides* is much more the product of faith than of skepticism. While yet an unbeliever he could say—

"I love the Galilean, Lord and Christ;
Such goodness I could own, and though enshrined

In flesh could worship. If emparadised
Beyond the grave, no Eden I could find
Restored, though all the good of human kind
Were there, and not that yearning One—the
poor
Who healed, and fed, and blest! Nay, to my
mind,
Hell would be Heaven with him—horror no
more
Could fright, if such benignant beauty trod
its shore."

There were predispositions, therefore, in a mind capable of expressing itself thus: and, since his conversion to Christianity, he has principally occupied himself by delivering a course of lectures, embracing a comprehensive scheme of argument in favor of the reality of religious truth. There is something to our minds, we could almost say, sublime and beautiful, in the life in its more advanced age, offering itself up, with all its accumulations of knowledge and genius, to extend "the faith it once labored to destroy." There are several circumstances which meet in Thomas Cooper, as a lecturer, which strongly commend him to our minds. One of these is that the lectures to which we refer form a course of instruction. We grieve much over the exceedingly desultory lecturing of our day—the getting up a lecture, as it is called, upon some subject. Lecturing, to be truly healthy and useful, should deal systematically with a subject. Mr. Cooper unfolds, through various pathways of argu-

ment, the great doctrine of design and divine intention. Commencing his first lecture with the argument of Paley, we express simple truth when we say, he improves the argument by supplying several links in the chain; and the first lecture, in the course of its delivery, transforms Natural History into the interest of a fairy tale. Several of the inferior creatures, and their ways and habits, are described with delightful and entertaining adroitness of description. The second lecture, on Design in the Celestial Spaces, compels the mind of the hearer to move with freedom and majesty; and the whole audience, when we formed a part of it, hung breathlessly on the story of the successive defeats and the crowning triumphant discoveries of Leverrier and Adams. The great discoveries of Galileo Newton, Kepler, and Herschel, are not veiled—they become dramatic, and every auditor lives in a personal interest with every part of the unfolding problem. Quitting the abstract thought of design, in another lecture, he chases skepticism through its various assertions of the materialism of thought, and humor and science combine in a delightful manipulation of the brain, previous to the assertion and induction of the spiritual nature in man. The audience is carried along—breathlessly again—through the history of James Watt, the arch discovery of the little lad, and at last the magnificent hand of the giant thinker, harnessing down steam with all its forces for great human purposes. But the lecturer is so delightfully free in his system, we could almost be sure that, frequently as these lectures have been delivered, they have never been composed or written down on paper. Illustrations of a very essential, but free, character spring up as he advances: now, turning his own wrist or shoulder into an easy anatomical diagram: and now describing the wasp or a bee, and the building of a comb, so simply and naturally, and in the fewest words, so fitly put, that the thing lives on the hearer's eye. Mr. Cooper possesses power enough of the rhetorical order, but seems to disdain to use it unless carried along unconsciously into the center of his own power. His style is direct, familiar, colloquial, frequently very pleasantly humorous, always lucid and clear; and usually, when the week has been spent in the delivery of such lectures as those to which we have pointed, on the

Sabbath, in the pulpits of the town—some of the most prominent of which we have been glad to find usually open to him—he deals with those still higher spiritual truths, to which he would make intellectual researches and knowledge only the porch and vestibule, and in this work our delight has been equal to that we have received in the other. A practical, spiritual, deeply devotional, and thoroughly evangelical spirit pervades all his teachings. One such sermon we heard, and of another in the same town, on the "Unsearchable Riches of Christ," we received from the best sources glowing accounts of affectionate admiration. In England there is not such another man as Thomas Cooper. Let the reader run his memory over the names of the men whom he has read, or of those whom he has not heard, and he will find this to be a true witness. Here is a man who does not come forward to sneer and peck at the faults of the age, or to deliver the loud sounding, political harangue, or to weave gorgeous words and sentences: the magnificent and stately marches and cadences of the ambitious orator. Mr. Cooper's aim seems to be, in an especial manner, to inform the mind and the judgment, and, if possible, to move the heart—in one word, to do good. Year after year, as the programme of lectures for the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall, has appeared, we have anxiously looked, expecting to see the name of Thomas Cooper. We are quite aware that the aim of this excellent society is usually to secure the most respectable patrons, an occasional peer, a bishop, a very eminent collaborateur in the fields of literature or science; we should be glad to know that they were able to pack Exeter Hall to listen to the whole six lectures on the Design Argument. The society has frequently had some worthy and able tongue—it would be well to compare almost any with him; here is at once ease and fullness, humor and learning, imagination and force. The ears of young men could seldom be so well and profitably employed. We are glad that already some of our largest chapels have been thronged to hear this great master of informing speech. We have dictated these remarks in the hope that they may be a means of introducing this excellent and honored man to some towns and neighborhoods as yet unvisited. Our readers may be assured, if they

meet him they meet no unfinished or unfurnished tyro; although he may shock some prejudices by the fact that, like Richard Baxter, he is compelled to say, he "does no discredit to any University, since he is not of any," and with some, colleges alone are supposed to give either status or wisdom; we believe it will be increasingly found, as each lecture is heard,

and as the mind, perhaps, in private, turns over its stores, that for fullness and fitness, for the memory which treasures, for the prompt prehensile faculty which seizes, and for the wisdom which perceives and applies, there is scarcely another teacher among us able to do the work which Providence seems to have appointed to Thomas Cooper.

From the London Eclectic.

THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.*

It has long been known, and often said, that in the household of the Epworth Rectory is to be traced the real origin of Wesleyan-Methodism. "The Mother of the Wesleys," says Dr. Stevens, in his very interesting history, "is the Mother of Methodism." She was a rare and extraordinary woman. Much has been done by many historians and biographers, especially by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his *Memoirs of the Wesley Family*, to give a worthy eminence to her, but probably Mr. Kirk's is the most beautiful and successful attempt; we have read his volume with great pleasure. The old Epworth Rectory is very well known to us—its ghostly perturbations, and its sad pecuniary difficulties, its flames and its fears, its devotion, its discipline, its extraordinary sons, its almost equally extraordinary daughters. It furnishes a picture of rural life in the beginning of the last century, very interesting to refer to again and again. The volume of Mr. Kirk will be prized by all to whom the memory of a beautiful Christian wife and mother is a pleasant and delightful subject of review; of course it was scarce possible to recite the story without detailing much of the family history. The chapter on the Sons and the Daughters is very mournfully tender; seldom does a family contain such a record of genius and of grief, sorrow and disappointment; for all the daughters were cross-bearers, and the sons too; al-

thoug the names of two of them are linked to such a glorious story in the church. Poor Hetty Wesley, refined and accomplished—what a story is hers!—her married life, what a great grief hangs along its whole page! The wife of a man abandoned to intemperance, all her efforts failed to reclaim him; at last, her health gave way beneath her complicated trials, and all traces of former beauty, except a lively piercing eye, vanished from her once handsome countenance. All her children died young, and she sought some consolation, and had, when cut off from congenial society, one in the expression of her sorrow in verse. How plaintive these lines in which she remonstrates with her husband:

"For though thine absence I lament,
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs;
In spite of grief to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee."

Mr. Kirk well and justly speaks of the inimitable pathos and polished numbers in the following address to her dying infant, dictated from her trembling lips a day or two after her confinement:

"Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient luster! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rend thy unresisting heart,—

* *The Mother of the Wesleys: a Biography.* By Rev. JOHN KIRK. (Henry James Tresidder.)

Ere the long-enduring-swoon
 Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
 Ah! regard a mother's moan,
 Anguish deeper than thy own!
 Fairest eyes, whose dawning light,
 Late with rapture blest my sight,
 Ere your orbs extinguished be,
 Bend their trembling beams on me!
 Drooping sweetness, verdant flower!
 Blooming—withering in an hour!
 Ere thy gentle breast sustains
 Latest, fiercest mortal pains,
 Hear a suppliant,—let me be
 Partner of thy destiny!
 That, whene'er the fatal cloud
 Must thy radiant temples shroud,
 When deadly damps, impending now,
 Shall hover round thy destined brow,
 Diffusive may their influence be,
 And with the *blossom* blast the *tree*."

But we are rather remarking upon the children and the daughters, than the mother—than the wise, judicious, and saintly mother. The children of so much grief were the children in a very eminent degree of prayer and holiness. In Su-

sanna Wesley was a wonderful combination of good sense and religious fervor "If," she exclaims, in one of her evening meditations, "if comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair, and good; if earnestly and constantly to desire Thee, Thy favor, Thy acceptance, Thyself, rather than any or all things Thou hast created, be to love Thee—I do love Thee." Beautiful words! We can very confidently refer the reader to the volume before us for a biography of the dictator of these words of sweet meditation; which, with a narrative of a saintly woman's piety and sufferings, her domestic tribulations, and her personal holiness, bear sweet, soothing illustration to many a woman's heart, of the text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." We think of the book as a delightful biography for all readers, but especially as a delightful book for wives and for mothers; it has our warmest word for a hearty welcome and reading by all lovers of biography.

From Bently's Miscellany.

"A NOVEL SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE."

A CURIOUS notice has lately appeared in the public prints under the above heading, said to be derived from a letter from Toulon, giving details relative to a scientific voyage about to be undertaken by the Duc de Luynes.

"Lieutenant Vignes, of the Imperial navy," it appears from this account, "has been appointed to the command of a steam gunboat belonging to the duke, which is to sail toward the end of the month on this voyage of discovery. After having visited the most interesting places in the Mediterranean, and particularly the coast of Syria, the boat is to be carried on the backs of mules across the mountains of Judea, to be launched on the Dead sea, of which the waters are to be analyzed, as chemists are not agreed as to their quality. The gunboat is to be again carried to the Mediterranean, whence it will proceed to the Black sea, ascend the

Don, cross the Steppes of Dolgo in a wagon to reach the Wolga, which it will descend to the Caspian sea, that immense conglomeration of water and of oil of petroleum, continually agitated with storms. After having carefully studied these phenomena, as well as the various inhabitants of that little-known region, the travelers will cross, on camels, the deserts of Asia-Minor to the town of Mossoul, where they will explore the course of the Tiger and the Euphrates, and examine the ruins of the great cities which flourished on their banks. After having accomplished that prodigious journey across seas, rivers, mountains, and deserts, the gunboat will return to France by the Persian gulf and the Red sea. All the difficulties attending such a dangerous journey have been well considered and carefully anticipated. Even the construction of the boat is a *chef-d'œuvre* of naval architecture and of

comfort. All the pieces into which the boat is divided when taken asunder are actually numbered, so that it may be easily put together in twenty-four hours. It will be for the first time that a steam-boat shall have been carried across the precipices of Daghestan and the scorching sands of Mesopotamia. A picked crew has been placed under the command of Lieutenant Vignes by the French government, for the navigation and transport of the gunboat. The Duc de Luynes is to be accompanied by several friends, as well as by *savans* and artists of the greatest merit, who have solicited the honor to share with him the dangers of this hazardous enterprise."

The undertaking, if seriously contemplated, is of a far more arduous nature than appears on the surface; at the same time that the results proposed to be obtained are totally incommensurate with the toil and expense that will be incurred. We are not favored with details as to the proposed size of the gunboat, but it is to be seaworthy, since it is meant to navigate the Mediterranean and to confront the "storms" of the Caspian. There is to be accommodation for several friends of the Duc de Luynes, as well as for *savans*, and artists, and for a picked crew; and as it must also carry engine and boiler as well as "guns," it must be a vessel of such a size, that to transport its sections on the backs of mules across the mountains of Judea, will be an undertaking of no ordinary magnitude. The horse-track—for it is no better—from the coast to Jerusalem, already presents some

asperities of ground; but these are nothing to compare with what will be met with in the stony wilderness that stretches between Jerusalem and the Dead sea.

And what is all this for? Not for the honor and glory of first navigating the waters of the Bahr Lut, since that has been done by Messrs. Moore and Beke, and by Lynch and his friends, who conveyed small boats thither from the Mediterranean. But to analyze the waters? Why, they have been already analyzed by the first chemists in Europe; by Lavoisier, in 1773; by Dr. Marcel, in 1807; by Klaproth, by Guy Lussac, about 1818; by Professor Gmelin, in 1826; and by Dr. Apjohn, in 1839. There is little or nothing, then, to recompense the enterprising and gallant Frenchmen for so laborious an undertaking.

Altogether, it is a truly "novel scientific voyage"—we hope results that will leave the surveys and explorations of a Chesney, a Layard, and a Rawlinson, in the far background, may be acquired to science—and for artists a new field of exceeding charms undoubtedly presents itself; but we have no hesitation in prognosticating that the first portion of the proposed undertaking—the transport to the Dead sea—will be fatal enough, without a further vain attempt to climb Taurus, and to confront the lofty Gordyan mountains, in the footsteps of the Greeks of old, who, led by Xenophon, had no sections of a gunboat, guns, boilers, and engines, to convey across those snow-clad crests and rocky pathless defiles.

A MAMMOTH DOCK.—The *New Orleans Times* states that an enterprising firm belonging to that city and Algiers has now a mammoth dock nearly completed on the Ohio river. It is three hundred feet long, with ninety feet floor, built almost entirely of white oak. Over three hundred men have been at work on it for a long time, and three saw-mills are employed in turning out the necessary lumber and timber. This dock is to be completed and delivered by June 1st. It is large enough to take or a ship of five thousand tons, drawing twenty-two feet of water. The Pensacola, Brooklyn, Hartford, and vessels of that class can be admitted readily, or it can accommodate any two vessels of seven hundred tons at the same time. The cost of the dock will be over \$250,000.

CONNECTING THE LAKES WITH THE SEA-BOARD.—President Lincoln has communicated to Congress the report of Charles B. Stewart, consulting engineer, upon the improvements to pass gunboats from tide-water to the western lakes. The engineer assumes that upon the connection of these lakes with tide-water depends the jurisdiction of our government, common defense as well as welfare, and that the Mississippi river should likewise be connected with the lakes. He gives as the total estimates for improved gunboat locks for the Erie, Oswego, Champlain, and the Cayuga and Seneca canals, with seven feet of water, over \$18,000,000; and with eight feet of water, over \$20,500,000, and the cost of a canal around Niagara Falls at from ten to thirteen million dollars.

From the London Eclectic.

MRS. GATTY'S PARABLES.

WE feel it always a pleasant duty to call attention to Mrs. Gatty's *Parables—Red Snow, and other Parables from Nature; Third Series. Parables from Nature; Fourth Series.* By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. (Bell & Daldy.) Mrs. Gatty is mistress of a rare art. Three years since, we called attention at some length to the first and second series of her *Parables*. We are scarcely prepared to say that she has exceeded or even equaled her first volumes, but that may possibly arise from the absence of that freshness which impressed the mind at first. Certainly in her department she walks alone. Her circle seems a simple one; but of the many, many thousands who are set apart to preach sermons, and do their work tolerably well, very few could find, as Mrs. Alfred Gatty so pleasantly finds, in a world of images, very frequently the real meaning of things. For our parts, we have a great reverence for the parable-uttering art. It has often been used as the inlet to all knowledge. A very admirable parable is that on *Imperfect Instruments*—the parable of the young clergyman who tuned his imperfect organ by a perfect system, and failed, because he found that the tuning had been too perfect by half. We must quote the close of this very instructive little homily:

And now for the explanation. Neither father nor son could unravel the mystery. The only guess even that they could make was, that the man at the music-shop might have given them a wrong scale to work by. It was not a bad idea, and it served to keep them quiet till the organ-builder, whom they had sent for at once, came over. He was an odd, sententious old man, with a good deal of dry humor. So when he got into the church and touched the fatal organ, he first chuckled and then laughed outright.

Were the bellows out of order? Were the pipes injured? Was the scale incor-

rect? Was the tuning imperfect? Geronimo's questions fell thick and fast.

"Nothing of the sort, young gentleman," said the organ-builder to every suggestion. "There's only one thing the matter—but it's every thing—the tuning's too perfect by half!"

Both Geronimo and his father stared, to the organ-builder's great delight.

"You don't seem to have heard of this before, gentlemen," observed he; "but it's a fact, nevertheless. The scale's all right; the system's perfect; but if you stick too close to it, it sets you wrong. The organ won't bear it, that's the fact."

"Not bear being put into perfect tune?" asked Geronimo, really astonished. "How is that possible?"

"Because it's an imperfect instrument, sir," answered the organ-builder; "and that being the case, you have to make the best you can of it, and not try to get it perfect, for that's not possible."

Here he took up the scale paper, and went on to explain that most of the fifths must be left somewhat flat, and the few others made somewhat sharp; the octaves alone being tuned in perfect unison. And this was the best plan, he assured them, of getting a harmonious whole—"not perfect, I grant, even then," added he, "but pretty fair for this present life, gentlemen, you see."

Geronimo listened in silence. A system of expediency in the material world, and in music especially, seemed to him monstrous. He sat silently by, too, while the organ-builder made his preparations for repairing the mischief that had been done. His father slipt away, as silent as himself, though possibly he made his own reflections before he went.

But Geronimo sat silently on, till at last the organ-builder began to tune the fifths, leaving each one flat in succession; and then he could contain himself no longer. He got up, but only to sit down again, and then rose once more.

"This is most trying!" he exclaimed.

"As unsatisfactory to the mind as the ear ! To have a perfect system to go by" (here he pointed to the scale of twenty notes) "and not be allowed to carry it perfectly out, though ear and heart rebel against the disorder! To have an evil under your very hand to be remedied, and be obliged to suffer it still! I call this dreadful!"

The organ-builder stopped his work to listen and reply :

"It's not very pleasant, I admit," said he, "but there's one thing's worse—to find you've worked so hard for the system, that you've missed the end it was made for."

"A perfect system ought to work out a perfect end," murmured Geronimo.

But the organ-builder shook his head. "Not if the instrument isn't perfect too," persisted he; "there's sure to be a cross somewhere."

Drone went another pipe, another imperfect fifth was tuned, and the organ-builder made another pause. He was a very sententious man, and liked to explain all round his subject.

"It's the same all through life," observed he; "the best rules even, short of gospel rules, of course, mustn't be pressed too close; neither man nor organ can bear it. If we were all up in heaven it might be different."

In spite of himself Geronimo smiled, and the smile did him good. "What a choice of evils!" he said.

"Can't be otherwise," remarked his companion, "so long as things are all imperfect together—men and organs—and perhaps even rules too, sometimes."

Geronimo shook his head, but the organ-builder did not notice it, and went back to his tuning as cheerful as if no such thing as a sad necessity existed in the world. And Geronimo went on listening to the unsatisfactory sounds, musing the while thereupon.

... Irregularity—inconsistency—contradictions even—were as rife then in the material world as in the spiritual—must be borne with—allowed for—made the best of—in the one case as in the other. The organ-builder's business was not so much more satisfactory than a clergyman's after all! . . .

"Now, sir, you may play Hadyn's mass in five flats for as long as you please," observed the organ-builder, as he concluded the tuning, striking down the full

chord of the key in proof of the fact: "The organ goes sweetly enough now."

And so it did—"sweetly enough," if not as perfectly as Geronimo could have desired; but he had had his lesson, and must henceforth be contented with something short of his ideal.

"That type of perfect in his mind,
For nature can we nowhere find."

Nowhere in the lower nature, at least; and for the full development of the higher, he must wait in patience. But patience is the philosophy of experience, and even Geronimo attained it at last.

THE SPIDER AND HER COBWEBS.

And as an illustration for those who are not familiar with Mrs. Gatty's mode of dealing with natural things, we may quote *Cobwebs*:

Twinette, the spider, was young, hungry, and industrious. "Weave yourself a web, my dear," said her mother, "as you know how without teaching, and catch flies for yourself; only don't weave near me in the corner here. I am old, and stay in the corners; but you are young, and needn't. Besides, you would be in my way. Scramble along the rafters to a little distance off, and spin. But mind! just see there's nothing there—below you I mean—before you begin. You won't catch any thing to eat, if there isn't empty space about you for the flies to fly in."

Twinette was dutiful, and obeyed. She scrambled along the wood-work of the groined roof of the church—for it was there her mother lived—till she had gone what she thought might fairly be called a little distance off, and then she stopped to look around, which, considering that as she had eight eyes to do it with, was not difficult. But she was not so sure of what there might be below.

"I wonder whether mother would say there was nothing here—below me, I mean—but empty space for flies to fly in?" said she.

But she might have stood wondering there for ever. So she went back to her mother, and asked what she thought.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said her mother, "how can I think about what I don't see? There usen't to be any thing there in my young days, I'm sure. But every

body must find out things for themselves. Let yourself down by the family rope, as you know how, without teaching, and see for yourself if there's any thing there or not."

Twinette was a very intelligent young spider, quite worthy of the age she was born in; so she thanked her mother for her advice, and was just starting afresh, when another thought struck her. "How shall I know if there's any thing there when I get there?" asked she.

"Dear me, if there's any thing there, how can you help seeing it?" cried the mother, rather teased by her daughter's inquiring spirit, "you with at least eight eyes in your head!"

"Thank you. Now I quite understand," said Twinette; and scuttling back to the end of the rafter, she began to prepare the family rope.

It was the most exquisite thing in the world—so fine, it was scarcely visible; so elastic, it could be blown about without breaking; such a perfect gray that it looked white against black things, and black against white; so manageable that Twinette could both make it, and slide down by it at once; and when she wished to get back, could slip up by it, and roll it up at the same time!

It was a wonderful rope for any body to make without teaching. But Twinette was not conceited. Rope-making came as natural to her as eating and fighting do to intelligent little boys, so she thought no more about it than we do of chewing our food.

How she did it is another question, and one not easily answered, however intelligent we may be. Thus much may be hinted: Out of four little spinning-machines near the tail came four little threads, and the rope was a four-twist of these. But as each separate thread was itself a many-twist of a great many others, still finer, I do not pretend to tell the number of strands (as rope-threads are called) in Twinette's family rope. Enough, that as she made it now, it has been made from generation to generation, and there seems to be no immediate prospect of a change.

The plan was for the spinner to glue the ends to the rafter and then start off. Then out came the threads from the spinning-machines, and twist went the rope; and the further the spinner traveled, the longer the rope became.

And Twinette made ready accordingly, and turning on her back, let herself fairly off.

The glued ends held fast, the four strands twined closely together, and down went the family rope, with Twinette at the end, guiding it. Down into the middle of the chancel, where there were carved oaken screens on three sides, and carved oaken seats below, with carved oaken figures at each end of each.

Twinette was about half-way down to the stone-flagged floor, when she shut up the spinning-machines, and stopped to rest and look round. Then balancing herself at the end of her rope, with her legs crumpled up round her, she made her remarks.

"This is charming!" cried she. "One had need to travel and see the world. And all's so nice in the middle here. Nice empty space for the flies to fly about in; and a very pleasant time they must have of it! Dear me, how hungry I feel—I must go back and weave at once."

But just as she was preparing to roll up the rope and be off, a ray of sunshine, streaming through one of the chancel windows, struck in a direct line upon her suspended body, quite startling her with the dazzle of its brightness. Every thing seemed in a blaze all round her, and she turned round and round in terror.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" cried she, for she didn't know what to say, and still couldn't help calling out. Then, making a great effort, she made one hearty spring, and, blinded though she was, shot up to the groined roof, as fast as spider could go, rolling the rope into a ball as she went. After which she stopped to complain.

But it is dull work complaining to one's self, so she soon ran back to her mother in the corner.

"Back again so soon, my dear?" asked the old lady, not overpleased at the fresh disturbance.

"Back again at all is the wonder," whimpered Twinette. "There's something down there, after all, besides empty space."

"Why, what did you see?" asked her mother.

"Nothing; that was just it," answered Twinette. "I could see nothing for dazzle and blaze: but I did see dazzle and blaze."

"Young people of the present day are very troublesome with their observations," remarked her mother; "however, if one rule will not do, here is another. Did *dazzle* and *blaze* shove you out of your place, my dear?"

Twinette said, "Certainly not—she had come away of herself."

"Then how could they be any thing?" asked her mother. "Two things could not be in the one place at the same time. Let Twinette try to get into her place, while she was there herself, and see if she could?"

Twinette did not try, because she knew she couldn't, but she sat very silent, wondering what *dazzle* and *blaze* could be, if they were nothing at all! a puzzle which might have lasted her for ever. Fortunately her mother interrupted her, by advising her to go and get something to do. She really couldn't afford to feed her out of her web any longer she said.

"If *dazzle* and *blaze* kill me, you'll be sorry, mother," said Twinette, in a pet.

"Nonsense, about *dazzle* and *blaze*," cried the old spider, now thoroughly roused. "I dare say they're only a little more light than usual. There's more or less light up here in the corners even, at times. You talk nonsense, my dear."

So Twinette scuttled off in silence; for she dared not ask what light was, though she wanted to know.

But she felt too cross to begin to spin. She preferred a search after truth to her dinner, which showed she was no common-place spider. So she resolved to go down below in another place and see if she could find a really empty space; and accordingly prepared the family rope.

When she came down, it was about half a foot further east in the chancel, and a very prosperous journey she made. "Come! all's safe so far," said she, her good humor returning. "I do believe I've found nothing at last. How jolly it is!" As she spoke, she hung dangling at the end of her rope, back downwards, her legs tucked up round her as before, in perfect enjoyment, when, suddenly, the south door of the church was thrown open, and a strong gust set in. It was a windy evening, and the draught that poured into the chancel blew the family rope, with Twinette at the end of it, backward and forward through the air, till she turned quite giddy.

"O dear, O dear!" puffing, "what

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shall I do! How could they say there was nothing here—O dear!—but empty space for flies—O dear!—to fly in?" But at last, in despair, she made an effort of resistance, and in the very teeth of the wind, succeeded in coiling up the family rope, and so got back to the rafters.

It was a piece of rare good fortune for her that a lazy, half-alive fly happened to be creeping along it just at the moment. As she landed from her air-dive she pounced on the stroller, killed him, and sucked his juices before he knew where he was, as people say. Then, throwing down his carcass, she scrambled back to her mother, and told her what she thought, though not in plain words; for what she thought was, that the old lady didn't know what she was saying, when she talked about empty space with nothing in it.

"*Dazzle* and *blaze* were nothing," cried she at last, "though they blinded me because they and I were in one place together, which couldn't be if they'd been any thing; and now this is nothing, though it blows me out of my place twenty times in a minute, because I can't see it. What's the use of rules one can't go by, mother? I don't believe you know a quarter of what's down below there."

The old spider's head had turned as giddy with Twinette's arguments as Twinette's had done while swinging in the wind.

"I don't see what it can matter what's there," whispered she, "if there's room for flies to fly about in. I wish you'd go back and spin."

"That's another part of the question," remarked Twinette, in answer to the first half of her mother's sentence. In answer to the second she scuttled back to the rafter, intending to be obedient and spin. But she dawdled and thought, and thought and dawdled, till the day was nearly over.

"I will take one more turn down below," said she to herself at last, "and look round me again."

And so she did, but went further down than before; then stopped to rest as usual. Presently, as she hung dangling in the air by her line, she grew venturesome. "I will sift the matter to the bottom," thought she. "I will see how far empty space goes." So saying she reopened her spinning-machines and started afresh.

It was a wonderful rope, certainly, or it would not have gone on to such a length

without breaking. In a few minutes Twinette was on the cold stone pavement. But she didn't like the feel of it at all, so took to running as fast as she could go, and luckily met with a step of wood-work on one side. Up to this she hurried at once, and crept into a corner close by, where she stopped to take breath. "One doesn't know what to expect in such queer outlandish places," observed she; "when I've rested I'll go back, but I must wait till I can see a little better."

Seeing a little better was out of the question, however, for night was coming on, and when weary of waiting, she stepped out of her hiding-place to look round, the whole church was in darkness.

Now, it is one thing to be snug in bed when it is dark, and another to be a long way from home and have lost your way, and not know what may happen to you next minute. Twinette had often been in the dark corner with her mother, and thought nothing of it. Now she shook all over with fright, and wondered what dreadful thing darkness could be.

Then she thought of her mother's rules, and felt quite angry.

"I can't see any thing, and I don't feel any thing," murmured she, "and yet here's something that frightens me out of my wits."

At last her very fright made her bold. She felt about for the family rope; it was there safe and sound, and she made a spring. Roll went the rope, and up went its owner; higher, higher, higher, through the dark night-air; seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing but the desperate fear within. By the time she touched the rafter she was half-exhausted; and as soon as she was safely landed upon it, she fell asleep.

It must have been late next morning when she woke, for the sound of organ music was pealing through the church, and the air vibrations swept pleasantly over her frame; rising and falling like gusts of night, swelling and sinking like waves of the sea, gathering and dispersing like vapors of the sky.

She went down by the family rope to observe, but nothing was to be seen to account for her sensations. Fresh ones, however, stole round her, as she hung suspended, for it was a harvest-festival, and large white lilies were grouped with evergreens round the slender pillars of

the screens, and filled the air with their powerful odor. Still nothing disturbed her from her place. Sunshine streamed in through the windows—she even felt it warm on her body—but it interfered with nothing else; and, meanwhile, in such sort as spiders hear, she heard music and prayer—whether as music and prayer come to us, or as deaf men enjoy sound by touch, let those say who can! A door opened, and a breeze caught her rope; but still she held fast. So music and prayer and sunshine and breeze and scent were all there together; and Twinette was among them, and saw flies flying about overhead.

This was enough; she went back to the rafter, chose a home, and began to spin. Before evening, her web was completed, and her first prey caught and feasted on.

Then she cleared the remains out of her chamber, and sat down in state to think; for Twinette was now a philosopher. It came to her while she was spinning her web. As she crossed and twisted the threads, her ideas grew clearer and clearer, or she fancied so, which did almost as well. Each line she fastened brought its own reflection; and this was the way they went on:

"Empty space is an old wife's tale"—she fixed that very tight. "Sight and touch are but very imperfect guides"—this crossed the other at an angle. "Two or three things can easily be in one place at the very same time"—this seemed very loose till she tightened it by a second. "Sunshine and wind and scent and sound don't drive each other out of their places"—that held firm. "When one has sensations there is something to cause them, whether one sees it or feels it, or finds it out or not"—this was a wonderful thread, it went right round the web and was fastened down in several places. "Light and darkness, and sunshine and wind, and sound and sensation, and fright and pleasure, don't keep away flies"—the little interlacing threads looked quite pretty as she placed them. "How many things I know of that I don't know much about,"—the web got thicker every minute. "And perhaps there may be ever so much more beyond—ever so much more—ever so much more—beyond." Those were her very last words. She kept repeating them till she finished her web; and when she sat up in state, after supper, to think,

she began to repeat them again; for she could think of nothing better or wiser to say. But this was no wonder, for all her thoughts put together made nothing but a cobweb, after all!

And when the Turk's-head broom swept it, with others, from the roof, Twinette was no longer in the little chamber below. She had died and bequeathed her cobweb-wisdom to another generation. But as it was only cobweb-wisdom, spiders remain spiders still, and still weave their webs in the roofs of churches with-

out fathoming the mystery of unseen presences below.

We counsel not only all teachers to read these pleasant things, but readers. Embarrassed minds, and spirits disturbed by the impressive mysteries around them, will, we venture to think, frequently find in the pages of the cheerful parable-utterer, pencils of light which, like the sharp fingers of flame in a dark forest, will serve to bring out beauties, meanings, and mysteries unthought of before.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

EARLIER TYPE OF THE SENSATIONAL NOVEL.

BELIEVING that the course of the sensational novel has passed the culminating point, and bestowing our most hearty wishes for its termination, we purpose to lay before our readers a connected notice of a story of the class, constructed before any one had thought of finding a generic name for such productions.

The mere sensational novel, which we would gladly see devoted to the waters of the infernal Lethe, lays no claim to truthful delineation of character, to moral teaching, to sympathy with the outward and inward manifestations of nature, nor pleasing social pictures, nor genial gushes of humor, nor healthy exercises of thought. Its sole merit consists in keeping the mind in painful suspense, exciting sensations of horror, or terror at least, and surrounding vice with a lurid splendor. The novel that excites a lively interest in the fortunes of its good characters, even though united with the excitement of suspense and mystery, is not the thing against which we protest, if it possesses the desirable qualities we have named.

We talk of the article in question as if it were a variety in the domain of fiction altogether new; yet it has existed in a more or less developed shape since the first romance was written. The *Golden Ass* of Lucius Apuleius, one of the earliest tales we can call to mind, is sensational in parts. If the play of *King Ed-*

ipus is not a very sensational drama, we know not the meaning of the word. *The Mort d'Arthur* in part, a greater portion of the *Nibelungen Lied*, several plays of the earliest English dramatists, and *Titus Andronicus*, be the author who he may, are clearly of the same order. Our great old Chaucer thought little of making his readers' nerves tingle now and then, and their flesh to creep.

The romances of chivalry were, oddly enough, nearly exempt from censure in this particular; the Scuderi and D'Urfé romances entirely so. Novels of intrigue or of unconnected adventure prevailed from the days of William and Mary to the epoch of the Radcliffe romances, and when the mild terrors of these and their imitations began to lose their power, Matthew Gregory Lewis, by infusing a spice of horror mixed with very decided immorality into his precious productions, continued the evil work of vitiating public taste. At last the combined efforts of Miss Edgeworth, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the Misses Lee, Miss Austen, and the great wizard, Sir Walter, cleared the unhealthy atmosphere, except where the genius of poor Maturin endeavored to keep the baleful vapor suspended. He came too late, however, to do much harm, and for ten years, commencing about 1819, the novels published were distinguished by little either of good or evil. Sir Ed-

ward Lytton Bulwer then began to introduce the spasmodic and morbid elements into his philosophical (?) stories, and even *The Keepsake* was seldom without a tale of a pretty nearly disgusting character. A charming heroine in one of these tales is the object of the hero's passion, but he is cured of his love, and nearly deprived of life by a strange discovery made by his being present where he ought not. He had never seen the left hand nor wrist of his lady-love, but on the occasion mentioned he beheld a hissing serpent where arm and hand ought anatomically to have been found. The unfortunate woman, it turns out, was obliged to find human food for this demon, and the horrified lover hears her vainly beseeching it to spare her betrothed (himself), when she would become his wife. There are few of poor Banion's stories in which an unhealthy morbid thread may not be found pervading the texture. The earlier phase of the school abounds with supernatural distortion.

By way of variety, the soul of a deceased person is permitted to animate the body of a new-born infant, and when the man or woman arrives at the age of reason, he or she becomes conscious of a former state of existence. The new relations with the acquaintances of a past life are any thing but pleasant. In one case an unfortunate father and mother are convinced that their little daughter is animated by the soul and spirit of her sister, long since dead. Mr. Boaden, of theatrical memory, wasted a great deal of time in constructing stories tainted with diseased extravagances of this kind. Ainsworth's early romances are other bad cases in point, and the translation of the *Nôtre Dame* romance made matters still worse than they would otherwise have been. Before the present undesirable revival, we enjoyed a quiet interval of about fifteen years. We look out for clearer weather after a little; but so sure as the use of pens and paper continues to be taught, so sure are our children to see a new race of "Rookwoods" and "Lady Audleys" introducing themselves into the reunions of future "Waverleys" and "Rose Bradwardines" and "Emmas" and "Mr. Knightleys," and pushing them from their stools. They will, in turn, be thrown over and flung out of doors, but not till they have accomplished their share of mischief.

Something of the relation which a river, sometimes visible, and at other times prosecuting its course through underground channels, bears to a noble stream, never sinking below the surface till it reaches the sea, does the English tale of excitement present toward its Gallic counterpart. We purpose producing a sheaf from among the perennial and never-failing crop which is indispensable to the life and well-being of the regular consumers of the three-volume novel, who can read French.

The story now to be introduced, is written by Marie Aycard, whom, notwithstanding the Christian name, we guess to be no more a woman than Amedée Aycard, author of several popular novels. We have seen no other novel with the same name upon the title except *La Logique des Passions*, a work of smaller compass, but equally talented.

M. de Bussiere was (we throw our sketch into the past tense) a rich proprietor, with a hotel in the city, and a country house between St. Mande and Charenton. His solitude was cheered by the presence of his richly dowered ward, Juliette de Pontis, a young lady as beautiful as Venus, and as queenly and imperious as Juno. Mme. de Linant, his widowed sister, was blessed with a handsome and accomplished son, Anatole, full of love for Juliette, and of ambition to be prefect of a department under Napoleon the First. At present he is only Auditor of Public Accounts. His love was reciprocated; and so at proper time brother and sister concluded the match in the French mode, not troubling themselves much to ascertain whether the young people loved each other sufficiently to risk matrimony. It may be said here that the bachelor brother was rather careless in religious matters, and the widow a devotee, with a foible for omens. She had almost broken off the match, because, just as the last words were spoken between her brother and herself, a spider, that had been executing some vibrations from the ceiling, swung himself on to her silk gown. Just then:

"Anatole entered, his cheeks flushed and his cravat in his hand. He was as handsome as Antinous; his eyes sparkled with joy and health. His frame, supple and well-formed, had that easy grace which college gymnastics confer, and which is perfected by association with refined society. He respectfully saluted his mother, shook his uncle's hand, and then

placed himself before the glass to adjust his neck-tie."

Uncle and nephew soon came to an understanding, and Madame went out into the park to sound Juliette on the affair. She saw her talking to Mons. Ernest de Meyran, and Charlotte his sister, under a large tree; and, as frequently occurs in French fiction, she placed herself behind the thick trunk to ascertain whether the young lady favored the pretensions of the young gentleman in company. Mlle. Charlotte was enlarging on her approaching marriage with her cousin, a captain of dragoons, and watching the effect of her brilliant expectations on Juliette; but she abated her self-complacency not a little by the ensuing little speech, which will give the reader some insight into her character :

" 'A captain !' cried she with disdain. ' If I ever wed an officer, he must be a general, or at least a captain of a man-of-war. The general is a king in the camp—the captain in his ship ; and the wife of one or the other a queen. Captain, indeed ! Why, Charlotte, you must make your court to the colonel's wife ! For my part, I would hardly submit to be lady of honor to the empress.' 'She is as proud as I suspected,' thought Mme. de Linant. ' But this,' continued Juliette, ' I should prefer to the other—a young, handsome husband, whom I loved, and who neither depended on colonel nor emperor, and with whom I could live in a fine old château, surrounded by my farmers, my vine-dressers, and my hay-makers, and where I should have abundance of poultry and rabbits.' "

Mme. de Linant took her apart, and found, by a little finesse, that she returned Anatole's love with a passion no less ardent and sincere. So the young people are left to explain themselves, and

" Anatole was forced to a sudden explanation. ' Juliette,' said he, extending his hand, ' tell me frankly whether I may pass my life by your side, or look on you to-day for the last time.' ' A violent alternative,' answered she, ' Must we hate, if we happen not to love ? However,' added she, fixing her large eyes on Anatole, ' perhaps you are right. So let us love each other to the end. I have made the promise to your mother.' . . . ' Ah, Juliette, what a happy moment ! How gladly shall we recall this day ! I vow to be ever the most submissive and most devoted husband.' ' As devoted as you will, Anatole, but I require not submission. What I particularly desire is confidence. Be confiding and frank; that will be sufficient. Love is not love without confidence.' ' Fear nothing: you shall penetrate

every fold of my heart. Should I ever possess a secret, it shall be no secret from you—you shall be my confidant.' ' Have you no secret at this moment ? ' I had one this morning, but it is no secret now, to you at least.' "

Juliette was not a Griselda, and she dreaded being sought on account of her riches. She and her betrothed, and Ernest and Charlotte de Meyran, were, shortly after this, taking an airing in the park. Charlotte was a young and blooming Hebe, with soft, languishing eyes, and the unfortunate idea passed through Juliette's mind : " If this girl had some thousands more for her dowry, perhaps Anatole would prefer her to me." Now, Charlotte was a selfish, unprincipled young lady, with the very least objection in the world to seduce the bridegroom from his allegiance. And by the merest chance Anatole's hand and hers touched for a moment, and she at once withdrew hers, and her cheeks became like two cherries. Anatole was scarcely aware of the accident, but Juliette's eyes were those of a lynx. The two gentlemen were discussing game, when

" Charlotte languidly exclaimed, ' Oh, my ether-flacon, my ether-flacon !—I feel so faint ! ' She put her hand into her pocket, but prompt as lightning Juliette laid her hand on Charlotte's to prevent her taking it out. ' Ether ! ' said she, ' have you ether about you ? Now I know why I have been suffering ever since I got into this carriage — since this morning — indeed, ever since you came, Mademoiselle. Ether almost kills me.' ' Eh ! what has happened ? ' cried Anatole, much dismayed by the unusually spirited dialogue and gestures. ' Are you ill, Mlle. Charlotte ? '

" If the Auditor of Accounts had cast his eyes on Juliette he might have asked her the same question. Mlle. de Pontis's lips had become livid; drops of moisture trickled down her forehead. One of her hands held Charlotte's arm as in a vice, the other was seized with an involuntary trembling. ' Do not take out your hand, Mademoiselle; let me not see this odious flacon. I shall die if you do.' ' I do not understand you, Juliette,' said Anatole. ' If Mademoiselle Charlotte has need of ether, why should you prevent it ? ' ' Be silent, Monsieur,' said Juliette. ' Attend to your own affairs. I tell you that ether would kill me.' ' But, my dear Juliette, that ether is a most powerful anti-spasmodic, and calms instead of irritating—you need it yourself.'

" These words appeared to Juliette a bitter sarcasm. She fancied that Anatole was exercising his railing on the anger to which she had abandoned herself, and he could perceive a bitter smile pass over her lips. Meanwhile Mlle.

Charlotte, dismayed by this violence of which she alone rightly suspected the cause, leaned her head against the corner of the barouche, half closed her eyes, and uttered little plaintive sighs. M. Anatole, who had not the slightest suspicion of the growing hatred that had sprung up between the two young ladies, and supposed in all good faith that ether might calm their irritated nerves, sought to disengage Juliette's hand.

"What! cried she, with indignation. 'Will you proceed to violence? Will you take the liberty of laying hands on me? M. Ernest, I hope you will not permit it.' M. Meyran, who till then had not interfered, declared, with much dignity, that he was entirely at her service. 'But, Juliette,' said Anatole, 'Mlle. Charlotte, you see, is in danger of swooning. Ether, I assure you, will do no harm, but the contrary. If it were musk, indeed!' 'Picard,' cried Juliette to the coachman, 'stop. Open the door; I must get out; I will return to the house on foot.' But the sky, gradually lowering since the morning, was now sending down torrents of rain, and Picard, lending a deaf ear to his young mistress, turned his steeds and sped home. Juliette was trembling with rage.

"M. Ernest then took up his parable and said, very calmly and politely, to his sister, 'Charlotte, it is not the question whether ether is injurious or not. Mlle. de Pontis dislikes it; so take the bottle and fling it out.' 'But, brother!' 'But, sister, you are not ill; or if you were, it is passed; do what I say.' 'That is to say,' rejoined Anatole warmly, 'you are ill; throw the remedy out of the window.' 'Permit me, sir,' replied Ernest, with ceremonious politeness, 'to point out her duty to my sister.'

"Juliette had loosed her hold on Charlotte, and placed her handkerchief to her nose to preserve herself from the dangerous exhalation. Mlle. Charlotte gave way. She fumbled in her pocket, pulled out her handkerchief, then a little note-book in Russia leather, then a pincushion fully furnished, then a confectionery-box full of gum lozenges, then nothing at all, then she turned her pocket inside out. 'Ah, my goodness!' cried she, 'I have left my *flacon* in Paris. Now I recollect, I locked it in my work-box yesterday evening.'

"Juliette's countenance passed from white to red, her ears grew purple, her temples throbbed, something fiery hot seemed to have seized her heart. She resembled a beautiful tigress who had fallen into a trap. Anatole, feeling himself somewhat hurt, did not show much forbearance. When he saw there was not the slightest atom of ether about Charlotte or in the carriage he burst out a-laughing, and cried, 'Ah, ether kills me! — ether kills me! Juliette, your imagination is too lively, and really you owe an apology to Mlle. Charlotte; you have bruised her arm.' 'I shall trouble *you* to present my excuses; they will be the more welcome for coming from your mouth.'

"They had reached home. Picard opened

the carriage door. Juliette sprang out on the lower step, and before disappearing in the vestibule, she darted a glance at Anatole so full of hate and derision that he felt in a moment all the love in his heart replaced by the very contrary passion. 'I have never met contempt from any one,' thought he, 'yet this girl despises me. She has humbled me before M. Meyran and his sister. She owes me a reparation, and I can wait for it.' Consulting his resentment alone, he quitted the Bussiere Folly, walked to Saint Mande, and took a cab to Paris."⁶

As ill fortune would have it, another suitor paid a visit to the Bussiere Folly at the same time, namely, M. Norbert, a lieutenant in the guards, a fine *personable* dragoon, but with little pretension to mental qualifications. Juliette, intent on her wrongs, agreed to become Mme. Norbert without hesitation. She suspected him to be a *mauvais sujet* and faithless in his attachments; but she soon discovered, by woman's ready penetration, that he was not possessed of much firmness of purpose, while she was thoroughly conscious of her own determined will.

Norbert was not much better nor worse than other officers under Napoleon I. So he considered it an indispensable matter to have Mlle. Olympia, of the *corps-de-ballet*, under his serene protection. She heard of his approaching marriage, and while he and his brother officers were discussing the approaching change in his life, and what the dancer would think of it, a servant announced Mlle. Olympia.

"When people speak of a *wolf*," said a witty cuirassier, 'they are sure to see his tail.' Mlle. Olympia entered with a smile on her lips. She was a charming little body, light as a sylph, all grace, and her countenance boasted three dimples, and eyes sparkling like carbuncles. She said she had come from rehearsals, and merely followed M. Norbert's boy as he was fetching an omelette that perfumed the whole Rue Castiglione. She would have followed that omelette to the end of the world. Besides, her success that morning had thrown her into transports. M. Gardel praised her revolutions, and her pirouettes, and now she was dying of hunger. M. Norbert, seeing no trace of displeasure on her features, took courage, and gallantly invited her to try the omelette that smelled so charmingly. Mlle. Olympia would like some oysters; she then tried game; then a piece of roast duck; she had a weakness on

⁶ Portions of this extract will jar on our long-established notions of French politeness. We would have willingly softened down some asperities, but felt it a duty to give an honest translation.

the subject of champagne. It was the town rat in the fable devouring the remains of Ortolans on the Turkey carpet. It was incredible that so much food could be stowed away in so small a body. When she had overcome the mighty mass of eatables, she amused herself nipping a Savoy cake.

"Ah, my handsome Norbert!" she commenced, "are you going to be married? Branchu told it to Vestris, Vestris told it to Clotilde, and Clotilde told it to little Marie, who told it to me at rehearsals." "That's the way they keep secrets at the opera," said a cuirassier. "We are people of honor at the opera," said Olympia, rather proudly. The two cuirassiers, who had more faith in the honor of the Imperial Guard than that of the opera, burst out into a rather uncivil laugh. "The beginning of the battle," muttered the captain between his teeth.

"But Mademoiselle was not in a fighting humor. Her limbs were fatigued, and she had eaten heartily. She was determined to employ mild measures—neither cries, nor tears, nor reproaches, nor explosions—nothing in fact, of what might remind you of the ladies of that establishment where fish is sold. Those means would not suit one who belonged to the ballet, and might one day become the leader. 'Norbert,' said she, 'if you have not seen Mademoiselle Juliette this morning do not delay your visit; she has received a packet which concerns you.' 'A packet concerning me! what have you done, wretch?' 'Very little. Somebody went to Father Girard the letter-writer of the Rue des Frondeurs—he is secretary to all the *corps-de-ballet*—and dictated a little bit of biography to him; that's all.'

"At these words Beau Norbert grew scarlet with rage. He was rough with the ladies of Olympia's class, though he would lavish diamonds on them. He rose from table, and walked across the room for his riding whip; but the two cuirassiers got up to prevent the chastisement, and the captain took Mademoiselle under his protection. The *danseuse* feeling that she was in no danger with three warriors for life-guards, continued biting her Savoy cake, and sipping her champagne with perfect *sang froid*."

The result may be stated in a few words. Captain Volski, a much poorer man than Lieutenant Norbert, though his superior officer, saw Mademoiselle home in safety, and Juliette gave the trembling Norbert the pestilent note unread, as it happened to be anonymous—so she affirmed at least.

"Ah ha!" said the joyous lieutenant to himself. "Now, Mademoiselle Olympia; go write anonymous letters and compose biographies. We are above these little affairs of the coulisses. Ah, my sylphide, you have tasted my champagne for the last time—you have swallowed your last omelette with me!"

M. Anatole was so possessed with rage against his betrothed, that he was completely reconciled to her marriage with the bold dragoon, who, he hoped, would make her life uncomfortable.

"She is rich," said he, "and must have slaves; all the world must bow before her. Heaven bless that flacon of ether, that sudden faintness felt by the amiable Charlotte, even that storm that permitted Mlle. de Pontis to reveal her frightful character. If looks could inflict death, where should we be all at this moment? Oh, aye! M. Ernest must be excepted. In abandoning his sister, he found favor with this fury. Oh, for the proconsulate of Asia! (Let the reader keep in mind the ambition of the speaker.) 'I would not unite my destiny with that of Mademoiselle Juliette. She would make me purchase her riches too dear. She dreads ether—ether kills her! Be it so! But tell me how a flacon of ether, left behind in Paris, could do her any harm in the wood of Vincennes? As much as to say, I have tilled lands, I have meadows, I have woods, I own hotels in Paris, my yearly revenues are immense. Bear with my caprices; I am so high above you! Not I, indeed, Madame!'"

Anatole, Madame de Linant, Charlotte, and Olympia attended the marriage ceremony, in the Church of St. Roch. Olympia placed herself in the way by which the bride and bridegroom left the altar; and Norbert was so vexed by the insolent glances she bestowed on him, that he contrived to overturn a chair as he passed her, and hurt her leg. She cried out, and the circumstance did not escape the attentive eyes and ears of Juliette. It came to the turn of Captain Volski again to conduct Olympia home.

"There was considerable disturbance in the church, caused by the noise of the fall and the cry. They asked on every side, 'What is the matter?' and got for answer, 'A woman who has fainted;' and a fish-wife volunteered this information: 'It's a woman I know, that lost father and mother. See, she is in mourning.' (Olympia had put on black for the occasion.) 'That handsome officer gave her a promise of marriage, and there he is now, married to another. Nothing more common.' 'All these promises of marriage,' said a lady of the Halle (fish-market), 'ought to be on stamped paper, and made payable like promissory-notes. Oh, my! if a man played me such a trick, these five fingers would be his end. Ah! now they are taking her away to the watch-house. That's the way they always treat poor people!'"

The fish-lady's wrath was excited by the circumstance of Captain Volski as-

sisting Olympia out of the church. M. Maillet, the physician to the opera, paid her a visit at her lodgings, and pronounced her unable to resume her duties for some days.

"Mr. Maillet was a man of about forty-five years of age, and had preserved the habits and appearance of a young man, and fluttered about the coulisses of the opera as light as Zephyr. Paul hovered about the nymphs of Diana, or the companions of Flora. Always dressed with the utmost care, he retained the manners of the old court. The sword and laced hat excepted, he was a genuine marquis. His pockets were always full of pastilles, jujubes, gum-lozenges, and amber-licorice. He felt for the ills of prima donnas and leading danseuses, with a charity truly angelic; and if he was a little rough with the chorus-singers and the ordinary members of the *corps-de-ballet*, it was because a singing-girl at fifty francs a month could by no means possess a throat as delicate as the actress of 20,000 francs, nor the tibia of a mere figurante deserve the delicate attention of that of a sylphide, who only touched the ground through complaisance. However, he was always interested by a pretty face, and frequently cracked Mlle. Olympia under the chin, and paid a compliment to her dimples.

His new patient kept her lodgings in the best order, had her window-stools filled with flower-pots, and was strictly frugal at home. She was a gourmand only when she had nothing to pay for the entertainment, and could swallow, without injury, a quantity of champagne sufficient to make a man unmistakably tipsy. Neither caprices nor passions could turn her from the path she had selected. Incapable of love, or other fantasy, she looked on her lovers merely as people destined to enrich her, or to insure her success at the theater."

Captain Volski, being desirous of her friendship, was given to understand that he would be entitled to her gratitude by spoiling Lieutenant Norbert's beauty. Juliette, dreading the vengeance of the dancer—for she had, at one glance only, divined her perverse nature—obtained from her cousin the war-minister, without consulting her husband, a *congé* for six months, which she intended to pass with him in Italy. But just at the moment Bonaparte gave orders for an inroad on Germany. The brave dragoon was as pliant to his wife's will as a kid-glove; but the idea of taking his ease while his comrades were on active duty, so irritated him, that he tore up his writ of leave, and was hastening to the bureau of the war-minister to express his determination, when he was met by Captain Volski.

"'Lieutenant,' said he, 'I have just learned that you are deserting the colors as we are entering on the campaign. I assure you that I will not allow it. There shall be no example of cowardice in the company so long as I am at its head. Why have you asked leave of absence without consulting me?'

"Norbert was not a patient man, and the tone of the captain was not such as a man of courage could brook. Anger seized him; his cheeks reddened, his eyes flashed, he ground his teeth; and shaking a riding-whip which he had in his hand, he struck the captain a violent blow across the face."

Of course a meeting was inevitable, Volski was the better swordsman, and intended only to inflict a wound on his adversary. His weapon was the regulation sword, but Norbert had provided himself with a blade of Damascus.

"The combat could not last long, and from the very attitudes of the champions, Norbert's second judged that it would be bloody. It lasted long enough, however, through Volski's fear of giving only a slight wound, and then being obliged to stop. The desire of a complete victory became at last so strong, that by a dangerous maneuver he laid himself open, to induce Norbert to quit his guard. In effect the steel of the latter took his left shoulder, and laid it open to the bone; but his own, by a straight thrust, passed through the breast of his antagonist. At the same moment a noise among the boughs behind Volski made him turn his head, and Norbert, lowering his weapon, had still strength enough to pass it through his body. The two swords being fixed, the nerveless hands let go the hilts, the men reeled and fell lifeless on the grass, slippery with their blood."

And this catastrophe was entirely owing to the spite of a worthless dancer, and a moment's impatience on the part of Volski. A few words quietly exchanged with his lieutenant would have rendered the meeting impossible. What a hard service is kept in the devil's institutions!

Immediately after her marriage, Juliette had managed by her influence with her relative, the war-minister, to have Anatole removed from Paris to the German frontier. On being recalled, after the death of Norbert, he was not slow in returning evil for evil. Here is the opinion he expressed of her conduct among his acquaintances:

"This is what is to be met in society. A young wife is possessed with a love the most violent, the most senseless. She regards noth-

ing—neither honor, virtue, nor duty. Perish the reputation of a brave soldier, rather than be deprived of his caresses for a day—rather than be prevented from enjoying his society by the lovely shores of the bay of Naples! And so she would indulge her fantasy at the expense of the lives of two brave men."

Some eighteen months later, when time had softened in some degree, the grief inflicted upon her by the death of her husband, and when the mutual feelings of herself and Anatole were even more embittered than at first, she prevented his marriage with the soft-mannered but selfish Charlotte. A relative of hers, a M. Herbois, from Aveyron, had written a heavy pamphlet on the necessity of manuring the light soil of that country, and besought his fair cousin to procure for him from the minister, the cross of the legion of honor. She informed him that his only chance was to marry, Napoleon having such a dislike to old bachelors.

Charlotte's father being a determined gambler, had refused his daughter's hand to Anatole, as he could not spare a dowry from the demands of the gambling table. But M. Herbois was prepared to take any one recommended by the influential Juliette, without a farthing. Mlle. de Meyran would have preferred the handsome, gifted, ambitious Anatole; but finding no alternative between vulgar M. Herbois and poverty, she obeyed her father. Anatole loved the cunning young lady well enough, but his ambition did not sleep, and he knew if he carried her off against the will of her father, and made her his wife, he would incur the emperor's displeasure, and lose his public appointment. Charlotte allowed him a parting interview, and effectually discouraged any proceeding of the kind by seeming to wish to recommend it. She had an eye to M. Herbois's 40,000 livres a year.

"She leaned her head on Anatole's shoulder, and said: 'What if you were to carry me off?' He shook a little. 'I know very well,' continued she, 'that your career would be ruined, that the emperor and the minister would never forgive an abduction; that my father would exclaim, that my brother in the public service would injure you, and that Madame Norbert would go all lengths; and I should be separated from the world, never to reenter it. No matter; my love for you would suffice for all. We would find some corner of the earth, where we might conceal our happiness. I am confident in your love—carry me off.'"

But of course Anatole loved her too well to expose her to poverty and solitude. So she kept her character for unselfishness and constancy, and married M. Herbois and his work on manures, and his 40,000 livres per annum.

This of course added to Anatole's resentment against Juliette, but he had soon an opportunity of revenging the wrong. Elleviou, the accomplished singer and actor of that day, was a terrible lady-killer. Anatole one day saw a lady enter the celebrated restaurant, the *Cadran Bleu*; he recognized the head-dress, the shawl, the height, and shape of Madame Norbert, and going into the house he learned, at the expense of a couple of Napoleons, that the dame was at that moment dining in a private room with Elleviou. It was not long till his acquaintances were as well informed on the subject as he; and Juliette, without knowing the cause, found herself treated very coldly, avoided in fact, by the ladies of her circle. She had begun to entertain favorable thoughts of Ernest de Meyran, being ignorant of his dissipated and gambling propensities; and, on one occasion, had advanced him a considerable sum to acquit a gambling debt, on some false pretences of his, and this was also unfavorably interpreted.

In this strife of wrong-doing, Anatole did not escape. A litigious miller, a tenant of Madame Norbert's, going to law with the prefect of his district, lost his cause, but came up to Paris to get himself *rightified*. He brought his papers (sealed) to the proper office, of which Anatole was the chief. He winked at the great man, and told him the documents were to be read by him alone, and that he would find them very convincing. The adroit miller had inserted among the papers twenty notes of 1,000 francs each. Anatole gave the parcel to his clerk to be laid in a certain press; and at the proper time, favorably represented to the minister the man's case. The cause went against him, however, and then he loudly claimed his twenty notes from Anatole, though liable to be severely punished himself, for attempting to bribe a public functionary. This was a severe blow for the ambitious prefect that was to be. He blamed Juliette for inciting the miller, for he looked on the presence of the notes as a pure invention. The wife of the minister, Juliette's relation, exerted her

self to such purpose, that though he considered Anatole innocent in the matter of the notes, he determined to have him deprived of his appointment for his calumnies against Madame Norbert. At last his clerk was discovered to have purloined the miller's money, and his integrity was so far justified; and he discovered that he had mistaken an actress for Madame Norbert in the Cadran-Bleu concern. He was, however, convinced that all hopes of high office were at an end. Driven to bay, he paid a visit to Madame Norbert, who had just returned from an entertainment at the minister's, where she had been openly insulted by an out-spoken woman of doubtful virtue.

"These two persons regarded one another some time without speaking; they examined each other like two tigers thirsty for blood, devising where best to strike the first stroke. At last, Anatole, taking a chair, began the strife. 'We hate each other cordially, madame,' said he, 'and I can not explain how I have forced myself into your presence. I have deeply injured you, but unfortunately I can not repair the wrong if you alone are to be benefited. I am lost also. You have enveloped me in the meshes of a shameful accusation—that of a vile theft.' 'I hated you sufficiently to believe the charge. Did you suppose that I could act like a woman without a name, in meeting an actor in a house open to all comers?' 'I believed that you were the very person; and when I found my mistake it was too late to undo the mischief. You have prevented me from marrying a woman I loved; restore me Charlotte de Meyran, madame. You can satisfy yourself to-morrow that I am innocent of the theft, however it may annoy you. We both are lost. I can well conceive how two enemies can rush to the place of combat where one is to lose his life. But if it is proved to them that both must perish, I can not imagine the after struggle, especially when the prize they fight for is reputation.' 'It is you,' said Juliette, 'who have brought me to the place of combat. I had no choice, I must follow.'

"'Well,' said he, 'I am neither vile nor cowardly, and I know your conduct to be free even from suspicion. Yet I hate you, and my hate is returned. However, I know the value of reputation. It is more than life—more than talent. For a woman especially, reputation is as necessary as the air she breathes. I know it well,' said Juliette. 'Both suffering equally, I have been obliged to make this visit.' 'Have you brought poison or the dagger to put an end to my sufferings?' 'It may be so, madame. Career in an honorable profession is as necessary to my well-being as reputation is to yours. Though we hate, we can not help esteeming each other, and I see but one means to effect

our deliverance from the abyss which opens before us.' 'And this means—what is it?' 'To espouse each other.' M. de Limant added not a word; he bowed respectfully, opened the door, and departed."

Juliette's surprise at this proposal may be imagined, but when she mentioned it to the minister and his wife, and due consideration was given to it, they decided that it was the very thing to be done, all circumstances considered. It was agreed that the ceremony should take place at night.

"The church was plunged in the most profound darkness, but the Virgin's chapel sparkled with a thousand lights. . . . The bride was arrayed in white, and a coral ornament adorned her hair, depended from her ears, and wound round her neck. She was beautiful, but frightfully pale. The coral on which the light fell in floods, gave a strange and ghastly color to her skin. . . . No joyous hymns, no sunlight, no incense! The mass was celebrated in the deepest silence, broken only by the voices of the priest and his assistants, the heavy thud of the rain coming down in torrents, and the rumbling of distant thunder. At last came the moment when, placed under the canopy, bridegroom and bride laid their hands each in the other, and he put the gold circlet on her finger. You would have said their hands were of marble, without a pulse of life. The ceremony being ended, the priest was about addressing them on their reciprocal duties, when a frightful clatter stopped his discourse. Some heavy object had fallen with a stunning noise on the pavement, and it seemed as if the pulpit had tumbled, a mass of wood had cracked, and the organ fallen to pieces with a dismal shriek. The thunder was heard in a prolonged rattle, and a sudden flash of lightning revealed a cloud of dust in the nave, as if rising from the vaults. A clash of iron accompanied these terrors, and a voice repeating in wild terror, *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!** . . . Juliette fell in a swoon into the arms of Madame C., and was borne lifeless into the sacristy."

After awhile, Anatole about to follow to make inquiry after his wife, was accosted by the minister, who, congratulating him on being just appointed prefect in Aveyron, politely handed him into a traveling carriage which was to convey him to his government. Away he went in his light wedding garments, and would have

* The rain and thunder excepted, all this confusion arose from trivial causes, namely, the falling of a heavy picture, the clash of the frightened beadle's halbert on the flags, and the prayer of the terrified distributor of the holy-water.

suffered not a little from the cold had it not been for a comfortable padded cloak which had been thoughtfully provided for him.

He had now gained his coveted object ; and by his ability and naturally good disposition he soon was very popular in his capital of Rhodez. Moreover, Charlotte, now Madame de Herbois, lived near, and he could frequently relax from his pleasant duties in her society. (The sensation British maid or matron need not become nervous at this point—tender speeches were the worst that occurred between the quandom lovers.) But, alas, Napoleon would not allow a prefect and his lady to live apart. So he requested Madame de Linant, who had lived in the minister's family since her marriage, to come and take possession of the lady's apartments in the prefecture, promising that he would never abuse his privileges, or inflict his society on her except at public receptions. She had to submit to hard fate. She was left completely at liberty, however, in her state apartments ; and by degrees both husband and wife, discovering their mutual good qualities, began to regret their estrangement. She began to be tormented with jealousy on account of the visits made to Madame Charlotte, and just at the time received a visit from Ernest, who was flying from the pursuit of justice.

He informed her that his sister, with Anatole's concurrence, had placed one of her own creatures in her (Juliette's) service, and that she had promised her a dowry, and would effect her marriage with her suitor, on condition of her poisoning her new mistress, still with Anatole's concurrence. On inquiry, she found the poison in the maid's possession ; and in Ernest's presence, burst out into a passion of jealousy and resentment, exclaiming as once did Henry II., "Oh ! who will free me from this man ?" At this juncture Anatole was away at Mme. de Herbois's, and intended, without returning, to join a party of huntsmen at some distance next day. Ernest, on hearing the frenzied wife's exclamation, started to do the deed, that is, waylay and murder Anatole, and then oblige her as his accomplice to fly with him to another country. After his departure, she found that Charlotte's guilt consisted in bribing Rose to administer a liquor which would make her ill, and thus compel her to return to Paris for medical

advice, and that Anatole had no knowledge whatever of the compact. She at once sent messengers in all haste to find her husband, and urgently require him to return.

On his meeting with Charlotte that day, she let him into her design of sending her husband to Italy to study the science of manures under a celebrated professor, and also how she would oblige his wife to quit Rhodez, as already explained. She showed him her favorite dog, once a lively little animal, now moving about in a listless fashion from a dose of the poison, and explained that it would be as brisk as ever in a day or so. Anatole had been suffering from remorse and reawakened love of his wife, and now he bitterly reproached Charlotte — rushed from the house — sprung on his horse — saw the poor little hound lying dead as he was crossing the yard, and rode home like the wind to save his wife, if not too late. Meantime she was in agony for his safety. Rose, who had decided on not administering the medicine, cried out :

" 'Madame, Monsieur is alighting.' A shivering seized on the young wife. She felt her limbs tremble under her, but her feelings were all gratitude that her rash expressions had not borne their bitter fruit. 'Oh, Rose ! are you sure ?' She heard the outer door clash, and trembling with emotion, she retreated to the farthest part of her boudoir. At last the door flew open, and Anatole springing toward his wife clasped her to his heart. 'Juliette,' cried he, trembling, 'you are pale ; your lips and under your eyes are discolored. Am I too late ?' Then perceiving Rose, he cried out, 'Let this girl be arrested.' Juliette laid one hand on her husband's mouth, and with the other held before his eyes the little bottle still full to the stopper. 'No,' said she, 'Rose is a true girl. We must recompense her instead of delivering her to justice.' 'Oh, God be praised !' cried he, 'that you have escaped death. How dreadful that I who love you most tenderly should have been selected as an accomplice for your death.' She flung her arms round her husband, and her past sufferings were as if they had never been."

But we are constrained to omit all further circumstances of the unlooked for reconciliation, and the fortunes of the other personages of the story, high and low, and the many picturesque and humorous passages with which the book is filled. Our object being to present a sensation French story of an unobjectionable char-

acter, and a date anterior to the Lady Audley school, we have spared our readers every thing in the shape of criticism. Being destitute of the evil qualities so dear to the admirers of the wicked works

of Feydeau, Sue and Co., it has missed such popularity as is enjoyed by their writings, and will, therefore, as we hope, possess the virtue of novelty for many of our readers.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

M R . T H A C K E R A Y .

MR. THACKERAY's melancholy and unexpected death makes it natural to take some notice of the general character of his writings.

There has been much controversy on the moral effects of novels; and it is only of late years that the public at large, and especially the religious public, appear to have given way to irresistible force, and to have admitted by their conduct, and also by their teaching, that novel-reading is not wicked, and that it is even possible that a novel may be a good and useful book. The denunciations against novels which may be read in old-fashioned sermons are still as good as when they were first written, yet no one reads them. Baxter says, "Another dangerous time-wasting sin is the reading of vain books, play-books, romances, and feigned histories. I speak not here how pernicious this vice is, by corrupting the fancy and affections, and putting you out of relish to necessary things; but be-think you, before you spend another hour in any such books, whether you can comfortably give an account of it unto God?" Elsewhere he says, "Another point of sensuality to be denied is the reading or hearing of false and tempting books, and those that only tend to please an idle fancy, and not to edify. Such as are romances and other feigned histories of that nature, with books of tales and jests, and foolish compliments, with which the world so much aboundeth that there's few but may have admittance to this library of the devil." He goes on to show how these works "en-snare us in a world of guilt," "dangerously bewitch and corrupt the minds of young and empty people, and rob men of much precious time." And he concludes with

these emphatic exhortations, which afford a strange contrast to the tone of modern reviews, even if they are of the stricter sort: "Therefore I may well conclude that play-books, and history fables, and romances, and such like, are the very poison of youth, the prevention of grace, the fuel of wantonness and lust, and the food and work of empty, vicious, graceless persons; and it's great pity they be not banished out of the commonwealth." "All these considered, I beseech you, throw away these pestilent vanities, and take them not into your hands, nor suffer them in the hands of your children, or in your houses, but burn them as you would do a conjuring book, and as they did, Acts 19: 19, that so they may do no mischief to others."

These vigorous denunciations embody, in plain words, a sentiment which, in our own days, is altogether worn out, in so far as novels were its object. It was, however, exceedingly powerful in its day; and long after it had ceased to be openly or generally avowed, it continued to exercise a very perceptible influence, not only over the opinion which the public entertained of novels and their writers, but over the opinion which novelists entertained of themselves and their works. With some striking exceptions, a certain Bohemian air hung about our principal writers of fiction for a length of time. A humorist is almost always a person of more than average sensibility, and these qualities are almost certain to put their possessor more or less in opposition to the established state of things. Both Fielding and Smollet are memorable instances of this; and though memorable names—such, especially, as that of Walter

Scott—might be mentioned on the other side, it will be generally found, as was the case with Scott himself, that their attachment to what exists is owing, to a great extent, to the fact that they have been able to throw an air of romance over it. If he had not managed to idealize Scotland, and to see his bare-legged Highlanders in a romantic point of view, Scott, hard-headed and sensible as he was, would hardly have managed to write the *Waverley* novels, however much he wanted to buy land. The moral novelists—such as Richardson, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austin—who are to fiction what Arminians are to theology, belong to a different class. The whole coloring of their works is derived from a mental atmosphere altogether unlike that of the rebellious sentimentalists who seem to consider that wit, irony and pathos are the instruments by which a just estimate may be formed of human affairs. For the last thirty or five-and-thirty years the writers who in the last century would have been prominent members of the literary opposition, have obtained an entirely new position, and have exercised a considerable influence on the whole course of thought. Novel-writing has become not only a business, but by far the most lucrative branch of literary industry. A really good novel, by a well-known writer, is worth its weight, not in gold, but almost in five-pound notes. Thousands of pounds have of late years been paid for the right to publish a single edition of a story in numbers. After being published in numbers they are thrown into cheap editions, and find wings of one sort or another with which they fly over the whole face of the country. Their influence is enormous. They are the favorite national indoors amusement. All men and all women read them, and many women read nothing else. Modern popular novels have far more influence over the morals of the public, and over their views of life, than the stage and the pulpit put together. Novels and newspapers have a sort of analogy to Church and State. The one represents to innumerable readers the active and business-like, the other the contemplative view of things. There are thousands upon thousands of young people, and a considerable number of people no longer young, whose principal experience of argument and discussion is derived from leading articles, and whose notions of the character and prospects of the world in which they live, of the nature

of its institutions, and, in a word, of the general color of life, are taken principally from novels. Whether we like it or not, such is the state of things to which, by a great variety of causes, we have been brought; and it ought to be recognized, if we are to try to estimate the nature of the influence which particular writers have exercised.

Mr. Thackeray was thrown, at the age at which people choose their professions, into the full current of light literature, and became one of the most prominent directors of that great outburst of the pathetic and impulsive view of things which have just been referred to. Its first beginnings were cotemporary with what almost every one of a sufficiently ardent turn of mind to take a prominent part in fiction, regarded as the advent of a political millennium. The Reform bill, and other measures of the same sort, had discredited all existing institutions, and the general temper of the times led men to look with favor on all new schemes, and to listen willingly to every one who was inclined to denounce or to banter the standing usages of society. The old Bohemianism of the ragged authors of the eighteenth century was transformed into political, literary and social radicalism. From 1830 to 1848, or thereabouts, the prevailing tone of the more popular forms of light literature might be not unjustly described as a sort of rowdy young Englandism, differing from the white neck-cloth, high-church variety of that creed, as the actual Mr. Douglas Jerrold differed from Mr. Disraeli's ideal. Lord Macaulay once humorously described himself as free from all taint of liberalism, as he "was for war, hanging, and church establishments." The current upon which Mr. Thackeray was originally launched ran in exactly the opposite direction. The early volumes of *Punch* overflow with proof of the horror with which its representative men affected to shudder at the notion of hanging a rogue, paying a bishop, or fighting the French. It was from this starting-point that several of our most popular writers set off in a career which led them in very different directions. Mr. Thackeray, when forced to rely on his own exertions, found himself led by one part of his character to associate with the picturesque regiment with which it was his lot to march through Coventry and other places. He had the quick sympathies, the humor dashed with pathos, the genuine feeling, and, it must

be added, the disinclination for severe thought and vigorous study, which predispose men to take such a view of life. He could do inimitably well the humorously skeptical criticism which often appears at first sight to settle every thing by a pathetic smile or a sly allusion; and as he was compelled to produce periodical literature for the sake of earning his living, he naturally, and, indeed, inevitably produced what he had it in him to produce. He had thus every prospect of becoming the chief musician in that impulsive band which proposed to fiddle down the walls of our social Jericho, at a small weekly charge, at per line, for caricatures and pathos. He had, however, something in him far too good for this kind of career.

There was one point in which he was infinitely superior to the noble army of mockers amongst whom he had happened to take service. By birth, by education, and by nature, he was a thorough gentleman. Public schools and universities were not in his eyes, as they were in those of some of his associates and several of his rivals, mere nests of prejudice and bulwarks of corruption. Cambridge and the Charterhouse had taught him to know his place in the world, and had made him deeply conscious of the fact—of which such a man as Mr. Jerrold never seemed to have the faintest notion—that those who manage the affairs of this country and administer its institutions are neither fools nor knaves, but men far better instructed, and much wiser, than the toiling millions who were, and to some extent still are, flattered with the titles of hard-headed and hard-handed, whilst morally they were, to say the least, no worse. It was one of Mr. Thackeray's best points that he never over-rated himself or the party with which he was accidentally associated. He knew perfectly well that a novel at its best estate ought to be regarded as nothing more than an elegant amusement, indirectly instructive; and that the true greatness and happiness of the world depend upon the exercise of sterner qualities. Mr. Dickens expressed his regret, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that Mr. Thackeray did not sufficiently appreciate the dignity of his calling. He understood it far better than his critics, for he knew that it consisted principally in minding his own business, and writing about matters which he understood. His memory has not to bear the disgrace of such ignorant and mischievous libels as

the description of the Circumlocution Office, or the attack on the Court of Chancery in *Bleak House*. If Mr. Thackeray had written a novel about Law Reform, he would have thought it his duty to be acquainted with the elements of the subject. As it was, he knew the limits of his province, and studiously kept within them.

This just appreciation of his own gifts and of the mental attitude which it became him to assume, explains the principal characteristics of his books. His province, as he conceived it, was the description, not exactly of the lighter side of human nature, but of human nature in its lighter occupations. His works form a series of pictures of the men and women amongst whom he was accustomed to move, as far as he knew them. There were many points in their characters of which he was, and was contented to be, ignorant. He hardly ever in his earlier and more characteristic works introduces even references to the severer affairs of life. He did not know much of such matters, and he knew the extent of his ignorance. There are in his works no such characters or scenes as those which Sir Edward Lytton in our own country, or Balzac and Bernard amongst the French, are so fond of drawing. He never drew such a character as Lumley Ferrers or Audley Egerton, or the heroes of *L'homme Serieux*, or the *Gentilhomme Campagnard*, nor is there any thing to be found in his works like that vast net-work of all sorts and conditions of men—soldiers, statesmen, lawyers, merchants, bankers, shop-keepers, and peasants—who ply their several tasks through the innumerable volumes of the *Comédie Humaine*, which Balzac fondly hoped would be a monument to him more durable than brass. Except the later novels, which take in a certain quantity of historical matter, and of which we shall speak more in detail immediately, his novels are all about the simplest matters—love-making, artless or selfish, in the manner of George Osborne, or in the manner of Dobbin; the schemes of Becky Sharpe to push herself in the world and to cheat her creditors; the ups and downs in the life of a skeptical, irresolute, sensitive young man about town, who writes for the newspapers; and other such matters. This certainly diminishes the interest of the books in one direction. The stirring, busy part of life is, after all, the most interesting part of it. Love-making and domestic

schemes are but one ingredient in the pudding ; and an appreciation of plums by no means excludes a certain satisfaction in suet. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the system of writing about what you understand, and not going beyond the length of your tether, is, beyond all question, the true one. When Balzac explains and illustrates by appropriate examples the course of all things human, divine, and infernal, showing how battles are fought, fortunes made, lawsuits determined, and empires governed ; and when Sir E. Lytton, in a quieter way, converts his books into a cyclopedia of all mysteries and all knowledge, including as many classical quotations (and in many instances the same quotations) as *Burton's Anatomy*, the word humbug steals gently into the reader's mind. Mr. Thackeray's writings never suggest such a commentary. The Marquis of Steyne comes upon the stage in *Vanity Fair* to no very great purpose. We learn nothing about his public life or his political opinions, but as far as he goes, he is a genuine character, an excellent portrait of a debauched old grandee, who is still driven by passions which he ought to have outlived, to amuse himself with a sex which he despises. When Audley Egerton attitudinizes and works out the regulation contrast between an iron exterior and a tender heart, a dreadful suspicion grows up in the reader's mind that he is not the least like a cabinet minister, and that he and his red boxes and parliamentary eloquence are mostly in the nature of dramatic properties, and not very good ones. Balzac's statesmen and men of business may in reality be equally unnatural ; but there is by nature so much more humbug in a Frenchman than in an Englishman that the expedient is less offensive in a French than in an English novel.

His scrupulous modesty and adherence to fact produced at least two effects on Mr. Thackeray's novels worth noticing. It accounts for much of the air of pathos which they wear. In one of the volumes of miscellanies there is a frontispiece representing a dwarfed figure with a large head. He is removing a laughing mask attached to a cap and bells, and underneath appear the author's own features, wearing a strange look of half-bewildered sadness—the face of a man who has hardly shaken off an unpleasant dream. Again and again, in various parts of his books,

the impression under which this little figure was drawn is conveyed to the reader by casual allusions, by turns of expression, by a thousand subtle intimations to the effect that the actor was rather tired of his part, and never heartily liked it. When a sensitive man is under a constant temptation to write about himself and his own feelings, he inevitably acquires a certain degree of mannerism, and it is impossible to be quite sure whether his feelings are entirely genuine. A person who, from a feeling that he ought to be dissatisfied with his occupation in life, is constantly telling himself that he is dissatisfied with it, probably hardly knows himself whether he really is so or not. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Thackeray would have liked any other pursuit better than the one which he adopted, or that he was better fitted for any other ; but, considering the arrogance which is the besetting sin of popular writers, it is much to his credit that he should have felt the weak side of his calling, and should have regretted to see his hand subdued to what it worked in, as no doubt it often was. A writer by profession must, by the necessity of the case, write a good deal that would not sell if it had not his trade-mark on it ; and he must almost always feel that if his income was otherwise secured, and if he had energy enough to write at all under such circumstances, he would be able to write much better books than he is ever likely to make in the way of business.

It is a considerable thing, and shows a true perception of a man's real value, for so popular a writer as Mr. Thackeray was, to be able to bear this in mind. The flattery poured upon popular novelists, living or dead, in the present day, is a disgrace to what is technically called literature. Hardly any other class of men, except here and there popular preachers, get publicly cried over by their colleagues. When eminent men in other lines of life die, people do not put articles into newspapers or magazines, leaving out the Mr., putting in at length all the Christian names, and blubbering about them and theirs as if the fact that a man wrote novels made him and his affairs, and all the feelings of his friends and family, public property. To those who care for the maintenance of that wise reserve which is to all sturdy virtues what enamel is to teeth, such demonstrations are extremely unwelcome. If a man can not

control his feelings, let him go home, and cry his eyes out if he pleases; but he ought not to come before the public till he has washed his face and brushed his hair.

Besides producing this general impatience of the work in which he was engaged, Mr. Thackeray's genuine modesty and adherence to his own limits produced a noticeable specific effect on his writings. It contributed largely to the want of plot which is to be seen in all his books. This, no doubt, was partly due to the practice of publishing novels in parts—a practice far more advantageous to the novelist than to the novel; but the moral ground for it is to be found in the inherent honesty and simplicity of the man. A young gentleman in search of a profession once asked a venerable relative high in the church, what he thought of his becoming a doctor. "No," was the reply, "I see a providential obstacle. You have not humbug enough about you." The same obstacle prevented Mr. Thackeray from excelling in what is often considered the most attractive and even the most intellectual part of novel-writing—the devising of plots. He had very little turn for this. If by any accident he brings in an unexpected incident or strange turn of events, you feel that he is tacitly despising his own trick. For instance, at the end of *Philip*, where the old coach upsets and is broken, whereby the will lost for many years is discovered, and the necessary fortune is sent in the right direction, there is a sort of intention, or at least conscious clumsiness about the whole proceeding, which shows that the writer must have laughed at it himself. His caricature plots—the plots of the prize novels, for instance or of *Rebecca and Rowena*—are much more ingenious than the plots of his principal works. The latter are, without exception, what Baxter called feigned histories. They are fictitious biographies extending over a considerable space of time, and depending for their interest, not on any particular combination of circumstances, but on a succession of events, long enough to bring out naturally, and without perceptible effort, the leading characteristics of the personages of the story. No doubt this way of writing is apt to be dull. It can not be denied that by the time that *Pendennis* leaves his chambers in the temple, we, the readers, are as tired

of them as he must have been; and long before *Philip* reaches the end of a career which has no particular termination after all, we get to feel that we know as much about him as we much care to know. On the other hand, a writer in whose works the ludicrous element, whether in its simple or in its pathetic shape, has so very large a share, could hardly, without a certain contempt for himself, make his plots good, in the sense in which the plots of A. Dumas, for instance, are good. A reflective man, whose eyes are open to the grotesque side of human affairs, and especially to his own relation to them, can hardly fail to be struck with the absurdity of his own position, when he sits down to construct an elaborate series of adventures, coincidences, hair-breadth escapes, mistaken identities, and the like, which he is afterwards to describe with a sprightliness which will pass for real interest and emotion. To compose a plot calculated for descriptions of the deeper, sterner, and more tragic emotions, is a task on which serious labor might well be bestowed; but a man must rather overrate the value of a laugh if he is willing to take so much trouble to devise the telling of it; and a mind essentially humorous and pathetic will find occasions for the display of those gifts rather in the common routine of life than in forced unnatural situations. It is one of the great merits and beauties of Mr. Thackeray's style that his pathos is introduced in the most perfectly natural way, and never forced into artificial prominence. Deathbed scenes—which some writers would dwell upon as if they could not be content without actually rubbing the onions into their readers' eyes—are by him almost always left in the background, and rather indicated than described. He does not make us stand by the bed-side of poor old Sedley, or give a minute description of the way in which Amelia received the news of George's death.

Passing from the consideration of Mr. Thackeray's general position in literature to that of his works, the first in order of time are four volumes of miscellanies, which contain a selection from the periodical writings, which for many years it was his regular profession to compose. As might have been expected, they are of most unequal merit. Many of them are very poor, and many others which possess considerable merit are so much disfigured by

the defects which attach to almost all periodical writing, that their general effect is nearly spoiled. Even the worst of these performances, however, deserve notice, as they mark the point from which their author set out. It is curious to contrast their general temper and tone with that of their more elaborate successors. The *Book of Snobs*, republished from *Punch*, is a good landmark. It sums up, in the lengthy manner which is inseparably connected with periodical composition, one of the doctrines which Mr. Thackeray preached with diminishing vigor and relish all through his career. Every one knows its character. It was originally a lucky hit in *Punch*, and after the manner of such lucky hits, was repeated, diversified, and—to use an American adaptation of a French word for which we have no equivalent—"exploited," till it became rather wearisome. The general result of it is to this effect: "In every walk of life is to be found meanness and a regard for low objects more or less concealed under pretensions to something higher. The writer will go through a number of illustrations of this general truth, and will show you meanness in society, meanness in professional life, meanness in domestic arrangements, pettiness and paltriness every where, under thousands of forms." The effect which this had, and the popularity which it enjoyed, were very remarkable. By the fertility of his illustrations, and the wonderfully life-like air which he gave to every little detail, Mr. Thackeray certainly contrived to produce a considerable effect on the public. He managed to convey the impression that all the common distinctions and usages of society were bad things, that they were founded upon a wretched love of money, a servile regard for the opinion of others, and the absence, or at any rate the weakness, of all the higher and more generous principles of conduct. The chief inference which at that time—somewhere about the thirty-fifth year of his age—Mr. Thackeray had extracted from his observation of the world was—What a number of snobs there are in the world! What mean and petty motives regulate every-day life! Both the faults and the merits of the little book are obvious enough. It is very clever as far as it goes, but it goes a very little way. It is so contrived as to look like a picture of society, but in fact it is

a picture of an infinitesimally small proportion of the life of an insignificant portion of society. The comfortable classes are represented as making a Bible of the peerage. How many people there are in those classes who could say with perfect truth that they never saw or thought of such a book, or of any thing in any degree analogous to it! A keen eye may detect certain dashes of vulgarity in every man's manners and habits, but if we take any fair specimen of the bulk of the class which furnished Mr. Thackeray with his game, we shall find that he passes nine-tenths of his time and thoughts in his business; and far the greater part of the other tenth in relations with his family and his other immediate friends and connections, which are in reality altogether prosaic, and afford no food at all for satire. The greatest excellence which can distinguish a satirist is a continual consciousness of the true scope of his satire, and of the fact that there is an immensely wide department of affairs which affords no room at all for it. In Mr. Thackeray's earlier works, and especially in the *Book of Snobs*, there is no consciousness of this, and the consequence is that the satire is more pungent, better written, because the writer attached more importance to it than it really deserved, and far less just and less pleasing to an impartial critic than the more enlightened satire of his later works. There is a sort of dash and acrid vigor about it which is the redeeming quality of early works; but this advantage is gained at a considerable price—a price which in his later days the author would not have thought it worth while to pay.

A considerable part of Mr. Thackeray's lighter compositions neither had, nor were meant to have, any moral at all. They were pure burlesques; and, considered in that point of view, they were perhaps the best things that he ever wrote—the best that have been written in our day. Such performances as the ballads of Policeman X, carry one particular kind of fun to the extreme limit which it is capable of attaining. The spelling is in itself a work of art. Almost all spelling which aims at representing the pronunciation of uneducated people is entirely conventional. Even Shakspeare does not attempt, when he brings a clown on the stage, to give more than a general notion of rusticity and awkwardness; and of the

many novelists who introduce provincial dialects into their stories, hardly one is able to give to a reader who is not familiar with it before-hand the least notion of the kind of sound which he would hear if he went into the district described. The conventional cockney, for instance, is a man who transposes w and v, who always leaves out the initial h, and invariably prefixes it to an open vowel. This is not only not true, but has hardly any resemblance to the truth. Ten h's are wrongfully omitted for one that is improperly introduced; and the reason is obvious: it saves trouble to drop an h, but no one inserts them unless he wants to give extra emphasis to what he has to say, "Hit is badmitted on hall 'ands," said a vulgar fellow, in the heat of a splendid oration. In quieter moments he might have talked of "ands," but never of "hit" or "hadmitted." Mr. Thackeray was aware of all the refinements of what might be described as his native slang, and he reproduced it with marvelous fidelity. What can represent the particular forms of clipping and mumbling English in use in London better than Jacob Omnim's interview with the liveryman whose action was fatal to the Palace Court?

"For two-pound seventeen,
This liveryman replied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's 'oss,
Which the thief had took to ride,
'Do you see any thing green in me?'
Mr. Jacob Omnim cried.

"Because a raskle chews
My 'oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall I be called to pay? it is
A iniquitous job."

The gift of reproducing slang is comparatively unimportant; but the power of seeing the full grotesqueness of a grotesque incident which these ballads display is wonderful in its way. Nothing can show a deeper sense of humor than the notion of bringing together Louis Philippe, Cuffy the Chartist orator, and Smith O'Brien, in the characters of three waiters, singing before Buckingham Palace at Christmas, 1848. Our readers will probably thank us for the opportunity of reading once more two or three familiar stanzas. First comes the king:

"I left my native ground,
I left my kin and kith,
I left my royal crownd,
Vich I couldn't travel vith,
And without a pound came to English
ground,
In the name of Mr. Smith."

The lamentation of Cuffy is an admirable mixture of the grotesque and pathetic:

"O Halbert! 'appy prince,
Vith children round your knees,
Ingraving 'ansum prints,
And takin' hoff your heasse.
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the solt, solt seas!"

Smith O'Brien's song leaves little to be said on the famous affair of the cabbage garden:

"Their fortress we assail:
Hurroo, my boys, hurroo;
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo.
Strike and prevail, proud Innesfail:
O'Brien, aboo, aboo!

"Our people they defied,
They shot at 'em like savages;
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages:
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the cabbages."

The mere power of grotesque writing is by no means the only noticeable point about these ballads. They mark, as we have observed, the point from which the author started. His opinions were almost entirely the reflection of his sympathies and antipathies; and these underwent a great change in the course of his career as a writer. Here, for instance, are some lines written in 1841, which suit very ill with the temper of *Esmond* and *The Virginians*. Speaking of soldiers, he says:

"Go to! I hate him and his trade.
Who bade us so to cringe and bend—
And all God's peaceful people made—
To such as him subservient?

"Tell me, what find we to admire
In epaulettes and scarlet coats,
In men, because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?"

The very ballad in which the lines occurred might have supplied the answer. It is called the *Chronicle of the Drum*, and

is ten times too long, and in most parts poor enough; but it contains flashes of serious poetry which show that its writer knew how to sympathize with the stronger passions which he then denounced, but subsequently recognized. Perhaps the most spirited passage of the whole refers to the exploits of the old drummer, who is supposed to tell his story. He bares his breast and shows his wounds :

" This came when I followed bold Kleber,
 'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun;
 And that from an Austrian saber,
 When the field of Marengo was won.

" My forehead has many deep furrows,
 But this is the deepest of all,
 A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
 Beside the fair river of Saal.

" It makes my old heart to beat higher,
 To think of the deeds that I saw.
 I followed bold Ney through the fire,
 And charged by the side of Murat."

There are several other parts of the same piece which show greater power than the author generally chose to display. Take, for instance, this glance at the execution of Louis XVI. :

" She [the guillotine] called for the blood of
 our king,
 And straight from his prison we drew
 him;
 And to her, with shouting, we led him,
 And took him, and bound him, and slew
 him.

" I see him, as now for a moment
 Away from his gaolers he broke,
 And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
 And struggled, and fain would have spoke.
 ' Ho! drummer, quick! silence yon Capet,'
 Says Santerre, ' with a beat of your drum;
 Lustily then did I tap it,
 And the son of Saint Louis was dumb.'

These lines, and others that could easily be mentioned, show how vigorous and manly a tone Mr. Thackeray could assume when he chose, and lead us to regret that he should have written so much for *Punch* and from the *Punch* point of view.

Amongst the minor works included in the four volumes of miscellanies, there is one deserving a higher reputation than it has ever attained. This is the story of *Barry Lyndon*, originally published many years ago, in this magazine. It was, in

some important respects, the best novel that Mr. Thackeray ever wrote; though it is not surprising that this should not be the general opinion. As it is less known than his other works, it may be allowable to say a few words on its plot. *Barry Lyndon* is the history of a thorough blackguard. Barry, the hero, who tells his own story, so that the reader is prevented from seeing how much of the book the author means to be considered true, is a noisy Irishman, strong, fierce, wild, and ignorant, full of lies and boasting, who sets out to seek his fortune about the middle of the last century. After a sham duel, in which he falsely supposes himself to have killed his man, he goes from his native town to Dublin, and, after various adventures, enlists as a common soldier, and goes to serve in the Seven Years' War. There, by an ingenious contrivance, he steals the clothes and money of a wounded officer, assumes his character, and deserts. He is entrapped by one of the man-stealers of Frederick II., and serves for five years in his army. There he turns police spy, and is set to watch the doings of a professional gambler, who turns out to be his uncle, and by whose assistance he contrives to desert from the Prussian service. He then becomes bully to his uncle's gambling-table, and goes through all manner of blackguard scenes, which he describes with a degree of pride and self-gratification which is indescribably comic. The scene of the last of these adventures is laid at a small German court; and in describing it Mr. Thackeray tried his hand almost for the only time in his whole career at the melodramatic style of composition. There is a fascinating and guilty princess; an irresolute French dandy, with whom she is in love; a rigid old aristocrat, his grandfather, who cares more for family honor than any thing else in the world; and, by way of finale, a secret execution by "Monsieur de Strasburg," who, as the lawyers would say, is brought down special for the purpose. The machinery which sets all this going is Mr. Barry's play-table, at which the young Frenchman gambles away the crown jewels lent him by the princess, and so brings her name into discredit. After figuring in this little tragedy, Mr. (or, as he calls himself, Captain) Barry returns to Ireland; and, after much blackguard splendor, bullies a great heiress, Lady Lyndon, into marrying him.

She is of superlatively grand family, and has forty thousand pounds a year, which he proceeds to squander in the most reckless manner. By degrees Barry Lyndon, as he is now called, sinks from the extraordinary splendor to which he had risen into a beggarly and almost penniless Irish squire; and at last he falls into the condition of a prisoner for debt in the Fleet prison, where he lingers out a miserable existence, writing his memoirs, and being managed by his tough old mother, who sticks by him to the last, and supports him out of an annuity of fifty pounds a year, with which she began life, and which she had contrived to cling to through all her own and her son's ups and downs in the world.

Barry Lyndon has rather more plot in it than most of Mr. Thackeray's novels. Indeed, one or two of the episodes, such as the story of the German princess, and the story of Barry's contrivances for escaping from the service of the King of Prussia, are remarkably good pieces of story-telling of the common kind; but in its main features it is like the rest of his works. It is an imaginary biography, the incidents of which bring out by degrees the character of the hero. The incidents themselves, however, are far more varied and important than those of *Pendennis*, for instance, or *Vanity Fair*, and they have an interest of their own altogether independent of their influence on Barry. The army of Frederick II., the state of Dublin in the middle of the last century, the constitution of society which preceded the French Revolution, when all the aristocracies in Europe were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, reckless of the flood which was to destroy them all (a subject which had inexhaustible attractions for Mr. Thackeray), are all described with extreme vivacity, and with that picturesque, truthful touch which no one else could emulate. The most interesting part of the book, however, is no doubt the character of the hero. He is an utter blackguard, boastful, false, selfish, ferocious in a superlative degree, and yet he considers himself in perfect good faith the most splendid, honorable, and magnificent man of his time. All his worst faults he views as harmless and even rather graceful peccadilloes; and whenever his villainy brings him to trouble, he persuades himself in the most plausible and natural manner that he is a victim of the

conspiracies of his enemies and a martyr to his own guileless simplicity. If it is a great thing to see ourselves as others see us, the power of seeing another man as he sees himself, is much more surprising, especially if the person so seen is a monstrous ruffian, and the person seeing him a thorough gentleman and man of honor.

The merits of *Barry Lyndon* are not such as to recommend it to every one. Many people complain, and not without truth, that they can feel no interest in the history of an utter blackguard and scoundrel. This is very much a matter of taste. It would no doubt be a great defect to write upon such subjects generally, or even often; but to perform such a feat now and then, and as a feat, is a very different thing. *Barry Lyndon* is far more amusing than *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, for instance, and is worked out with far greater depth. It may even sustain a comparison with Fielding's *Life of Jonathan Wild*. There is as much skill in making Barry tell his own story, and in entering into and humoring his own estimate of himself, as there is in Fielding's conscious and express irony, which, indeed, is somewhat too apparent, and is kept up so long as to become wearisome at last. There is, moreover, about *Barry Lyndon* one merit which is not to be found in either of the other works. There are redeeming features in the hero. He is fond of his child, he understands the value of his mother's affection for him, and here and there he has a sort of glimpse of better feelings, and of the possibility of better objects in life than those for which he lives, though this mood invariably dissolves away into noisy rant and drunken mawkishness.

Passing from Mr. Thackeray's minor performances to his more elaborate works, the first place, not only in time but in importance, is undoubtedly due to *Vanity Fair*. It was by this work that he passed from the position of a man known to comparatively few friends, and to the editors of magazines and newspapers, to that of a writer who had contributed something considerable to the permanent literature of his country. It is difficult, and it would hardly be worth while, to add any thing to the chorus of well-earned praise which has acknowledged the merits of this work, especially since its author's death. The character of Becky Sharpe alone, rising and falling

with every wave of fortune, was enough to make the reputation of any writer. The ease with which she asserts herself successively in half a dozen different positions, and the callous good humor with which she endures the inevitable when all her wiles fail her, is admirable; nor is it easy to overpraise the fertility with which group after group of secondary characters is delineated, all with a continual supply of interest and vivacity, and all with that little touch of depreciation which for a very long time marked almost every portrait that came from Mr. Thackeray's pencil. At a later period of his life, Amelia would not have been quite such a fool, and Captain Dobbin would have had hands and feet of the usual size. In *Vanity Fair* the author seems to be haunted by a fear, which he never can manage to lay aside, that unless he can make his characters amiable in spite of some foible or personal defect, he has not done his duty by them. He is so eager, for instance, to show that Dobbin is a man of noble character, that he makes him as uncouth as he can in order to prevent his readers from liking him for any other qualities than the ones which he means to praise and honor. This disposition goes through nearly all his books. That extravagant injustice and cruelty which he continually ascribes to women who are meant to be, and who in most things really are, all that is amiable, seem to be meant as protests against himself. "I and my readers, too, would fall down and worship this woman if I did not more or less disfigure her; but no one deserves to be worshiped, so let us dash in an unjust act or unkind speech to show that she, too, is but mortal." The ridiculous faults, the deformities, the occasional bursts of passion and defects of temper, are always given to the characters whom the author liked. The bad people he appears to feel are sufficiently punished by their natural deformity. Every body will hate them. The important thing is to prevent the public from feeling too much admiration for the good ones, or to force them, if they will admire, to do so *quand même*, in spite of defects serious enough to justify a very different feeling.

It would seem to be a mistake to attribute any definite moral to such a book as *Vanity Fair*. It is a sort of protest on behalf of the weak, the meek, the simple, the unsuccessful, against the rich,

the prosperous, the man who gets on in the world, the man who has all that he wants, and thinks principally of enjoying himself. If Becky Sharpe is to be reduced to any thing so prosaic as a moral, she would be translated into some sort of precept to all women to pass their lives in being fond of their husbands, fond of their children, fond of going to church, given to caressing habits in general, with a certain touch of humorous archness. Above all, they are never to be worldly, never to care for riches and greatness, or for fine society. The humor with which all this is worked in and out, and backward and forward, and the variety of ornaments which are strung on the slender strings of story which meanders through seven or eight hundred closely-printed pages, are sufficiently well-known to thousands upon thousands of readers. The tune of *vanitas vanitatum*, with the recommendation, in an undertone, of reverence for all manner of gentle, honorable, and high-minded feelings, is no doubt extremely striking, and has probably really done something toward making some part of the community care a little less about some special forms of tinsel; but there always must be readers who will say, "Here is *Vanity Fair* as represented by a man of genius; here are officers, country gentlemen, and their wives and daughters, men of business, Indian civil servants, clerks, clergymen, all the sorts and conditions of men among whom I am passing my life, and the whole raree show which the children in the vignette, at the end of the book, are shutting up in the box from whence it came, does not contain a single person of my acquaintance. My friends manage their estates and do justice, write, or look after their regiments, and have military schemes and business on their hands, or go to their country houses, or buy and sell, or collect revenues and administer justice, and look after public works in India, or mind their parishes at home. Sometimes they fall in love and get married or refused, as the case may be, and every now and then they go to parties, and give parties at their own houses; but neither the falling in love nor the party-giving occupies one hundredth part of that space in their lives which these good folks appear to allot to such occupations." There are, it is to be hoped, very few captains of marching regiments who have to accuse themselves of having

dangled for twelve or fourteen years after a woman who did not care for them ; and the number of people who have either the patience, or even the wish, to try to push themselves into the society of the rich and great must be very small. A man who means to preach on the text, vanity of vanities, ought to take for his illustration something that is not obviously vanity. It wants no great genius to show that Dobbin's pursuit of Amelia, or that Becky's ambition to get into grand society in London, is vanity. But we are not all obviously playing the fool. Take a solid apothecary, who makes £1500 a year, and spends £1000, and puts by the rest for his children, and if this too can be shown to be vanity, then there is no doubt something memorable has been said ; but to stop short of that is to leave the whole matter at a loose end. *Vanity Fair* is marvelously clever ; its details may be read a hundred times with constantly increasing satisfaction ; but when we view it as a whole, neither the tenderness which lies at the bottom, nor the satire which lies at the top, appear to have an adequate foundation ; and both put together, leave all the great passions and strong emotions of life, with the exception of love and vanity, unexplored and undescribed.

Pendennis, the immediate successor of *Vanity Fair*, must be considered inferior to it as a work of art. There is even less story, and what there is is very slight. The only parts of the book in which any thing approaching to a plot is introduced, are those which relate to the secret marriage of Warrenton and the adventures of Captain Altamont, and these are devices of the humblest and most perfectly well-known kind. The book, notwithstanding this, has very deep interest. It opens altogether a new vein, and describes to the life a matter with which the author was perhaps better acquainted than any thing else, and which no other writer has succeeded in describing tolerably well. *Pendennis* and his friend Warrenton represent one section of the class to which they belong to absolute perfection. The state of mind of a well-educated young Englishman who is at once obliged to be satisfied with his skepticism and dissatisfied with himself for being skeptical, was never described with more skill. Few things would be more instructive in their way than a full comparison between *Pendennis* and some of the French novels

which aim at describing the same class of persons in France. Nothing could throw more light on the difference between the two nations. The comparison will not quite run on all fours ; but Madame Sand's tale, *Horace*, is in many respects analogous to *Pendennis*. *Horace*, to be sure, is only a student, and his career stops before that of *Pendennis* : but in many respects they resemble each other. Both are nominally advocates, both are writers, though *Pendennis* makes more of a profession of it than *Horace* ; both are self-indulgent and idle, and both have the same exterior graces, being handsome, healthy young fellows, vain of their personal appearance, and full of animal life and spirits. There is also a good deal of undesigned resemblance between the incidents of the two stories. Both *Horace* and *Pendennis* are in love with two women. *Pendennis*, indeed, is in love with three at different times. Each has a *fidus Achates*, older and more experienced than himself, who gives him good advice ; each draws a full-length portrait of himself by his behavior on a variety of occasions ; and the history of each is a bitter satire composed by a friendly and sympathetic satirist. Here, however, the resemblance ends, and a series of contrasts of far greater importance, and going much deeper, begins. *Horace* has no particular convictions and very little knowledge ; but he is a revolutionist, prepared, as he supposes, to descend into the streets and kill or be killed for no particular reason except that he likes noise and excitement. When it comes to the point, he generally manages to be out of harm's way ; but this is because the cold fit of prudence is on him, not from want of courage. In a word, he is blown about by every wind of impulse, and is always under the power of some impulse or other—generally one of a violent character. The accurate measure which *Pendennis* takes of himself and his own significance is the most characteristic thing about him, and it puts a profound distinction between him and his French cotemporary.

⁷ By the time that he wrote *The Newcomes* Mr. Thackeray had reached an important point in his career. He had pretty well made friends with the world in which he lived. In his early writings there is a certain dash of Bohemianism, though it is subdued and kept in order by education

and early associations. *Vanity Fair* admits of being explained as a representation of a part of the world; but it may also be viewed, and that somewhat plausibly, as a general attack upon things as they are, and as a declaration of war upon the established order of society. It must be owned that the cheerful and friendly way of viewing the subject is pleasanter than the old one, though it gives less occasion for the display in all their power of the splendid gifts which first made the author's reputation.

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The Virginians and *Esmond* form a separate group of Mr. Thackeray's works; and, in our opinion, they show more skill, are of more interest, and are, in every respect, superior to his other works, except, possibly, *Barry Lyndon*, which, however admirable in its execution, is by no means so pleasing or interesting as a story. It is improbable, however, that the reputation of these books will be so wide or lasting as that of *Vanity Fair*, or even of *Pendennis*, which will always have an interest of their own, independent of their value as works of art; the one as a protest, more or less exaggerated, against society as it was between 1830 and 1840, the other, as a sympathizing picture of the polished skepticism which prevailed amongst the best-educated part of the comfortable classes of English society in the middle of the nineteenth century. We probably owe much of the spirit and vivacity of modern historians, and much of their consciousness that the persons whom they have to describe were real men and women, and not mere names in a book, to the vigor with which novelists, from Sir Walter Scott downward, have preached the same doctrine. Fiction can hardly be employed more usefully than when it makes past times real to us, and enables us for a time to breathe the air of other ages, and to hear the voices which once filled them with joy and sorrow, mirth and love.

The subjects of both *Esmond* and *The Virginians* are happily chosen. There was something specially congenial to the tone of Mr. Thackeray's mind in that of the eminent men of the early part of the eighteenth century. He entered with great ease into the feelings of such writers as Steele and Addison; and he took the trouble to make himself well acquainted with the wars of Queen Anne's time, and with part, at least, of the characters of

her great captains and statesmen. His accounts of Marlborough and Webb are excellent, and the same may be said of the sketch of St. John. There is also more of a plot in *Esmond* than in his other works. The hero's wavering between the Protestants and Catholics, between King James II. and King George I., and his way of judging of every thing, not upon principle, but almost exclusively on the ground of personal likings and dislikings, are very characteristic of the author.

The Virginians has most of the merits of *Esmond*, and especially the great cardinal merit of being about something important. Long after we have got tired of reading re-statements of a man's peculiar views of life, we can still take great pleasure in looking at his pictures of the American War, the state of feeling in England respecting it, and all the old-world stories about the half-forgotten great old houses—such as supplied Harry Warrington with aristocratic companions at the gaming-table, and fights fought long ago, like the unlucky expedition to Brittany, over which, a few years since, French patriotism waxed triumphant. It is pleasant to think in how kindly a spirit, and with what admirable intentions, this book was written. Its author had the friendship of America very near his heart, and did his very best to promote goodwill between the two nations.

Such are a few of the more obvious remarks which a review of the writings of this remarkable man suggests. Criticism, by its very nature, has much affinity with finding fault, and the merits of a popular novelist are generally so obvious and so fully recognized, that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon them. We should be sorry, however, to seem not to be alive to the merits, literary and personal, of so considerable a man, or even to be too keenly alive to his defects, at a time when every one would wish to do to his memory that honor which it so well deserves. Mr. Thackeray's place in the literary history of his country will no doubt be both high and permanent. In some of the gifts of a novelist he fully equals, and in some he exceeds, Fielding, though the foundation of his character was softer and less vivacious; but from Fielding's days to our own, there has been no one at all like him in this country. One or two of his French contemporaries resemble him;

and no doubt he learnt much from them, though some of their gifts he could not, and others he probably would not, acquire.

Of Mr. Thackeray's personal qualities it would not be appropriate to speak here. We are not of opinion that by writing popular novels a man becomes common property; and it is difficult to say much

of the personal feeling which even short intercourse with him inspired, without employing language which might appear insincere and exaggerated, especially if it were loud enough to make itself heard through the unrestrained and unqualified lamentations which resound round the grave of one of the simplest and most natural of men.

G E O R G E P E A B O D Y.

THE name of this eminent London banker is well and widely known in the commercial world, and in the walks of civil life, for his generous liberality and large-hearted patronage of public libraries and literary institutions. He has been the architect of his own colossal wealth and fortune. He has gained an enviable fame and high position as a man among the merchant princes of England and the United States. Such a man is an honor to his age and race. Blessed with immense wealth—the rich fruits of his own skill and enterprise—he scatters blessings in amplitude among his fellow-men on both sides of the Atlantic. He is a public benefactor in the true sense of the word, thus setting an enviable and brilliant example to many others of large affluence, in the bestowment of lasting blessings and permanent treasures on his generation. "Honor to whom honor is due." Desirous of contributing in some measure in this direction, we have thought it a fitting and an acceptable tribute to his honor and worth as a man, to establish the present number of *THE ECLECTIC* with a well-engraved and accurate portrait of one who is held in such high esteem. The portrait has just been engraved from a photograph of the original, taken a short time since in Paris. We hope his numerous friends will be gratified in obtaining it. A brief biographical sketch is all that will be needful in this place.

George Peabody was born in Danvers, Mass., February 18th, 1795. His parents were in moderate circumstances, and his early education was acquired in the dis-

trict schools. At the age of eleven he was placed as clerk with a grocer in his native town, but left him when he had attained his fifteenth year, and, after spending a year with his grandfather in Thetford, Vt., went to Newburyport as clerk for his elder brother, who had opened a dry goods shop there. The shop being consumed by fire, he next went with an uncle to Georgetown, D. C., where for the following two years the business was conducted in his name, though a minor. Finding himself in danger, if he continued in this relation, of being held responsible for debts he had not contracted, he withdrew from the business in 1814, and became a partner of Mr. Elisha Riggs in the wholesale dry goods trade, Mr. Riggs furnishing the necessary capital, and intrusting the management to Mr. Peabody. The next year the house was removed to Baltimore, where it soon attracted a large business, and in 1822 branch houses were established in New-York and Philadelphia. In 1827 Mr. Peabody crossed the Atlantic for the first time to buy goods. In 1829, by the retirement of Mr. Riggs, he became senior partner in the house. More than once, on his visits to Europe, he was intrusted with important negotiations by the State of Maryland, which were invariably conducted with success. Early in 1837 he took up his residence permanently in England. In 1843 he withdrew from the firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co., and established himself in London as a merchant and banker. Through his exertions, the confidence in American responsibility, which had well-

nigh failed in the disastrous period of 1837, was maintained. He rendered repeated and important favors in this respect to the State of Maryland, which were gratefully acknowledged, but for which he refused all compensation. The house he established in London has been ever since its foundation the headquarters of his countrymen in that city, and the center of American news and intelligence. In 1852, at the bi-centennial anniversary of his native town of Danvers, he sent a toast in a sealed envelope, not to be opened till the day of the anniversary. That toast was: "Education a debt from the present to future generations;" and in

order to pay his share of that debt, a check for \$20,000 was inclosed, to be expended in the founding of an institute, lyceum, and library for the town. By subsequent gifts that amount has been increased to \$60,000, and an additional \$10,000 has been bestowed upon North Danvers, for a branch library. To the first Grinnell expedition to the Arctic ocean, he contributed \$10,000. In 1856-7 he gave the sum of \$300,000, with a pledge to increase it to \$500,000, to found an institute in Baltimore for the promotion of science, literature, and the fine arts.

For this brief sketch we are chiefly indebted to *Appleton's Cyclopædia*.

From the London Society Magazine.

EASTER EVE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THE days when East and West contended about the time at which Easter should fall, are over, as far as we are concerned, and the English congregation at St. Petersburg conforms itself to the practice of the National Church by keeping Easter according to the Eastern and not the Western practice. The Russian mode of ushering in the festival is so different from any thing that we are accustomed to in England, that an account of it may interest some readers, especially as it possesses the charm of undoubted antiquity.

In England, on Easter Eve, we go to bed as usual, and wait patiently until broad daylight has ushered in the joyful day; but the Russian is not content so to do. He considers it begun as the last stroke of twelve dies on the ear, and is impatient to welcome it. At the palace, some thousand people assemble, late on Easter Eve, for the service in the Imperial Chapel, and while the gospel is being read, the guns of the fortress sympathetically announce to the whole city that "Christ is risen;" whilst, after the service, each one of the guests hears the news from his sovereign's lips, and exchanges with him the Easter salute. This has,

however, been reduced, in consideration of the number of recipients, from three to two kisses.

It is not among the higher ranks alone, that Easter morning is thus anticipated, and welcomed with excitement. Every church, from the grandest to the most humble, is thronged with worshipers; and happening to be in St. Petersburg on Easter Eve, I felt anxious to see the service performed at the Isaak Church, which, from its form and size, may be called the St. Paul's of St. Petersburg, though vastly superior to the latter in its great magnificence. I had been warned to start early, and accordingly set off at ten o'clock P.M., having about two miles to walk. Even at that early hour, streams of people were to be seen on their way to their respective churches, whilst all along the streets, saucers of tallow were placed at intervals on the pavement, each with its blazing wick diffusing a smoky, greasy smell, which was far from agreeable. Here and there, also, servants were hurrying along, bearing in cloths the Easter cakes, and a kind of cream-cheese, that they might be blessed by the priest before being eaten. Toward the great church, the largest number was flocking, and as I

entered with the throng, a curious scene presented itself to my gaze. Excepting a part rail'd off in front of the altar, the church was moderately crowded with people of the lower class, chiefly men, whilst along the walls, and around the bases of the columns, were reclining numbers of peasants in their sheepskins, looking somewhat like gipsies under a hedge. These had come early to secure places, and were bivouacking until a quarter to twelve, when the service began, and all had to stand. Each of them held in his hand apparently a slender white wand, which proved, on closer inspection, to be the wax taper, not yet lighted, which it is the custom for every one to hold during the time of service upon special occasions. The dome, about the size of that of St. Paul's, but unlike it in being decorated with colored marbles, frescoes, and gilding, was only lighted by four or five groups of votive tapers, which burned on a raised platform in the center, around a tomb with the figure of the Saviour painted on it, which had remained there since Good-Friday. No sound was heard but the buzz of subdued talking, and the voice of those who were taking it in turns to read some portion of Scripture on the platform, which had continued from the time of the afternoon service, any one who liked being allowed to read. Presently those who were admitted by ticket to the reserved portion began to enter, and many pausing, crossed themselves, and stooped and kissed the tomb. The body of the church began also to fill, and an uninterrupted stream of people poured in at the doors. Within the rails of the altar is a magnificent screen, separating off the Holy of Holies, adorned with immense pictures exquisitely worked in mosaic, and pillars of malachite and lapis lazulæ. It has three doors; the center one, or royal gate, was now opened, and the Metropolitan, attended by several bishops and priests, came forth. Before him were borne a triple, a double, and a single candle, emblematic of Christian doctrine, and they walked round the tomb, bowing and swinging censers. Their gorgeous dresses, jeweled miters, and flowing beards, seen amidst the smoke of the censers had a most striking effect, and I could almost have imagined myself witnessing some ceremony of the old Jewish worship. After kissing the tomb, the bishops raised it at the corners, and held it resting on the head of the Metropolitan,

whose miter had been previously removed, and in this manner they all retired within the gates, which were again closed.

And now a curtain was drawn aside which had covered a colored transparency representing a figure of the Saviour, which appeared over the gates, and at the same moment a flame ran along the cords, which lighted the large chandeliers and a cluster of candles high up in the dome, and from several points the assembled thousands began to light their tapers. I had not provided myself with one, but presently I felt a tap on my shoulder, and some unseen benefactor (for to turn round in the dense crowd was out of the question) supplied my deficiency. This seemed to be a general practice, to judge by the number of tapers I saw handed about. Again the doors opened, not to be closed again during the Easter week, and the procession came forth—the choir chanting a hymn announcing the resurrection, whilst candles and banners were borne by some of the train. A passage was with difficulty cleared for them by the officials down the center of the church, and they moved on, singing, and proceeded, on leaving the west door, to make the circuit of the building.

While they were doing this, I had time to look around me. We were packed as closely as possible, each with his flaming taper increasing the otherwise excessive heat, whilst the mass was occasionally convulsed, as fresh comers, with one going before as the point of the wedge, worked their way into it. The heads of the people appeared to have been anointed with something in honor of the occasion which made them glisten in the candle-light, while not a few of them got singed in the press, whether purposely or not I could not feel sure. One man I observed with a bright red head of hair, to whose locks a bystander deliberately applied his taper, with an exclamation of disgust at their color. The odor of the crowd baffles all power of description. In no country is one's sense of smell gratified by an assemblage of the lower orders; but in Russia the peasant wears his sheepskin and boots all through the winter by day and by night, and this in huts closed against ventilation, reeking with the smell of its inmates, their fish and their cabbage; and when it is considered that some thousands of them were crammed together in a building already artificially heated, the state of the

atmosphere may be faintly conceived by those who have not experienced the reality.

After a time the procession reentered the church at the same door by which they had left it, and the service was continued: but however impressive it may be to those who understand the language, and are not pinioned in a crowd, to one who enjoys neither of these advantages, the fine music, which, as in all Greek churches, is solely vocal, fails to atone for the discomfort, so I determined to extricate myself, knowing that the service would continue for at least two hours. The task proved easier than I anticipated, and after pushing my way, shoulder first, through the crowd

of dirty, good-humored faces, I reached the door at a quarter to one. The streets were singularly deserted, but several churches into which I looked presented a similar scene to the one I had just left, being filled with the same dense crowd with their burning tapers; whilst outside the doors were placed quantities of Easter cakes, each with a lighted taper stuck in the center, awaiting the priest's blessing. I was not sorry to reach home at two o'clock, and resign myself for the remainder of the Easter morning to sound slumbers, which were only broken by the sound of salutes from the fortress guns, which twice came booming at intervals across the Neva.

C.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

LIFE OF WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. By GEORGE TICKNOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 458.

THE reading public and the admirers of the character of this eminent man and historian will welcome a new edition of this valuable work. The name and memory of such a man should not, can not, be forgotten by any who love talent and sterling eminence in all that constitutes personal worth in the relations of life. We met him at his own beautiful home at Lynn, overlooking the broad expanse of ocean, a short time before his death, and the amenity of his manners and charms of his conversation revealed the cause of the admiration in which he was held by many friends at home and abroad. The volume now offered is a valuable biography, which, as we learn from the publishers, has been received with the warmest encomiums, both at home and abroad. It was originally published in an elegant quarto volume, illustrated in the highest style of art, and an edition was printed which was thought almost too large for these present times. But the whole of that edition has been exhausted, and now, in answer to the general demand, the publishers (Messa. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston) have reproduced the Life in a very handsome 12mo volume, at a price which is within the means of all readers. They have also ready a *third* edition, which is of the 8vo size, and is finished to match exactly with the library editions of Prescott's works. Both of these new editions include the entire contents of the quarto, and contain also the portrait on steel.

CHRISTIAN MEMORIALS OF THE WAR; OR, SCENES AND INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF RELIGIOUS FAITH AND PRINCIPLE, PATRIOTISM AND BRAVERY, IN OUR ARMY, WITH HISTORICAL NOTES. By HORATIO B. HACKETT, Professor of Biblical Literature

and Interpretation in Newton Theological Institute, etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1864.

This will be a welcome book to any pious father or mother who has a son or brother or relative in the army of the United States, in the tremendous struggle now waging for the salvation of our government and country. It is an instructive and touching memorial of the religious history of the war, and its incidents will be treasured up and remembered long after the roar of battle has died away.

HORACE WATERS. No. 481 Broadway, publishes a great variety of music suited to many occasions, among which is "Waters's Choral Harp," a new Sunday-school book of one hundred and sixty pages of beautiful hymns and tunes. It contains many gems of music which will give interest and pleasure both to teachers and scholars in our Sabbath-schools. Go and select for yourselves, or send.

SERMONS. Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., the Incumbent. Fifth Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

THE eminent character of the author of this volume, his reputation as a preacher, and the demand and sale of five editions of the work, form the best proofs of the high estimation in which this book is held by the public. Its rich and mellow diction, and the affluence of the thoughts which are spread over its pages, will well requite the reader for its attentive perusal. We are glad to see this volume issued from the teeming press of Ticknor & Fields.

THACKERAY'S FRAGMENT.—The *Cornhill* contains the first part of Mr. Thackeray's story, which, oddly enough, is written as if he had contemplated its posthumous publication, the hero telling his story in old age, so that we know the end from the beginning. As yet, it is a most melancholy tale, the central idea being identical with that of Miss Thackeray's wonderful *Story of Elizabeth*. A French girl, innocent, but fond of gayety, is married to a gloomy Huguenot of the time of Louis XV., and shut up during her husband's absence in war with a pastor and two ancient sisters-in-law, to live a kind of life only too familiar to many an English household. It is needless to enter on a plot which can not be ended, but the fragment leaves on us an indefinable impression, as if Mr. Thackeray had succeeded in bringing to the surface that deep tenderness which all who knew him believe to have underlain his outwardly sarcastic habit. There is a gentle mellowness in his writing hardly so conspicuous before, or rather conspicuous only in passages, instead of flavoring, as in this instance, entire chapters. The impression is the more singular because the life of these chapters, down to the smallest incident, is of the gloomiest kind—the description of the little French lady tortured by a hunger for cheerfulness, and believed by her husband to be unfaithful when she is only mad. There are few direct words of the kind; but no man can read the fragment without feeling that, as Thackeray wrote it, his main impulse was a limitless pity for the sufferings of his own creation. The writing is a little too compact, but there is a curious evidence of his power as a mere artist in the way in which he contrives to leave the impression that the narrator is getting somewhat feeble and garrulous with age, given to small jokes and trifling vanities, while scarcely mentioning himself except as a child.—*Spectator*.

THE MAPLE SUGAR CROP OF 1864.—From present indications there is little doubt that the maple sugar crop of 1864 will vastly exceed that made in any previous year. The season thus far has been a good one, and favorable for the early commencement of operations. We have had for the past two weeks a succession of sunshiny days and freezing nights. In all probability the crop of maple sugar at the North for the present year will reach 25,000,000 pounds, worth at the low estimate of 15 cents per pound, \$3,750,000—an important item in the sugar product of the country. This will be but a small amount of the sugar consumed in the whole country, yet it will go far toward supplying the deficiency caused by non-production at the South. Few people comprehend the great amount of sugar annually used in the United States. In 1862, it is estimated that the total consumption of sugar both of the North and South, was 482,411 tons, or nearly 20 pounds to every man, woman, and child. This consumption was largely decreased in 1863, and will be still more so during the present year. By the manufacture of sugar from the maple and from sorghum the North will soon be independent of all foreign sugar-producing countries.—*Detroit Tribune*.

ROSES A LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS.—To enjoy the scent of roses, at meals, an abundance of roses were shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused

roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal-times, they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose-leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Anthony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths and narcissi, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

THE POTATO DISEASE.—M. Pousard, President of the Agricultural Society of Châlons, has addressed a paper to that body, in which he stated that he has discovered a remedy for the potato disease. The secret consists in planting them after the 1st of June, instead of in April. By this plan they escape the frost of April, and the leaf is not exposed to the hot sun of July. M. Pousard is of opinion that the alternate frost and heat corrupt the root by their opposing influence. It appears that he has continued his experiments for several years, and that his potatos are of a fine size and perfectly sound. M. Pousard is able likewise by this plan to grow two crops on the same ground within the year.

POWER OF A BIRD'S SONG.—When we hear the song of a soaring lark, we may be sure that the entire atmosphere between us and the bird is filled with pulses, or undulations, or waves, as they are often called, produced by the little songster's organ of voice. This organ is a vibrating instrument, resembling, in principle, the reed of a clarinet. Let us suppose that we hear the song of a lark, elevated to a height of five hundred feet in the air. Before this is possible, the bird must have agitated a sphere of air one thousand feet in diameter; that is to say, it must have communicated to 17,888 tons of air a motion sufficiently intense to be appreciated by our organs of hearing.—*Tyn dall's Glaciers of the Alps*.

A NEW INFLATION.—The enemies of crinoline have been in hope that fashion would not long resist the terror occasioned by successive deaths by fire, and that the days of crinoline were numbered. There appears, however, no present likelihood of this. The rage for full-blown garments, if we may trust the advertising columns of the press, is on the increase. One of these announces the "Gemma or jeweled" crinoline; the "Sancteflucta;" the "Oudina or waved;" "Saneflucta jeweled;" and crinolines "magnificently puffed"—*Times*.

OUSACA, a city of Japan, has been the scene of a fearful fire, such as can only be known in cities built entirely of wood; 80,000 houses and 250 warehouses are said to have been destroyed, and 500 to 1000 lives lost.

ACCORDING to published statistics, it appears that the wholesale cost of live animals brought to the city of New-York for slaughter last year, exceeded \$80,000,000, and that more than one half our beef comes from the single State of Illinois.

BRITISH SUBJECTS ABROAD.—In the general report which has been issued respecting the census of 1861, the commissioners say the people of these islands are more movable than other nations, and large numbers of them are always abroad, sometimes on distant voyages, sometimes on the Alps, sometimes in the deserts of Africa, or in the strangest places; but generally in ships at sea, in the great commercial *entrepôts*, in the capitals of Europe, in our colonies, or in the States of America. France is the country to which the English most resort in Europe, and 25,844 are domiciled there; 4092 are returned in Belgium, 827 in Holland, 1124 in Switzerland, 7365 in Germany, 5467 in Italy (including Rome), 2072 in Portugal, and 3879 in Spain, 525 in Greece, 2360 in Turkey, and 931 in Egypt, in Denmark 372, in Norway 272, and in Sweden 411, in Russia 3749. Passing to Asia, 30 of her Majesty's subjects were returned in Persia, 1072 in China, 81 in Japan, and 24 in Siam. The English population in India, according to the returns of the Indian government (apparently defective) amounted to 125,379, including the English army 85,008 strong. 340 English people are in the empire of Morocco. Algeria and the rest of Africa make no return. Central America returns 145 English residents, Ecuador 27, Chili 4152, of whom 3265 are males, chiefly miners, and Brazil 2838. The number of each of the two sexes returned abroad did not greatly differ, as the males were 36,734, and the females 31,235. In France and Belgium the women exceed the men in number; and in Germany there was little difference. In China, Japan, Chili, Brazil, and India, the men preponderated largely. The natives of England in the United States exceed the numbers in all other countries. According to an elaborate return of the numbers of the inhabitants of each State in 1860 who were born in this kingdom, the number amounted in the aggregate to 2,224,743, of whom it was ascertained that 477,455 were born in England and Wales, 108,518 in Scotland, and 1,611,304 in Ireland. 27,466 were described simply as born in the United Kingdom.—*Liverpool Post*.

A TRAMWAY FOR MONT CENIS.—A proposal was some time ago submitted by Mr. Fell, in concert with Messrs. Brassey and Jackson, to the French and Italian governments, for laying down a tramway on the present Mont Cenis route, covering the same with wooden, iron, and stone galleries, and working it by means of a new and lighter species of locomotive. The first series of experiments for producing a low engine capable of carrying a train of one hundred passengers, with their luggage, over the mountain, have, according to the *Morning Post*, had satisfactory results. These Mont Cenis locomotive experiments have been carried on at the Cromford and High Peak Railway, Whalley Bridge. It is hoped thus to solve the problem of a rapid and comparatively cheap communication across the great passes of the Alps.—*London Weekly*.

THE NEW BOOKS OF 1863.—According to the *Publishers' Circular*, 3878 is the number of titles of publications issued in the past year. This falls in a trifling degree short of the number in 1862, which amounted, after similar deductions, to exactly 3913. These figures, however, though interesting in some respects, afford really little

indication of the relative prosperity of the trade in different years. Of course, if the number of titles of new works fell greatly in any particular year, it could not but indicate some real depression. But the true index of prosperity does not lie in the number of titles, which remain pretty nearly stationary from year to year, but in that far less easily ascertainable indication, the number of issues.

It is asserted, on good authority, that there are in London 16,000 children trained to crime, 15,000 men living by low gambling, 50,000 by constant thieving, 5000 receivers of stolen goods, and 150,000 men and women subsisting by other disgraceful means. There are no fewer than 25,000 beggars. So that there are more than 250,000 persons in the London district, of all ages and sexes, who prey upon the honest and industrious part of the community.

DRAINAGE AND ROMANCE.—The draining of the lake Celano, undertaken by Prince Torlonia for agricultural objects, is now so near to completion that only about one fourth its body of water remains to be drawn off: the celebrated emissary made under Claudius may now be penetrated in its entire length, though not without personal inconvenience; and a striking scene was presented when the tunnel was illuminated throughout on occasion of a visit to inspect the works from the minister of the newly-constituted Italian kingdom, Signor Peruzzi. Through the urgency of like utilitarian demands two other classic lakes, in the Roman Campagna, that of Gabii and the Regillus, have been caused to disappear, within recent years, to leave their dry beds for the growth of grain, their scenery deprived of its most impressive and historically important feature.—*Letter from Rome*.

SCAN. MAC.—It appears strange that the most violent of the German potentates should be the King of Prussia and the Crown Prince! The husband of the Princess Royal might not have displayed his enmity to England so very prominently. As Benhadod had some secret ground of animosity toward the King of Israel, so there appears to be some paltry jealousy in this Danish question. Among the princesses whom the Prince of Wales might have had was one connected with the royal family of Prussia and the meddlesome court of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. England exulted when the Prince did not select one of the eternal Coburgs; but Saxe-Gotha and Prussia are certainly paying off a debt of revenge on Denmark to the best of their ability.—*Liverpool Courier*.

SOUTH-AMERICAN COTTON.—Mr. G. Mulhall, editor of the *Standard*, is at present in Paraguay, inspecting the cotton plantations, which, we are happy to say, are in the most flourishing condition. He informs us that in Paraguay, there are about 7,000,000 of plants in the very best condition. His tour through the plantations in Corrientes convinced him of the fact that with the very slightest efforts cotton on a large scale can be grown in that province. A full report of his travels in the cotton regions of the Plate will, on his return, be at once forwarded to the Cotton Supply Association in Manchester.—*Buenos Ayres Standard*, Jan. 12th.

LARGE CITIES AND THEIR GROWTH.—Were a stranger to judge of the city of New-York by the self-complacent laudations of the press of that city, he would be induced to believe that London, the largest, and richest, and greatest city in the world, has been completely outstripped by the "metropolis of the New World." The following statement, derived from official sources, namely, the census of the United States for 1860 and that of London for 1861—the full reports of neither of which have yet been published—is presented, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions:

In March, 1851, London contained a population of 2,362,236 inhabitants and 305,996 houses. In 1861, the population had increased to 2,803,989 inhabitants, and 369,421 houses, showing an increase in ten years of 441,750 inhabitants, and 53,488 houses. The number of houses erected in the city of London in ten years was therefore only 500 less than the *total* number of houses in New-York in 1860.

In 1850 New-York contained a population of 515,517 inhabitants, and 37,291 houses. In 1860 the number of inhabitants is set down at 805,751 and the number of houses 53,971, showing an increase of 290,104 inhabitants, and 16,680 houses.

Philadelphia contained in 1850 a population of 330,045 inhabitants and 53,974 houses. In 1860 the number of inhabitants was 562,529, and the number of houses 89,632, showing an increase in ten years of 28,354 houses, and 222,484 inhabitants.

Thus we find that London, in ten years, had increased in population 441,753; New-York, 290,104 souls, or 56.78 per cent.; and Philadelphia 222,484 inhabitants, or 65.43 per cent. The average number of houses during ten years in London was 5349; in New-York, 1668; and in Philadelphia, 2862. London has been settled 2000 years, New-York 249 years, and Philadelphia 178.

NORTHERN SUGAR CANE.—A letter in the Auburn *Advertiser* contains an interesting account of several experiments in the cultivation of the impee, or northern sugar-cane, in Cayuga county in this State. The result was gratifying: five gallons of juice produced one of syrup, and the yield per acre was from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty gallons of syrup. About twenty acres will be planted in the town of Genoa this year. The juice is expressed from the cane by grinding and pressing.

THE EUROPEAN ARMIES.—M. Legoyt of the Ministry of Agriculture, Paris, publishes the following statistics respecting the armies of Europe: Austria keeps an army of 467,000 men, which costs her 336,000,000f.; France has an army of 573,000 men, which costs 688,000,000f.; Prussia an army of 214,000 men, which costs her 156,000,000f.; England an army of 300,000 men, which costs 677,000,000f.; and Russia an army of 1,000,000 of men, which costs 529,000,000f. That is, out of the total budget of each of those States an expenditure of thirty-seven per cent. in Austria, or more than a third; thirty-three per cent. in France; thirty in Prussia; thirty-nine in England, and forty-two in Russia. Let us also mention Italy, where 329,000,000f. are expended in keeping up a force of 314,000 men; Turkey, weighed down by an army of 424,000 men; Denmark and Sweden, the first with 50,000 and the second with 67,000 men, by which

their budgets are increased to thirty-seven and forty per cent. respectively. The other secondary States follow in an analogous proportion. Switzerland is the only European State that neither increases her army nor her budget. M. Legoyt, adding together the effective of all the European armies, according to estimates which he considers rather below than superior to the reality, arrives at the fearful number of 3,815,847 men, and an outlay of 8,000,000,000f.

THE ANNUAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CATHEDRAL CHOIRS OF GLOUCESTER, WORCESTER, AND HEREFORD, WILL TAKE PLACE THIS SUMMER AT THE LATTER PLACE. THE "CREATION," "ELIJAH," "JUDAS MACCABEUS," "ISRAEL IN EGYPT," SPOHR'S "FALL OF BABYLON," AND THE "MESSIAH," ARE THE ORATORIOS SELECTED. THERE WILL ALSO BE A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC PERFORMED.

THE CONDITION OF ROME.—So bad is now the state of Rome that, according to the *Post*, the Princess Corsini, desiring to attend a reception at the Colonna Palace, and wishing to wear her jewels, was compelled to demand an escort of the Papal Dragoon Guards. The citizens assert that they have absolutely no protection, that the police are brigands in uniform, and that no redress is to be obtained in the most ordinary case of robbery except through the French authorities. If the latter interfere, Mgr. de Merode makes a point of refusing the request, and the poor Romans are therefore crushed by the French, pillaged by the brigands, and neglected by the government which ought either to protect or to surrender them. If they resist the French intruders, they are imprisoned; if they object to the brigands in uniform, they are arrested; and if they support the authorities who do nothing for them, they are pretty sure to be surrendered to one or the other of the other two hostile powers. It is a happy life which infallibility produces in its capital.—*English Paper*.

SEIRAMIS IS SAID TO HAVE ERECTED STATUES OF JUPITER, JUNO, AND RHEA, FORTY FEET IN HEIGHT, AND MADE OF BEATEN GOLD. DRINKING-VESSELS MADE OF GOLD AND WEIGHING TWELVE HUNDRED TALENTS, ARE ALSO SPOKEN OF. THE SUMPTUOUS DISPLAY OF PRECIOUS METALS IN THE PALACES OF THE GREAT ARE FREQUENTLY ALLUDED TO; BUT IT HAS BEEN APTLY OBSERVED THAT THE QUANTITY DIFFUSED AMONG THE BULK OF THE ENGLISH POPULATION AT THE PRESENT DAY WOULD MAKE A SUM TOTAL FAR OUTBIDDING THE GOLDEN WEALTH OF THOSE EARLIER DAYS, THOUGH LESS OBVIOUS AND GLITTERING FROM BEING SO MUCH DIFFUSED.

ILLINOIS CORN.—In 1860 Illinois raised one hundred and fifteen million bushels of corn. If this were placed in cars, three hundred bushels in a car, it would make a train two thousand three hundred and ninety-five miles long; and allowing twenty-five cars to a locomotive, it would take fourteen thousand three hundred and seventy locomotives to draw it.

A PHILOSOPHER, WHO MARRIED A VULGAR BUT AMIABLE GIRL, USED TO CALL HIS WIFE "BROWN SUGAR," BECAUSE, HE SAID, SHE WAS SWEET BUT UNREFINED!

Gold discoveries in Van Buren county, Michigan, are creating much excitement in that State. A company is forming to test the value of the "diggings."

WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.—Allusion has been made to the late Mr. Thackeray's large brain. A medical friend favors us with a note on the subject: "The average weight of the human brain," he says, "is forty-nine ounces in the male and forty-four ounces in the female. In most instances, however, when the individual has been distinguished by great mental power, it has been known to rise much above the numbers given: The brain of Cuvier weighed sixty-four ounces, Dr. Alexander Crombie's sixty-three ounces, Lord Byron's sixty-two ounces, and Mr. Thackeray's fifty-eight and a half ounces. In contradistinction to these may be placed the brain of an idiot, given by Dr. Tood, weighing sixteen and a quarter ounces, and the still more remarkable one described last year by Dr. Gore, barely reaching ten ounces five grains. Among these unfortunate individuals, it is true, large heads are often met with, but in such cases the fine filaments and delicate chambers of the brain have been injured by disease, and they are thus, from many of its parts failing to act, or not acting in harmony, converted into beings who live a mere vegetative existence, are guided by dangerous impulses, but still more frequently by the gentler instincts."—*Inverness Courier*.

DESERT OF SAHARA.—*In the Wilderness shall the Waters break out.*—Perhaps no more hopeless enterprise could be undertaken than to attempt to reclaim the great African desert of Sahara, where no rain ever falls, and there are but occasional oases to give relief to the weary and fainting caravans that traverse it. Modern science, however, laughs at seeming impossibilities. Skillful engineers in the French army in Algiers proposed to sink Artesian wells at different points, with the strong confidence that thus water could be reached and forced to the surface. In 1860, five Artesian wells had been opened, around which, as vegetation thrives luxuriantly, thirty thousand palm-trees and one thousand fruit-trees were planted, and two thriving villages established. At the depth of a little over five hundred feet, an underground river or lake was struck, and from two of them live fish have been thrown up, showing that there was a large body of water underneath. The French government, by this means, hopes to make the route across the desert to Timbuctoo fertile and fit for travelers, and thus to bring the whole overland travel and commerce through Algeria, which will be one of the greatest feats of modern scientific enterprise.

At a recent meeting of the London Geographical Society, it was contended it is impossible to colonize tropical regions with the Anglo-Saxon race. Yet there are numerous places in those regions where the Anglo-Saxon settlers have increased in numbers and maintained their ascendancy.

THE musical scale of nature is still the subject of eager discussion. The Chinese and old Gaels had a scale consisting of five tones derived from each other by a succession of perfect fifths. Compared with our modern scale, it wants the fourth and seventh, and is the most usual scale of the Scotch airs.

A NEW green crop has been discovered, which will produce forty tons to the acre. It is called the cattle melon.

THE CONVENTION BETWEEN FRANCE AND MEXICO.—The convention between France and Mexico has been published. It states that the French troops are to be reduced as soon as possible to 25,000 men, including the foreign legion. The French troops will gradually evacuate Mexico, as the organization of the Mexican troops proceeds. The foreign legion, composed of 8000 men, will remain in Mexico six years after the recall of all other troops. Wherever the garrison of a place may not be exclusively Mexican the commandant will be a Frenchman. The French commanders will not be able to intervene in the Mexican administration. The expense of the French expedition until July, 1864, is fixed at 270,000,000f. After July, 1864, Mexico will pay an annual indemnity of 1000f. for each French soldier. The Mexican government will pay annually 25,000,000f. in cash, in liquidation of the sums due to France. The convention further states that a committee will examine the claims of French subjects and the indemnities due to them.

ENGLISH EXPORT OF BOOKS.—The export of English books to the States of America fell from £140,000 worth in 1859 to less than half that value in 1861, and the returns now published show that in 1862 it was little over £50,000. The export to Australia has also fallen off considerably; in 1859 it exceeded £126,000, in 1861 it was but £116,900, in 1862 only £97,000. The export of English books to France has risen greatly; in 1859 it only amounted to £9569, in 1862 it was £16,355. To British North-America we send books in a year to the value of about £23,000, to the West-Indies £17,000, and the export to India and that set down as being made to Egypt amount to about £125,000. The value of our books exported in the year 1860 was as high as £494,845; in 1861 it fell to £445,358; and in 1862 to £415,203; but in the first eleven months of 1863 it had recovered to £408,957. Our imports of books in 1862 were of the value of £101,053.

An important discovery has recently been made in Minnesota. It consists of an extensive bed of cannel coal, which has been found up the Minnesota valley on the Cottonwood river, a little more than a hundred miles from St. Paul. The bed is eighty-eight feet below the surface, where the shaft was sunk, and is six feet in thickness. It is probable that other shafts will find it nearer the surface. There are indications that immense coal beds exist in that locality. A company has been organized to work the mines, and they expect to be bringing coal down the Minnesota river to St. Paul by the 1st of July. The importance of this discovery is very great. The manufacturing interests of Minnesota, which have been kept in the background for want of this material, will now be rapidly developed.

THE opinion appears to be gaining ground in England that submarine cables should be made of the lightest material. A copper wire with a manilla hemp insulator is now recommended as the lightest and strongest, yet is heavy enough to sink. The Red sea and Algiers cables are said to have been destroyed by their own weight.

ANTHRACITE coal has been found among the rocks through which the tunnel of Mont Cenis is constructing.

[June, 1864.

THE HINDOOS AGRIEVED.—The government of Bengal has done a very unwise thing. Some ten millions of people, living on the banks of the Ganges, have from time immemorial been in the habit of throwing their dead into the sacred river. They can not afford to burn them to ashes, and will not bury them, so they char them on the pyres and fling them into the water. The practice has now been prohibited, to the wrath and consternation of all Hindoos, who loudly threaten resistance. The order seems very unwise, for the practice, though we may think it disgusting, does not, like suttee or infanticide, destroy human life, and its effect upon health can hardly be very great. The stream rolls very rapidly, and a traveler may ascend the river every day for years and only perceive the bodies by the vultures perched upon them. If the government insists on its order, it must burn the dead at the public expense.—*Spectator*.—This is an overdrawn picture. The prohibition applies to Calcutta, where sanitary causes have rendered it imperative. The foul stench of the burning corpses has often engendered most destructive and sweeping fevers.

THACKERAY IN AMERICA (1853).—I looked forward to a dull, wintry journey, and laid in a stock of newspapers to while away time; but, in the gentlemen's cabin of the ferry-boat, whom should I see but Thackeray! We greeted each other cordially. He was on his way to Philadelphia, to deliver a course of lectures. We took seats beside each other in the cars, and the morning passed off delightfully. He seems still to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. He had made a pleasant visit to Boston; seen much of Prescott, (whom he speaks highly of,) Ticknor, Longfellow, etc. Said the Bostonians had published a *smashing* criticism on him; which, however, does not seem to have ruffled his temper, as I understand he cut it out of the newspaper, and inclosed it in a letter to a female friend in New York.—*Life of Washington Irving*.

PARIS has just forty-six omnibuses less than London, the respective numbers being five hundred and thirty-seven and five hundred and eighty-three; but the Paris 'buses carry ninety million passengers in a year, whereas only forty-one million English indulge in the dubious luxury. The Paris receipts are 55f. 70c. per omnibus per diem, whereas the London "cad" has a good day with 70f. 60c. The five hundred and thirty-seven Paris omnibuses run in the day over a space equal to once and a half round the world.

A VERY curious book has been published by Trübner, the well-known English publisher, on the "current gold and silver coins of all countries," with nine hundred *fac-simile* illustrations in silver and gilt values and denominations. Among the curious facts which it brings out is the one that the Austrian dollar coined at the present day is the exact copy of the dollar of Maria Theresa of 1780, then struck for the Levant trade.

A SUBTERRANEAN HUNT.—An extraordinary *bataille* has just taken place in the sewers of Paris. Taking advantage of the frost, which drives this particular game into covert, the owner invited a Christmas party to partake of the sport of rat-killing. All the great sewers were driven in one

direction, till millions of rats, which fought among themselves like tigers as they were hunted along, were collected in the large drain by the bridge of Asnières. Forty dogs were then let down into the sewers, and after a fight which lasted forty-five hours, and in which four dogs were killed and some blinded, no less than one hundred and ten thousand rats were dispatched.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SOURCES OF THE NILE.—Captain Speke has not been allowed to receive the honors of discovering the source of the Nile without challenge. Dr. Charles Beke, a high authority on African geography, maintains that the fact of the Nile flowing out of lake Nyanza no more proves the lake to be the source of the river than the fact of the Rhône issuing from the lake of Geneva indicates the true origin of that river. Dr. Beke reminds scientific men, that as long ago as 1849 he had pointed out the existence of two great lakes, and Captain Burton had also reported to the Royal Geographical Society that the Nyanza or Kilwa Lake is altogether distinct from the "Sea of Ujiji." From information gathered from the church missionaries at Mombas and from native traders, the true source of the Nile is supposed to be to the east of lake Nyanza, next the snowy Alps of Africa. Captains Speke and Grant had rendered it certain that the Nyanza joins the Nile, though they had not absolutely connected it with the river flowing past Gondókoro, there being two hundred miles of the river's course not followed by them. There is certainly room for further exploration before the discovery can be considered completed.

In the Mediterranean sea, near the coast of Sicily, a movable island has been seen of late, sometimes rising almost to the surface of the water, and again disappearing quite out of sight. It is supposed to be of volcanic origin, and an English vessel with a cargo of scientific men on board is stationed in the vicinity watching the phases of the phenomenon.

SINCE the occupation of Schleswig by the Germans, almost an entire change of the local officials has been made, the use of the Danish language is prohibited in the principal schools, the use of postage-stamps and paper stamped with the Danish crown has been prohibited, prayer for the king disallowed, and the currency of Denmark forbidden to be circulated.

An oil farm in Western Pennsylvania has been sold for the enormous sum of five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It contains several priceless oil-wells.

EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.—Some very rare Shakspearian and other books were sold on Monday by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, which realized very high prices. The grand feature in the sale was the first four editions of Shakspeare's Plays, the first edition printed in 1623, having Ben Jonson's verses in *fac-simile*, producing 260 guineas; the second, in 1632, 52 guineas; the third, in 1664, 41 guineas; the fourth, in 1685, £23; the single play of "King Lear," printed in 1608, £34; a very beautiful copy of the minor poems, printed in 1640, £20; and a most charming little volume, being an uncut copy of "Venus and Adonis," printed at Edinburgh in 1627, £115.—*Examiner*.





Engraved by Geo. E. Perine, N.Y. for the Eclectic, after Drawing by G.N. Cochran, 1777.

Beny Franklin

